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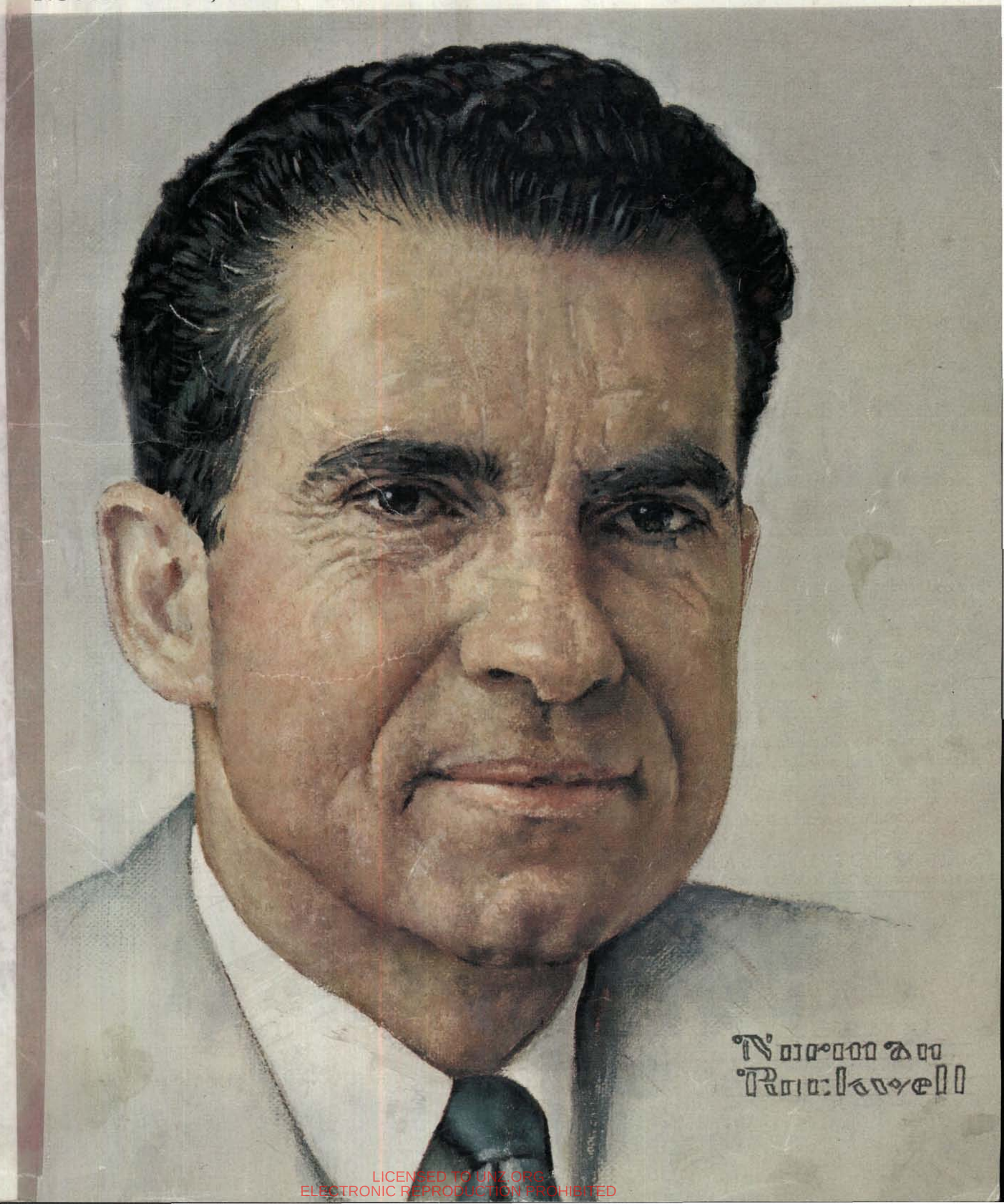
The Saturday Evening
POST
November 5, 1960 – 15¢

WITH CANDIDATE NIXON (

AN EXCITING NOVEL BY RICHARD POWEL

WIFE'S-EYE VIEW: "HUSBAND TRANSFERRED

AMERICA MUST GROW, BY WALTER LIPPMANI



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NEW FROM AMERICAN MOTORS The modern luxury V·8–compact, high in performance

1961 AMBASSADOR V-8 Custom Four-Door Sedan.

ANNOUNCING THE NEW 1961 AMBASSADOR V-8 BY RAMBLER

WITH THE STRONGEST GUARANTEE IN AUTO HISTORY!

For 1961, the distinguished new Ambassador V-8 offers the one great luxury other fine cars deny you—the *modern* luxury of compactness.

George Romney

See luxurious room for six 6-footers combined with trim exterior size . . . your choice of 250 or 270 HP V-8 engines to give the high power-to-weight ratio that means top performance. On all new Ramblers the warranty is extended to 12 months or 12,000 miles, whichever occurs first.

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Enjoy the luxury of individual sectional sofa front seats, reclining seat backs, headrests, Lock-O-Matic 4-door locks to keep children in, all at low cost.

Get every luxury, including compactness.

George Romney

President, American Motors Corporation

RAMBLER OFFERS 3 DISTINCT SIZES OF COMPACT CARS

World's Widest Choice of Models

1

RAMBLER AMERICAN—the Leading Economy Compact Car. 173.1" long. Top quality, top economy. 90 or 125 HP Six.

2

RAMBLER CLASSIC 6 and V-8—the All-Purpose Compact Car. 189.8" long. 127 or 138 HP Six. 200 or 215 HP V-8. Room for six 6-footers.

3

AMBASSADOR V-8 by Rambler—the High-Performance Luxury Compact. 199" long. 250 or 270 HP V-8.

OWNER-PROVED BY 11 YEARS AND 35 BILLION MILES...**RAMBLER**...THE NEW WORLD STANDARD OF BASIC EXCELLENCE

1961 AMBASSADOR V-8 Custom Cross Country.

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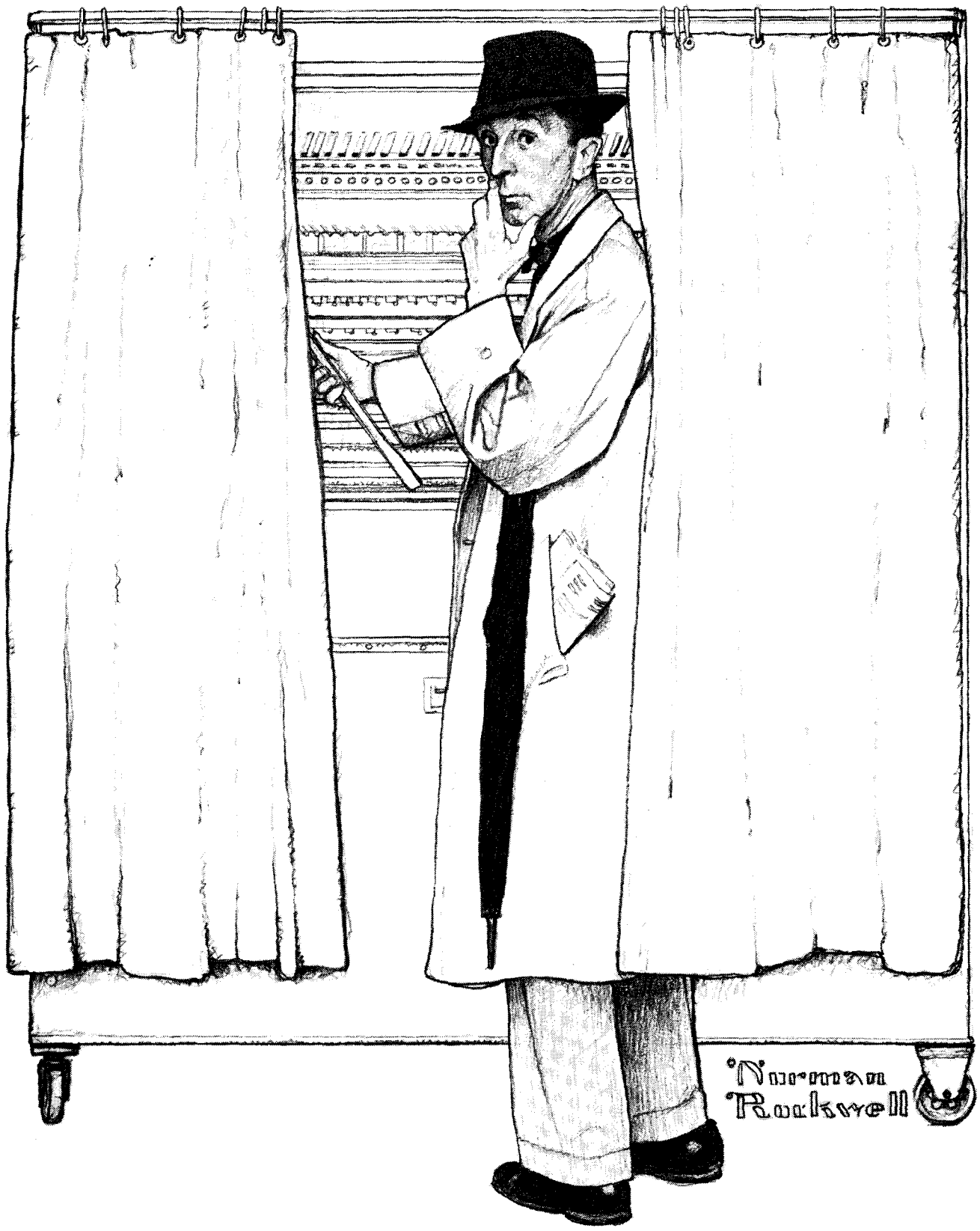
MPANY, LOS ANGELES



"Here I am on November 8th. As you can see, it is not easy for me to make up my mind. *But nothing's going to keep me away from the polls.*

"When I vote, I am exercising not only my greatest responsibility as an American citizen, but my greatest privilege, too.

"I know that this year in particular I am helping to decide what kind of America we are going to have for the rest of my life . . . and for the generation that will follow me.

"Believe me, I'm not only going to be in that voting booth this year . . . I'm asking all my friends to be there, too."

Norman Rockwell

MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL *Life Insurance Company*

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS · ORGANIZED 1851

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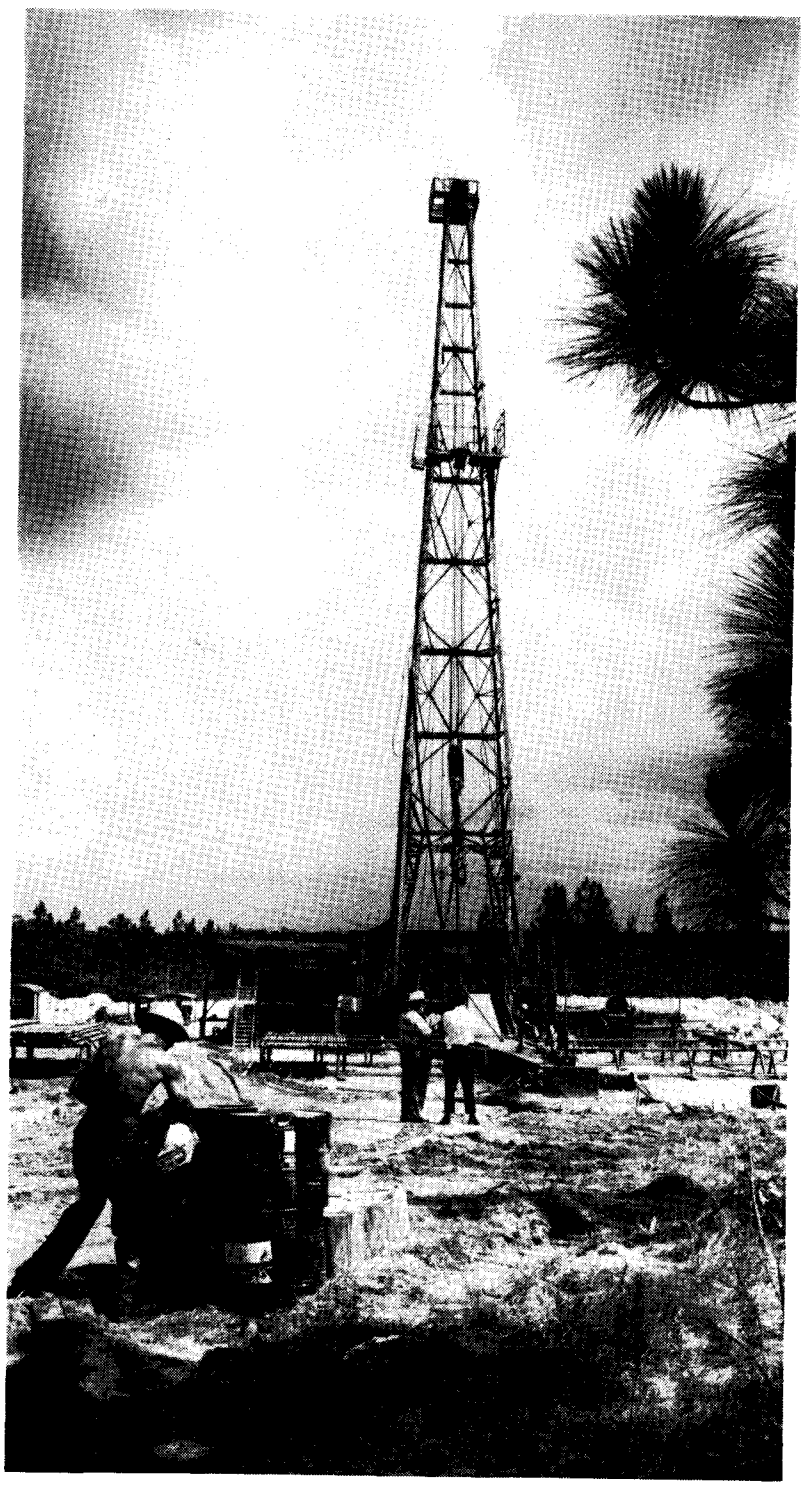
Dynamic Dixie makes the most of Nature's Lavish Gifts!



OIL DERRICKS amidst the pine trees make a comparatively new sight in Alabama. The state's four oil fields include the largest east of the Mississippi River at Citronelle. Since 1955, when "Donovan No. 1" began commercial production, over 17,000,000 barrels of oil have been pumped from this field. Even with 247 wells drilled, the full potential of the area has not yet been determined.

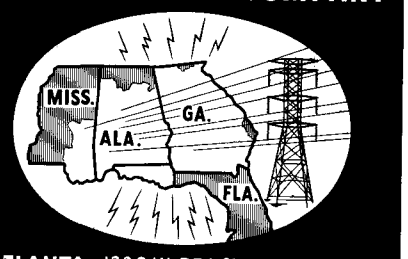
The last half of the twentieth century belongs to the South!

From its mountains to its flat sandy beaches, the South possesses rich and diverse natural resources. With research revealing new ways to utilize this natural wealth, Southern industry has become a vital supplier for its own flourishing region, the rest of the nation and the world.

Since 1950 the rate of growth in the four-state heart of Dixie – Alabama, Florida, Georgia and Mississippi – has outdistanced that of the nation as a whole, 98% to 58% in value added by manufacture . . . 61% to 44% in per capita income . . . 93% to 48% in bank deposits.

An abundant supply of electric power is a major element in this growth. In the ten-year period from 1950 through 1959 the investor-owned affiliates of The Southern Company have spent over one billion dollars for electric facilities. Continuing this program of expansion, these companies will invest another one-half billion dollars in the three-year period ending 1962.

THE SOUTHERN COMPANY



ATLANTA · 1330 W. PEACHTREE STREET
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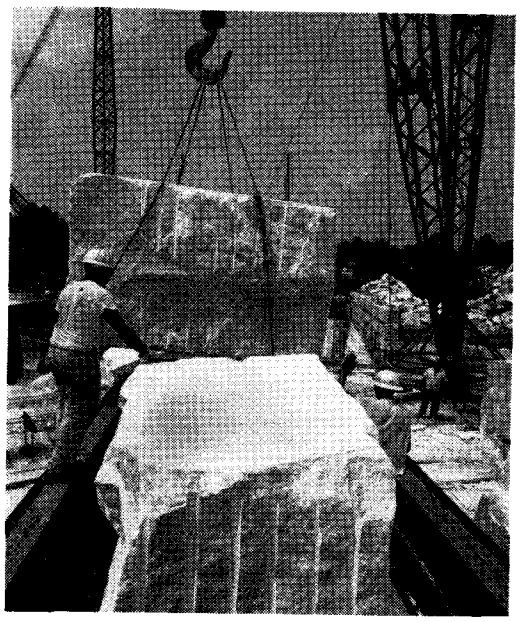
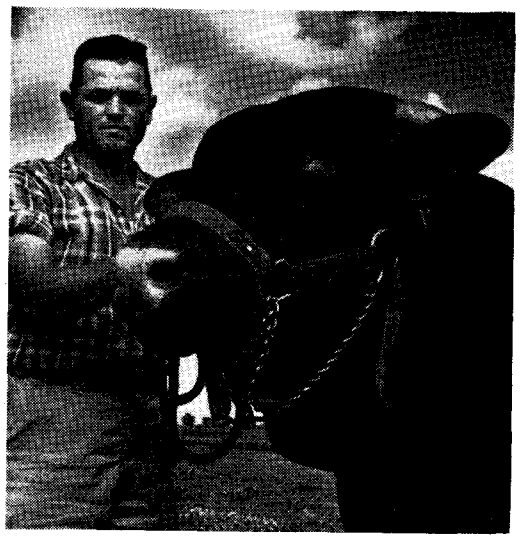
Alabama Power Company . . . . . Birmingham, Alabama
Georgia Power Company . . . . . Atlanta, Georgia
Gulf Power Company . . . . . Pensacola, Florida
Mississippi Power Company . . . . . Gulfport, Mississippi
Southern Electric Generating Co. . Birmingham, Alabama

PINE STUMPS, once considered worthless, now yield rosin, pine oil, turpentine and chemical derivatives at the Pensacola, Florida plant of Newport Industries Company, a division of Heyden-Newport Chemical Corporation. The extracted materials are used in products from medicines to rubber.



MARBLE DEPOSITS in Georgia and Alabama are so vast that, even if present high-level quarrying activities were doubled, there would be enough to last for 18 centuries. Since 1884 the Georgia Marble Company at Tate, Georgia, has quarried over 30,000,000 cubic feet of this beautiful marble.



PRIZE SANTA GERTRUDIS BULL at Ruri-Mar Ranch near Lucedale, Mississippi, symbolizes the flourishing Southern cattle industry. The South's mild climate with year-round green pastures provide natural advantages to livestock farmers.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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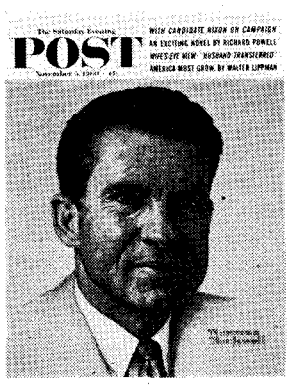
POST
WITH CANDIDATE NIXON ON CAMPAIGN
AN EXCITING NOVEL BY RICHARD POWELL
WHO'S-EYE NOW · HUSBAND TRANSGRESSED
AMERICA MUST GROW BY WALTER LIPPMAN

THE COVER

Vice President Nixon posed for Norman Rockwell on February twenty-fifth, in the photographers' studio of the new Senate Office Building. Rockwell took with him his sons Tom and Jerry, both admirers not of Nixon but of Kennedy. "Tom was enchanted by Nixon and converted," reports Rockwell, "but Jerry didn't change his mind. Me, I love anybody who poses well, and Mr. Nixon sure did that."

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SHAVEMASTER
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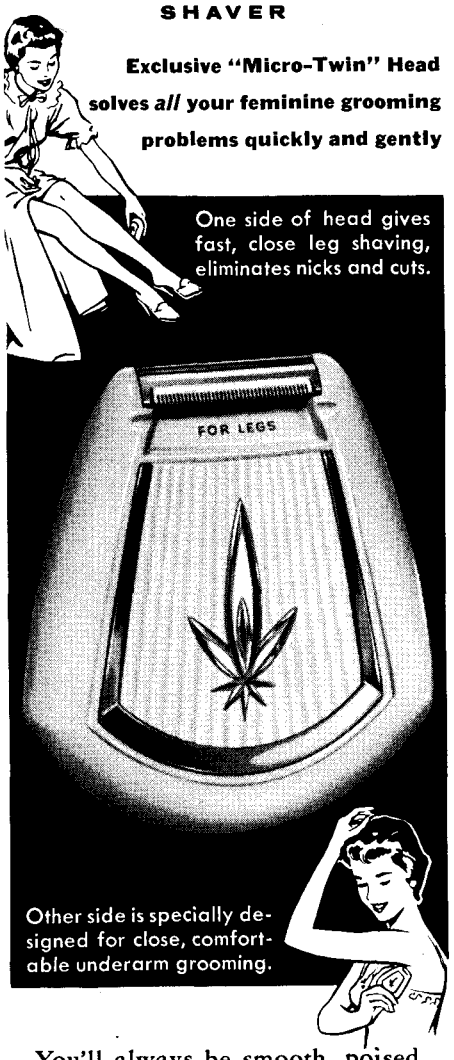
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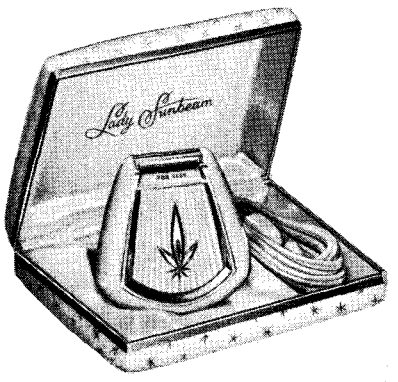

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SHE KNOWS HE LIKES

best!

At the card table, men naturally want cards that shuffle, deal and handle easily. And women buy Bicycle Playing Cards because they know men like Bicycle best. ♥ Men have preferred Bicycle packs for 75 years... and Bicycle is celebrating its Diamond Anniversary this year. ♦ ♠ ♥ ♣ For the latest "Hoyle Official Rules" Book, send 25¢ in coin to Department 77, The United States Playing Card Company, Cincinnati 12, Ohio. ♦ ♠ ♥ ♣

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Letters

Uncle Sam's "Radiator"

Dear Sirs:

Everyone knows, or should, that Americans have the biggest, the best and usually the most ostentatious of anything, no matter where, so why all this fuss about the glittering new American embassy in London? [THE CASE OF THE IMPUDENT BIRD, by Toni Howard, Sept. 24.]

JANE M. FINLATOR
East Peoria, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

A month ago my husband and I stood in the middle of Grosvenor Square looking at our new embassy there with stunned dismay. We couldn't believe it! . . . The lovely old Grosvenor Square that had so much charm and history and significance for the English simply doesn't exist any more. The place is overwhelmed by the enormous structure—it really looks more like a newfangled radiator than a wedding cake.

The English hate it and feel that it has no place there, and I believe that most

The embassy and its "bird."

people from the United States upon seeing it, would feel the same way. We are a kindly people who would not willingly antagonize anyone. Why is it that mistakes like this, that show no true consideration for the countries we are dealing with, are made in our name?

When we got to Dublin, we learned that the new American embassy there is going to be a glass skyscraper. The Irish hate the idea.

ELAINE STEWART
Palos Verdes Estates, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

In England, where the tendency is to understate rather than overstate and ostentatiousness is a sign of bad taste, you can't expect the people to appreciate anodized aluminum with a gold finish.

PATRICIA M. MEISINGER
Salina, Kans.

Dear Sirs:

When Nelson's Column was unveiled, the lions at the base caused a great deal of comment and controversy; some Londoners even threw bottles and stones at the statue. Gradually, however, people accepted it.

Much the same thing is happening with your embassy. Some people are saying that it looks like the radiator of a Rolls-Royce. But don't you worry. Although we are a bit slow with new designs, we will accept it in the end. I sincerely hope we don't start stoning it meantime.

PAUL HILL, *aged 15*
London, England

Dear Sirs:

I read in THE CASE OF THE IMPUDENT BIRD that the new $5,000,000 American embassy in London "contains a United States Information Agency library 4000 feet square." Wow!

WES GETMAN
Baldwinsville, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I certainly wish I could get a chance to see that library—all 500 acres of it.

CHAS. C. FINN
Seattle, Wash.

● *It was we who were square. The proper area is, of course, 4000 square feet.* —*ED.*

Mother's-Eye Views of Small Boys

Dear Sirs:

Reading John Reese's THE CAPTURE OF KEVIN COOLEY [Sept. 24] was a revelation and inspiration. This delightful tale was even better than Doctor Spock in putting the finger on the motivations of small boys. Thank you for helping me know my son a little better.

ELIZABETH H. SMITH
Norfolk, Va.

Dear Sirs:

What a wonderful, wonderful story! It's about time someone realized the deceptively simple, beautiful working of a small boy's mind.

I have two of the unpredictable little creatures and only since I figured out what makes them tick have I been able to relax and thoroughly enjoy them. It's reassuring to know that there are still people who regard curiosity and imagination in the species as such, and not vandalism.

MRS. DON MYERS
Bandon, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

It's good to read a story such as THE CAPTURE OF KEVIN COOLEY in a magazine of your outreach. It's better to actually be acquainted with, amused and amazed by just such a little boy. It's best to be his mother.

I know. I am.

HILDA R. WATROUS
Scotia, N.Y.

Wrong to Sound a Warning?

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Baruch's account of the 1929 crash [THE 1929 CRASH, part one of BERNARD BARUCH'S OWN STORY, Oct. 1—Oct. 15] and his prophetic advice about the future deserves reading and rereading by every thinking American citizen.

I have phoned several friends and acquaintances, urging them to read it, take heed and profit thereby.

J. F. KENNEDY
Royal Oak, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

The stock-market page of my *Newark Sunday News* today said, "The early-week mood, one of fear and foreboding, was intensified by a magazine article in which Bernard Baruch spoke of disturbing similarities between current times and the booming 1920's which led up to the 1929 crash."

Of tremendous losses to stockholders during the past week, how many millions

(Continued on Page 6)

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THE NEW IDEA LINE

2-position removable cover fits into helper handle—helps control spatter.

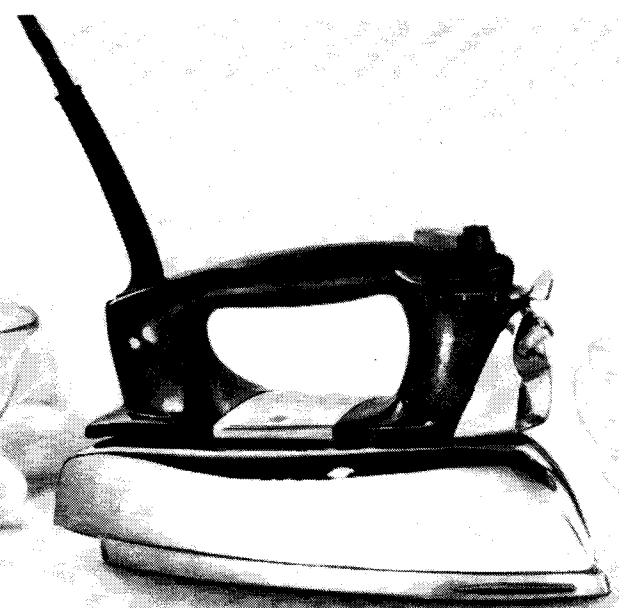
Extra leg tips skillet to drain while it cooks!

The new General Electric Tip-Top Automatic Skillet has a fifth leg hidden in the handle. Swing it down, and the skillet tips up to drain fat away from chops, bacon, sausages—for perfect pan-broiling. Removable cover tucks in part way up to help control spatter, all the way up for serving. Extra-dependable thermostat gives you perfect heat for frying, stewing, even baking. The skillet's completely immersible for extra-easy cleaning. General Electric Co., Portable Appliances Dept., Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

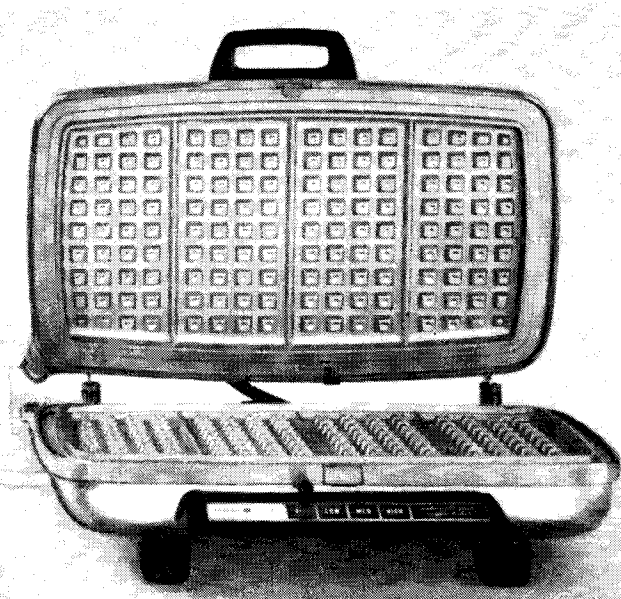
Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Powerful stand mixer and portable in one! General Electric All-Purpose Mixer available in three decorator colors. 12 mixing speeds.



Sprinkles as you iron—New General Electric Spray, Steam & Dry Iron has three wash and wear settings—eliminates guesswork.



Makes perfect waffles! General Electric Automatic Grill and Waffle Baker has reversible grids for melted cheese sandwiches.

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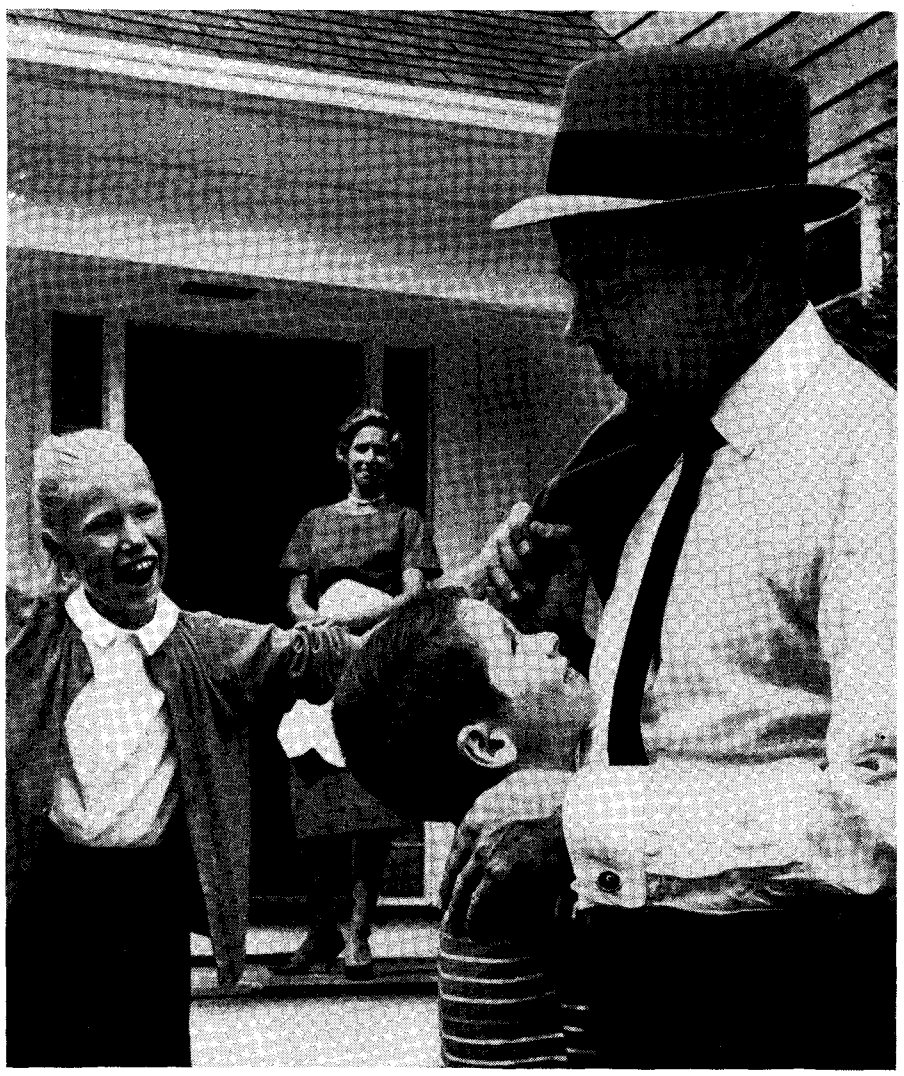
When you're
weary with

DAY-END FATIGUE



take

Alka-Seltzer®
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for that upset, headachy,
tired-all-over feeling

When the end of a day finds you with that upset, headachy, tired-all-over feeling, take ALKA-SELTZER. Instantly it soothes and settles upset stomach . . . speeds through the system where it "reaches out" to relieve areas of pain and fatigue. When you have "day-end fatigue," ALKA-SELTZER can help you freshen up and feel better fast!

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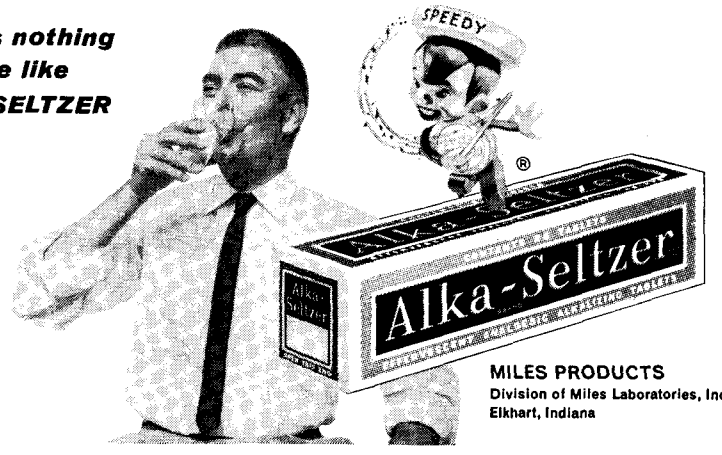

MILES PRODUCTS
Division of Miles Laboratories, Inc.
Elkhart, Indiana

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

do you think your article caused? Fiscal laws and regulations enacted since 1929 and the present-day ownership pattern combine to cushion against disastrous swings from normal pressures. However, nothing can protect stockholders from purposeless shouts of panic from respected sources such as you.

HAROLD F. REICHARD
Livingston, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Certainly Bernard Baruch should not be denied the opportunity to have his life reviewed. However, any article dealing with the depression and prophesying that it could happen again should be published during those times when the traders have their eyes on infinity rather than zero.

It is the responsibility of our national magazines to promote stability, not instability.

ARNOLD H. HOLTZMAN
Woodbury, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

In heaven's name, stop printing material that is so glaringly anti-Republican at a time like this!

E. J. LA ZORIS
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Now is the time for us, the people, to make haste to get off the inflationary high horse, and make use of the advice given us by this great man.

GERTRUDE GREENLEE
Purdon, Tex.

Dept. of Super Subtlety

Dear Sirs:

In RETURN TO TERROR [by Martha Albrand], installment five, Sept. 17, Jed Drake "knew the split second in which the most insignificant events of one's life, interchanging rapidly with those that are of no importance whatsoever, flashed through one's mind."

How did he tell the difference?

ELIZABETH CAMERON
Boston, Mass.

Thought-Provoking

Dear Sirs:

We at the National Bureau of Standards were extremely pleased by the thought-provoking, well-written article, THE MEASUREMENT PINCH [Sept. 10].

Beverly Smith Jr. is to be congratulated for his firm grasp and lucid portrayal of the vital role that measurement plays in our country's technological and scientific advancement.

R. D. HUNTOON, *Acting Director*
National Bureau of Standards
Washington, D.C.

Birth Control Through Self-Control

Dear Sirs:

In the Sept. 24 LETTERS [THE UNWANTED] there appeared a letter from a reader who expressed amazement that a Roman Catholic could approve of surgical birth control for animals (spaying) when "this denomination does not extend the same mercy to a human female."

As a Roman Catholic, I should like to call attention to a few obvious facts of life that might clarify our church's position on this matter. Since the Creator has not endowed animals with the ability to refuse their sexual impulses, they are not accountable for their "overpopulation." However, He has given man a will, and He commands that it be used to govern these impulses. . . .

The Roman Catholic Church teaches that self-control is the only moral solution to the world's population troubles.

ISABEL GIBBONS
Steubenville, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

The Catholic Church has never advocated nor encouraged in any way the conception of children who are unwanted or who may have to live in poverty and misery.

But she will never lend her support to the kind of fuzzy thinking that would equate the dignity and purpose of a human being with that of a dog.

The whole birth-control issue always reminds me of the ancient Roman custom of gorging on food and then tickling the throat to get rid of it, so one could immediately enjoy another feast without suffering the natural consequences. . . .

Certainly in that sacred area of life which deals with the creation of new, eternal personalities, any right-thinking person, not only a Catholic, must shudder at the thought of stripping this sublime act of all meaning and reducing it to a sensual orgy.

GLADYNE VUSICH
Shawnee Mission, Kans.

Dear Sirs:

Many of those who advocate so strongly the various methods of birth control do so not because they are worried about the world's population problem but because they would rather have only one child, two cars, two television sets, a part-time maid, a baby sitter several nights a week, etc. This is sheer hypocrisy!

FRANCES MANSFIELD
Lake Charles, La.

Dear Sirs:

Must we employ contraceptives as a crutch because we are too weak to bear our moral burden?

A/3C RALPH H. SCHNEIDER, USAF
Omaha, Nebr.

Dear Sirs:

The way of control is in self-control, which is, after all, the best kind. Certainly this is very difficult to achieve, but for Christians it is not impossible.

JOAN GURRIERI
Hartford, Conn.

● *Forty-one letters endorsing self-control were received here—six from men and thirty-five from women. —ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

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MERCURY METEOR 600 & 800 series

priced right in the heart of the low-price field

HIGHLIGHTS

- Modern new size—trimmer, better proportioned, for easier handling and parking
- 7 self-servicing features including a chassis that is pre-lubricated for the first 30,000 miles
- First low-price car with a fine-car ride! Exclusive Cushion-Link suspension
- Even roomier than last year. More rear-seat shoulder room, hip room, and head room. More entrance room. Bigger trunk
- New Super-Economy engines! Up to 15% more gas mileage! Mercury's first "6" plus new V-8's that use regular gas. Up to 10% better pickup than last year's brilliant Mercury

1961 MERCURY METEOR 600

This year, for the smart car buyer, there are a lot of new things to learn about Mercury. For this isn't the usual model change. *Everything's* new. Styling, size, engines, ride, economy, and convenience. But most important is the new and lower price range.

Until now Mercury has just had a few models in the low-price field. Now Mercury has 2 full series of low-price cars: the Mercury Meteor 600 and 800.

Some of the ways they're *better* low-price cars are touched upon in the highlights (left). But there are many other extra values waiting for you to see.

The big difference people talk about the most is the fine-car ride. A new rubber-cushioning system, called Cushion-Link suspension, does the job that springs and shock absorbers leave undone. No more bumps from tar strips, road patches, and other surface irregularities. It is a ride exclusive on all Meteor 800's, Montereys, and Mercury station wagons. Be sure to try it when you visit your Mercury dealer's.

LINCOLN · MERCURY DIVISION *Ford Motor Company*

1961 Mercury Price Comparison Chart

Prices start hundreds of dollars below last year

1. MERCURY METEOR 600
Priced right in the middle of the low-price field with such cars as Chevrolet Bel Air and Plymouth Belvedere.

2. MERCURY METEOR 800
Priced with the top series in the low-price field with such cars as Chevrolet Impala and Plymouth Fury.

3. MERCURY MONTEREY
Finest, most luxurious of all 1961 Mercurys.

1961 MERCURY
the better low-price cars

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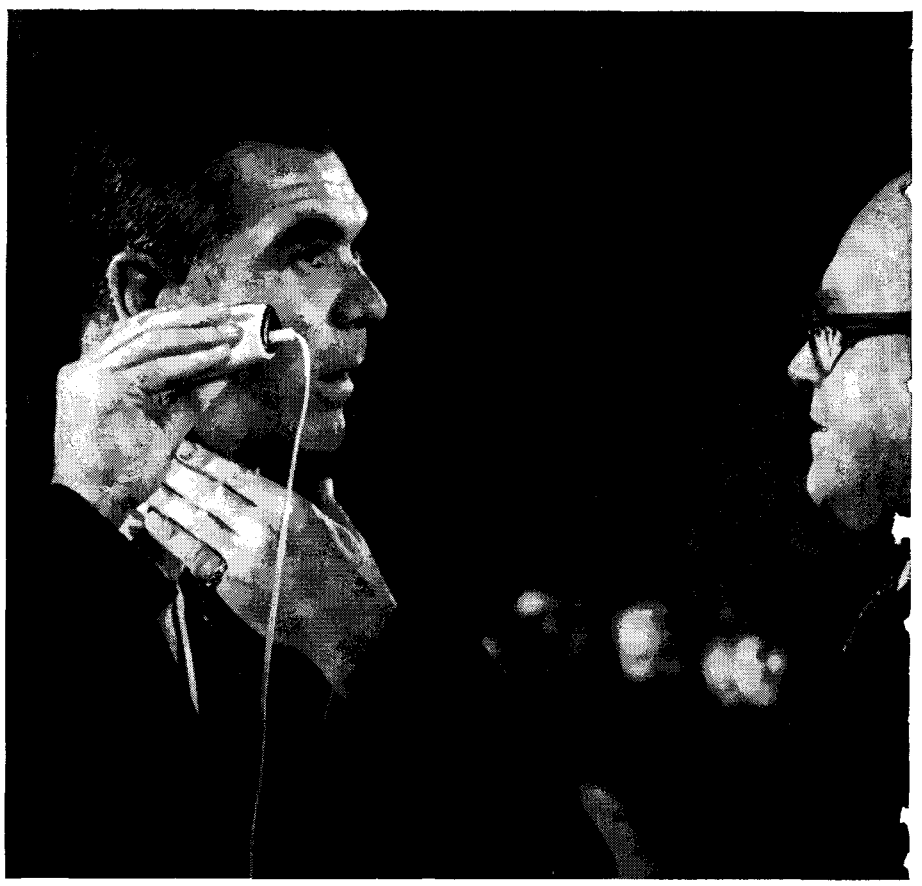
Nothing shaves

that's why Sunbeam puts 3 real blades to give a shave so close, so smooth it's

1. *Grand Central Station: TV newscaster Kenneth Banghart stops commuter George Vaughan, on his way to work.*



2. *Vaughan says he got a close shave just before leaving home, but agrees to give the new Shavemaster shaver a try.*

UP TO NOW you've had to make a choice. If you wanted the comfort and convenience of an electric, you've had to settle for less than a really close shave.

But no more.

This new Sunbeam Shavemaster introduces a basic new design that delivers a comfortable and really close shave. So close, it has to be compared with the results you get from a straight razor or the sharpest safety blade.

The reason is the new Sunbeam shaves you with real blades. It uses no clippers, no rotaries. Three real blades, locked in place inside its rounded head, shave the bristles of your beard—however they may grow—cleanly, smoothly and unbelievably fast.

No electric could ever shave you so close, so comfortably before.

Moreover, you find this out with your very first experience. You don't have to learn to use this new shaver. You don't spend weeks getting the "hang" of it. Its rounded head fits easily into every contour of your face. And, no matter how you hold it, its quick-cutting blades shave you at the right angle.

Convenience has not been over-looked, either. It has an on-off switch, sideburn trimmer and a head that flips open for easy cleaning.

The new Shavemaster has changed electric shaving. And this is more than *our* opinion. It is the conviction of every man who uses it.

Dealers have it now, for *you* to try.

See it demonstrated on "What's My Line", "Naked City" and "The Untouchables"

Sunbeam Corporation, Chicago 50, Ill., Canada: Toronto 18. ®Sunbeam, Shavemaster

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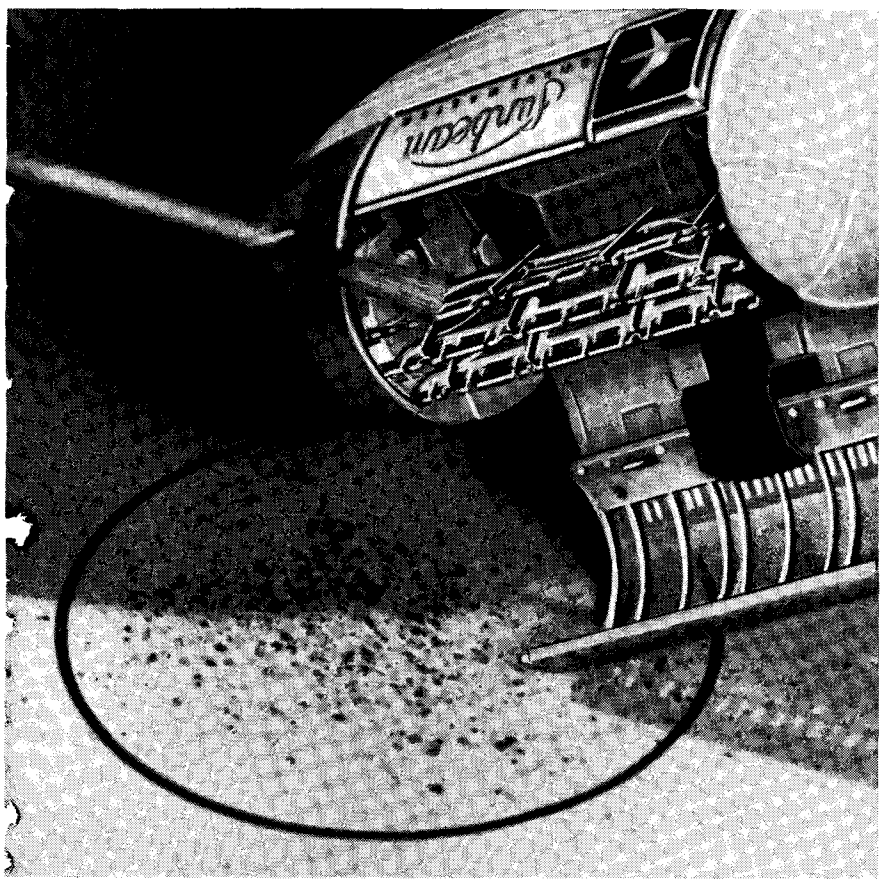
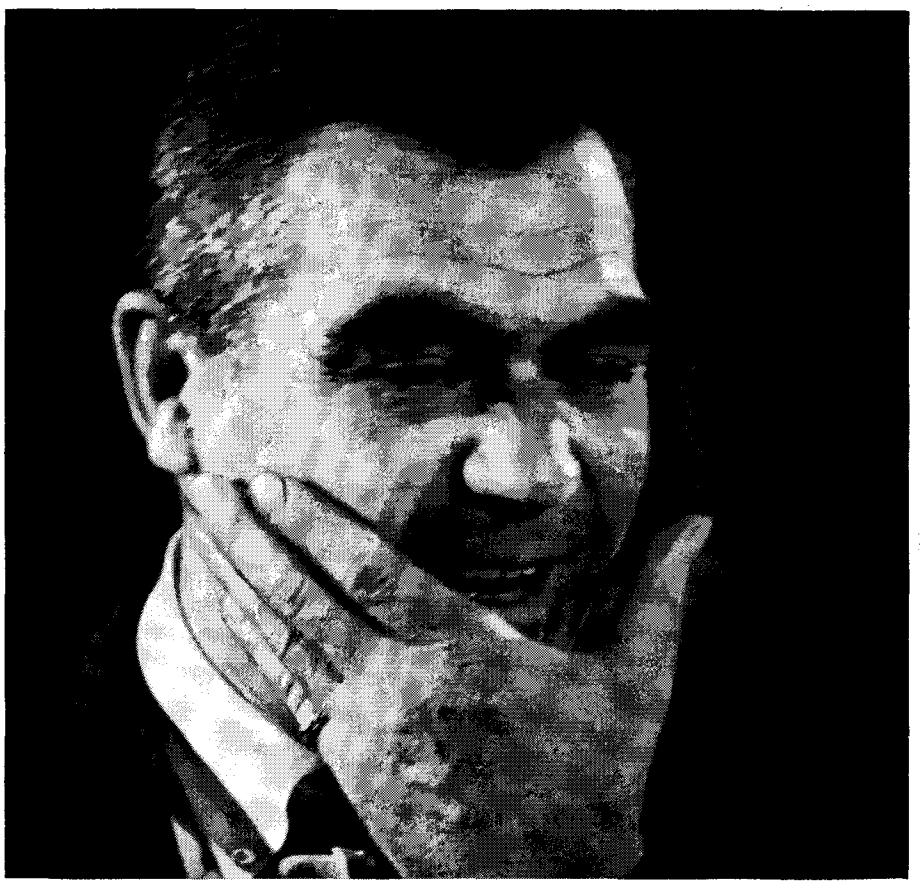
like a blade—

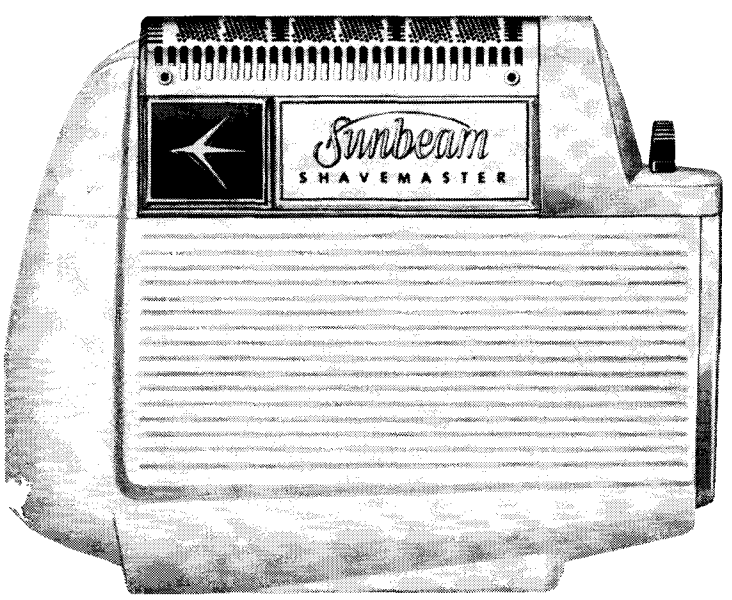
in this great new Shavemaster shaver—surprising men all across the country



3. *Banghart flips open shaver head and brushes beard onto paper . . . beard Vaughan's own razor couldn't get.*



4. *Commuter's reaction to this proof of the Shavemaster's closer shave: "Fabulous! Really great!"*



NEW SUNBEAM SHAVEMASTER

ELECTRIC SHAVER

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Editorials

Little Room for Free Enterprise on That "New Frontier"

As the election campaign has developed, the question which appears to interest many people more than the real issues of the moment is the religious issue. Senator Kennedy has declared himself on this issue a number of times, and one would expect somebody to change the needle. Why not a question like, "Do you believe in the separation of state and C.I.O.?" Having got all they are likely to get from the candidate on his religious affiliation, his inquisitors might more aptly indicate some concern with his relations with the left-wing Americans for Democratic Action or the C.I.O.'s Committee on Political Education. The real doubts about Kennedy are not over the Pope, but very much over the C.O.P.E.

Then there is this New Frontier that Senator Kennedy thinks we ought to break out into. The closest thing to a definition that we have seen, coming from the candidate himself, is that the New Frontier resides "in the minds and hearts of men." However, Senator Kennedy and his brain-trusters have left us with little excuse for ignorance on what a Kennedy Administration would do if it could hog-tie the conservative wing of the Democratic Party in Congress. The net of the projects listed in the party's platform and urged on the voters by Senator Kennedy would be a long stride toward a collective economy.

The New Frontier, says Senator Kennedy, "is a set of challenges. . . . It holds out the promise of more sacrifice, instead of more security." This is heady stuff with the ring of the Harvard brain trust, but it is a little windy and vague as to who is to do the sacrificing and for what end? Prof. Arthur Schlesinger Jr., of the Kennedy brain trust, is more specific. In the *Progressive*, he heaps scorn on President Eisenhower's feeling that the people should have a right to spend their own money. The Republican Party, he charges, is in the pocket of the big producers and the advertising business which are joined together in a nefarious effort to supply consumer goods to consumers! These miscreants can expect to sacrifice—or be sacrificed—in order to divert the people's money into things the liberals think they ought to want the Government to give them.

The Senator's attitude toward one facet of our free economy was indicated in one of his Western speeches. "We will not stand by," he promised his listeners, "and permit another Hell's Canyon blunder in the Clark Fork Basin." The "blunder," of course, was the decision to permit private industry to develop Hell's Canyon, as opposed to another vast and expensive public project which would be supported by taxes instead of paying them.

The New Frontier prospectors make many references to what they call the stodgy materialism, the stand-pattism, the intellectual paralysis of the Eisenhower Administration. To hear them tell it, one would never suspect that it was during the current Administration that our starved "public sector" produced Polaris, sent the Lord knows how many satellites into orbit, all but ended the "classroom shortage" (seldom mentioned any more), achieved unprecedented progress in "civil rights," maintained the peace and, with no help from the New Frontier boys in Congress, held the line against the threat of inflation.

To hear Mr. Nixon's opponents talk, "things are in the saddle" when a man uses his savings to transform his basement into a rumpus room; but when the Government puts up this taxpayer's money to build thousands of houses—with or without rumpus rooms—that's in line with "America's spiritual tradition." Well, there goes the nonsubsidized log cabin!

It becomes increasingly plain, as the campaign drags on, that the issue which will be decided on November eighth is whether or not the United States will maintain the free-enterprise economy which has brought unprecedented prosperity to the American people and made us able to aid less fortunate nations all over the world, including several which despise our economic doctrine; or whether, through a variety of supposedly welfare devices, we will curb our healthy "growth" and imperil our freedom in order to promote expensive socialistic adventures in the "public sector" of the economy.

Whichever candidate wins the White House, the real infighting will take place in Congress. Candidates who have a record of resistance to collectivism and defense of our free system deserve the support of those who think as they do. Too often they do not get it.

Two Major Communist Objectives: Break Down Our Defense and Poison Our Youth

Resolutions calling for nuclear disarmament by Great Britain and the removal of American bases from the country were adopted recently by the British Labor Party. This news would come as no surprise to readers of *When the Kissing Had to Stop* (Norton), by Constantine FitzGibbon. This exciting novel is a fictional account of how Britain might become a Communist satellite—the slide toward surrender starting with a ban-the-bomb rally in London's Trafalgar Square and the election of a Socialist government pledged to destroy all nuclear weapons and clear out the American troops. The tale ends with the Russians moving in, after Britain had dismantled her defenses.

This book should be required reading for those who find logic and inspiration in the arguments of Dr. Linus Pauling or the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy. FitzGibbon has captured the natural fear of mass destruction, the windy sentimentality, the ugly anti-Americanism and the pro-Communism which underlie these movements and attract so many ill-assorted adherents. Just as you are about to dismiss the whole thing as impossible, you open the morning newspaper and read a speech just as preposterous as the TV address by FitzGibbon's anti-bomb Prime Minister. The detention camp in Hyde Park, Soviet military missions—in mufti, of course—quartered in the best West End Hotels, and the final surrender follow swiftly and logically.

No, it probably couldn't happen here, or in Great Britain either despite the success of the Red-infiltrated wing of the Labor Party in prevailing over the saner Mr. Gaitskell. But some strange things are happening already. After reading *When the Kissing Had to Stop*, the overconfident should arrange to see a documentary film put together by the House Un-American Activities Committee showing another aspect of Communist subversion—youth. This film records the riots during the committee's hearing in San Francisco. The picture shows identified Communist leaders shouting and mouthing insults at the committee, setting up the rhythmic chants which are typical of Communist performance. "Open the doors! Open the doors! What are you afraid of? Open the doors!"—this in crescendo. The place was packed with Communist sympathizers and dupes already, but the plaza outside was filled with others who wanted to get into the disorder. The extraordinary feature of the proceedings was the forbearance of the police, six of whom had to be hospitalized after tussling with these "victims of police brutality." For once the facts are pictorially recorded for all to see!

The sobering feature of this picture is the participation in the fracas by apparently normal, average students from neighboring universities. How could American boys and girls be stampeded into this shameful performance by hard-core Communists, who had arranged the whole show days before the committee arrived? To be sure, many of the students were the dedicated characters with thick glasses who have come to be the stereotype for Communist Youth. But the *bourgeoisie* were there too. Even if they came along for kicks, their performance was no credit to the education they have been getting.

It is time for Mr. FitzGibbon, or his American counterpart, to do a novel on certain phases of American life. Possible title: "Class Excused for the Riots."

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vote

In recent national elections in some free countries, the following percentage of eligible persons cast their votes:

Australia	**95.48%**	voted (1958)
West Germany	**88.2%**	voted (1957)
Israel	**82.8%**	voted (1959)
Canada	**80%**	voted (1958)
Great Britain	**78.7%**	voted (1959)
Sweden	**77.4%**	voted (1958)
UNITED STATES	**60.4%**	voted (1956)

It is no credit to our democracy when four out of every ten persons forfeit the privilege of expressing their convictions about the candidates and the issues of a national election.

Your vote counts! Victories in many elections are often determined by the barest of margins. For example, one prominent Senator won the post he now occupies by a margin of only 87 votes, with 988,295 cast.

To vote is a right and a privilege. *To cast your vote intelligently is a duty.*

See to it that you and every eligible member of your family vote on November 8th.

Metropolitan Life

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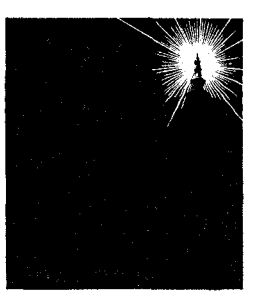

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TEN MILLION

passengers have already flown in Boeing jetliners
...most popular, most proved jetliners in the world!

These airlines now offer Boeing jetliner service: AIR FRANCE • AIR-INDIA • AMERICAN • B.O.A.C. • BRANIFF • CONTINENTAL • LUFTHANSA • PAN AMERICAN • QANTAS • SABENA • SOUTH AFRICAN • TWA UNITED • VARIG • WESTERN. *Boeing jetliners will go into service later with:* AVIANCA • CUBANA • EASTERN • EL AL • ETHIOPIAN *and* IRISH; NORTHEAST *and* PAKISTAN *operate Boeing jetliners under lease.*

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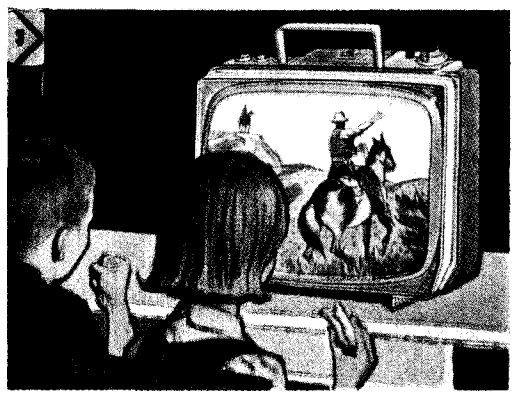
First and only from SYLVANIA

New Sylvania portable with Slim 'n' Square styling available in choice of four color combinations

First and only portable TV with reflection-free "satin finish" safety screen. Gives you a big squared 19″ picture with no annoying reflections from windows, lamps, floors or bright objects indoors or out. The new Sylvania portable gives you a big clear picture anywhere.

First and only portable TV with powerful new Super Triode Tuner and new top-front sound system. Super S-110 chassis with 25-tube performance and built-in antenna assures superb reception even in fringe areas.

Sylvania Home Electronics Corp., Batavia, N. Y.



First and only portable TV with reflection-free shatterproof screen for extra safety in your home. Locks out dust and dirt that dull the picture on ordinary TV. Once you see this beauty, you'll want to carry it home. And you can—because it's *so light and priced so right!*

*174 sq. in. viewing area

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Subsidiary of **GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS** GENERAL SYSTEM

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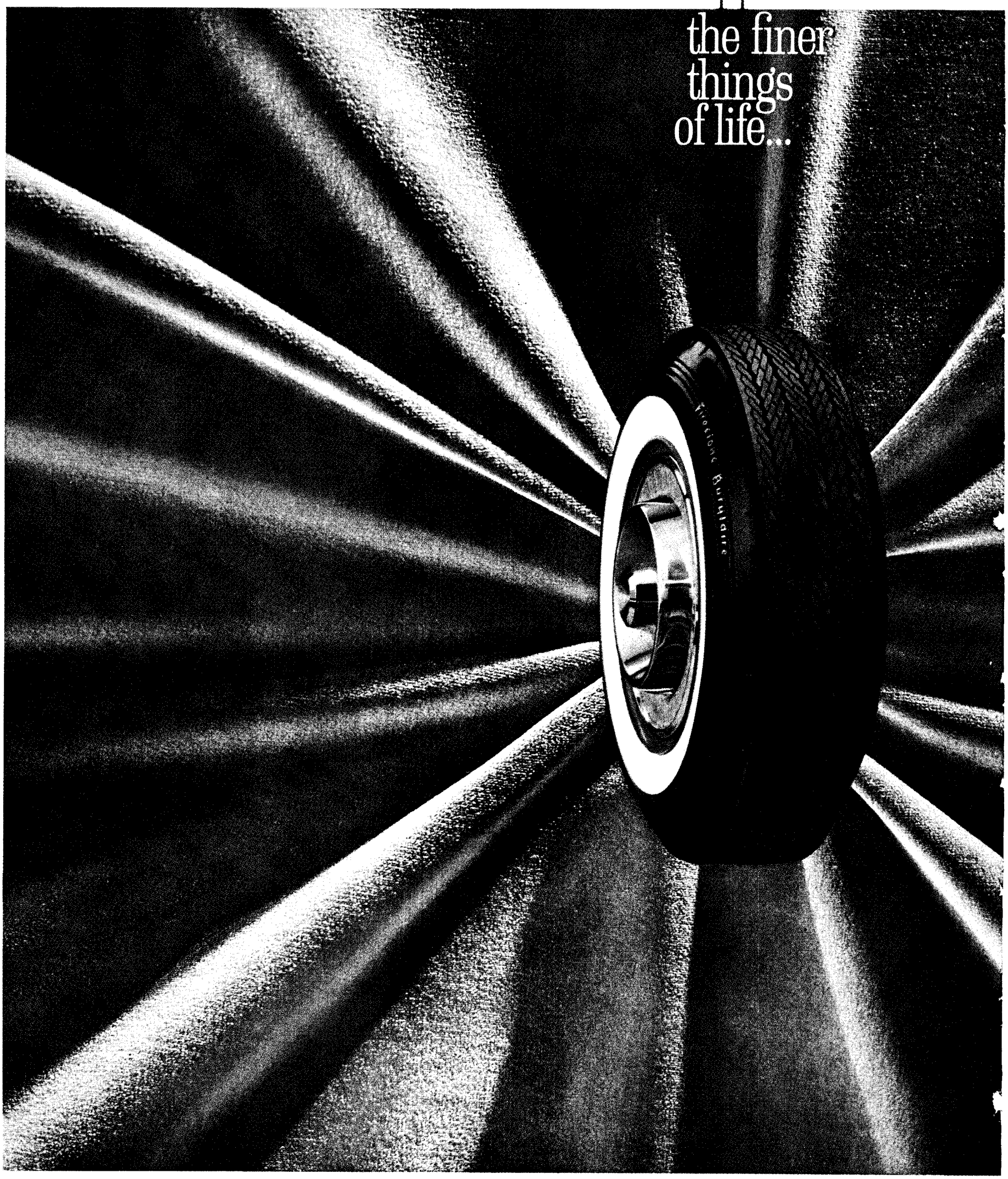

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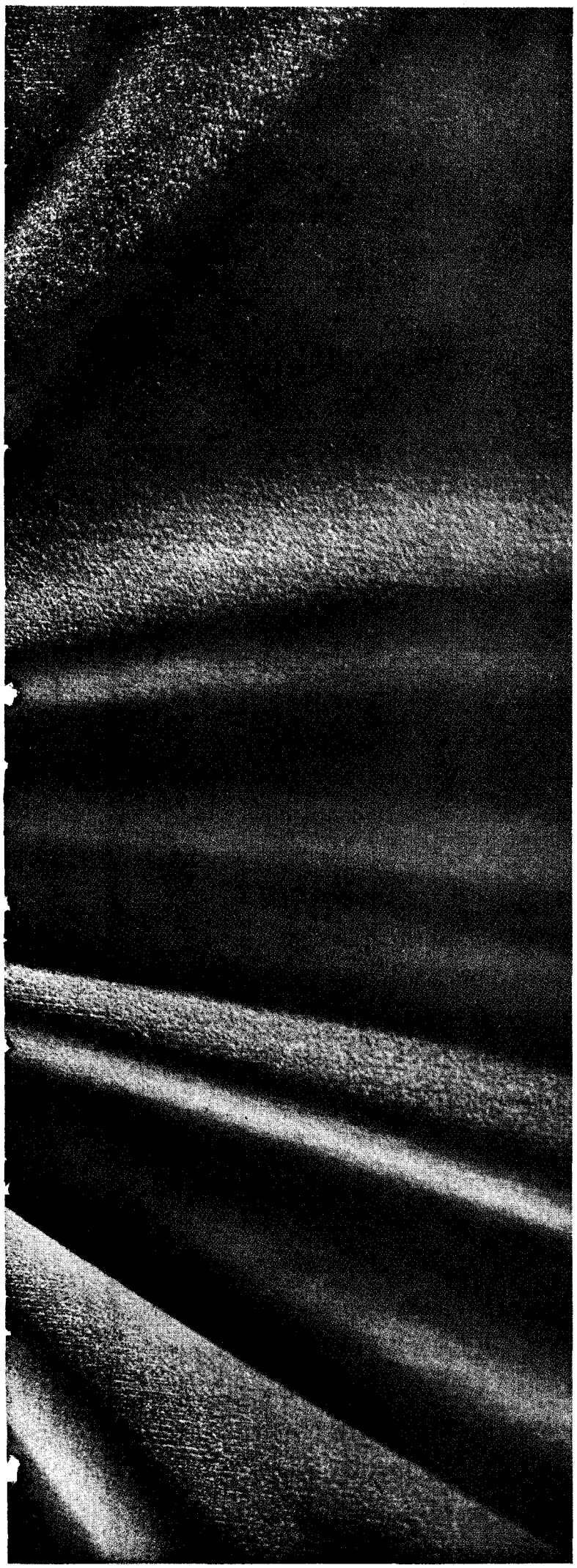

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Put new Firestone Butylaire tires
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There's no squeal, even on the sharpest turns.

There's no hum . . . just silence.

You'll feel the pavement turn to velvet.

Step on the brake, and you'll stop quicker . . .
yet safer . . . in a shorter distance
than ever before.

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They are built with Firestone-made
Safety-Fortified Nylon cord bodies.

They feature Firestone's exclusive Total-Action
Power Tread that gives you active traction,
even in the center of the tread
where you need it most.

Place your order today for a set of new
Firestone Butylaire tires at your nearby
Firestone Dealer or Store so you may be among
the first to enjoy the Luxury Ride.

Firestone

BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH

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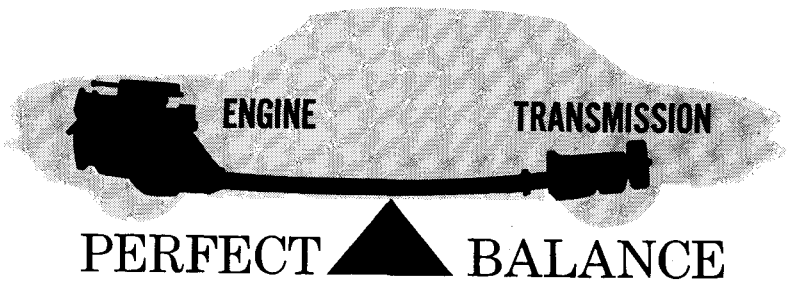
THE HOT TOPIC IS THE NEW TEMPEST!

HORSEPOWER THAT MAKES SENSE
FOUR CYLINDERS TO SAVE GAS!
THE NEW SWEET RUNNING
TROPHY 4 ENGINE
FROM PONTIAC PERFORMANCE SPECIALISTS!

The new Trophy 4 engine puts real performance in the Tempest and cuts gasoline bills to boot. This new baby is ***eager to move out*** for safe passing. Holds the going pace on any expressway. Breezes up steep hills in high gear. This new 195 cubic inch displacement, 45° inclined, short stroke, 4 cylinder engine has a wide range of h.p. ratings. With single-barrel carburetor and stick shift: 110 h.p. (regular gas) or 120 h.p. (premium gas). With the same carburetor and extra cost automatic shift: 130 h.p. (regular gas) or 140 h.p. (premium gas). Want still more? Order the 4-barrel carburetor with the automatic and jump the output to ***155 h.p.*** (Or buy the 155 h.p. aluminum V-8 option.)



PERFECT ▲ BALANCE

Rear axle drive and transmission are combined (a trans-axle). Flexible shaft from front engine delivers smooth, quiet power. Perfect 50-50 balance gives a flat, level ride that no other new-size car can touch. ***Rides like the big ones!*** An equal load on every wheel. Steering is light and easy! Better braking and improved traction in snow, sand or mud! ***Independent suspension at all wheels.*** Swing axles keep Tempest on an even keel over bumps, ruts, dips and holes! ***112″ wheelbase.*** Long enough for a cradled ride—short enough to handle like a sports car. ***Big 15″ wheels.*** Good road clearance. Long tire life. (13″ compact wheels turn about 4900 more times to go 100 miles.) ***Seats six men.*** The big transmission hump is gone. The middle man can stretch out size 12 brogans! ***Wide-Track, too!*** The track is up to 3 inches wider than most compacts. Less lean. Less sway. Better cornering. ***Pontiac dealers have it—and they have it now!*** A four-door sedan . . . a station wagon . . . a full line-up of accessories. Try the Tempest out for an hour—you'll want in for keeps! It's priced with the compacts!

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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QUALITY NEWCOMER FROM PONTIAC!

TEMPEST

AMERICA'S ONLY FRONT ENGINE ⇔ REAR TRANSMISSION CAR

155 H.P. FROM FOUR CYLINDERS!*

PRICED WITH THE COMPACTS!

*WITH 4-BARREL CARBURETOR AND AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION, EXTRA-COST OPTIONS

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Now see your gift of flowers-by-wire just as it will arrive!

Beautiful bouquet and vase shown below now delivered anywhere in U.S.A. or Canada just as you see them here

Make something warm and human and wonderful happen ...send this flowers-by-wire value

Here's your chance to discover the electric effect of flowers-by-wire—at a very special price. Stop at your FTD florist and see this full, rich bouquet of mums, pompons and fall foliage artistically designed and delivered in a classic milk glass vase she'll use again and again.

You'll agree this is a remarkable value. Send it—and you'll reach right out and touch her. Touch her so deeply you'll almost *feel* the glow come back. This long-lasting gift will grace the home, the table, and give enduring pleasure. Take advantage of this special new offer. Look up your FTD florist now in the phone book Yellow Pages under FTD—Florists' Telegraph Delivery.

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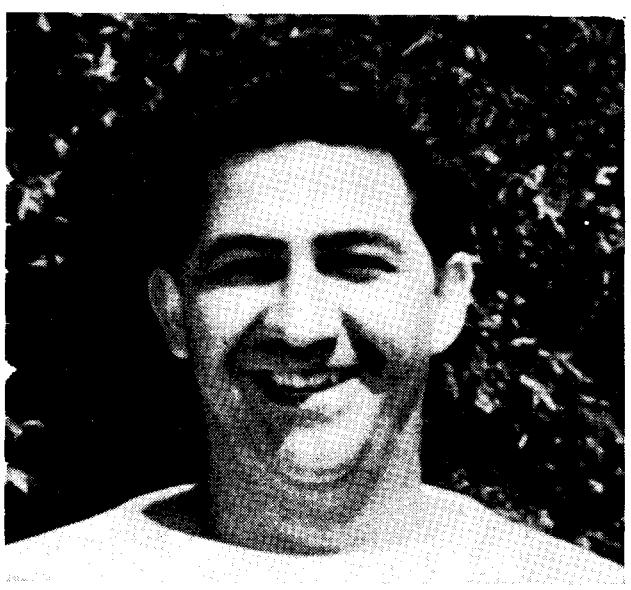
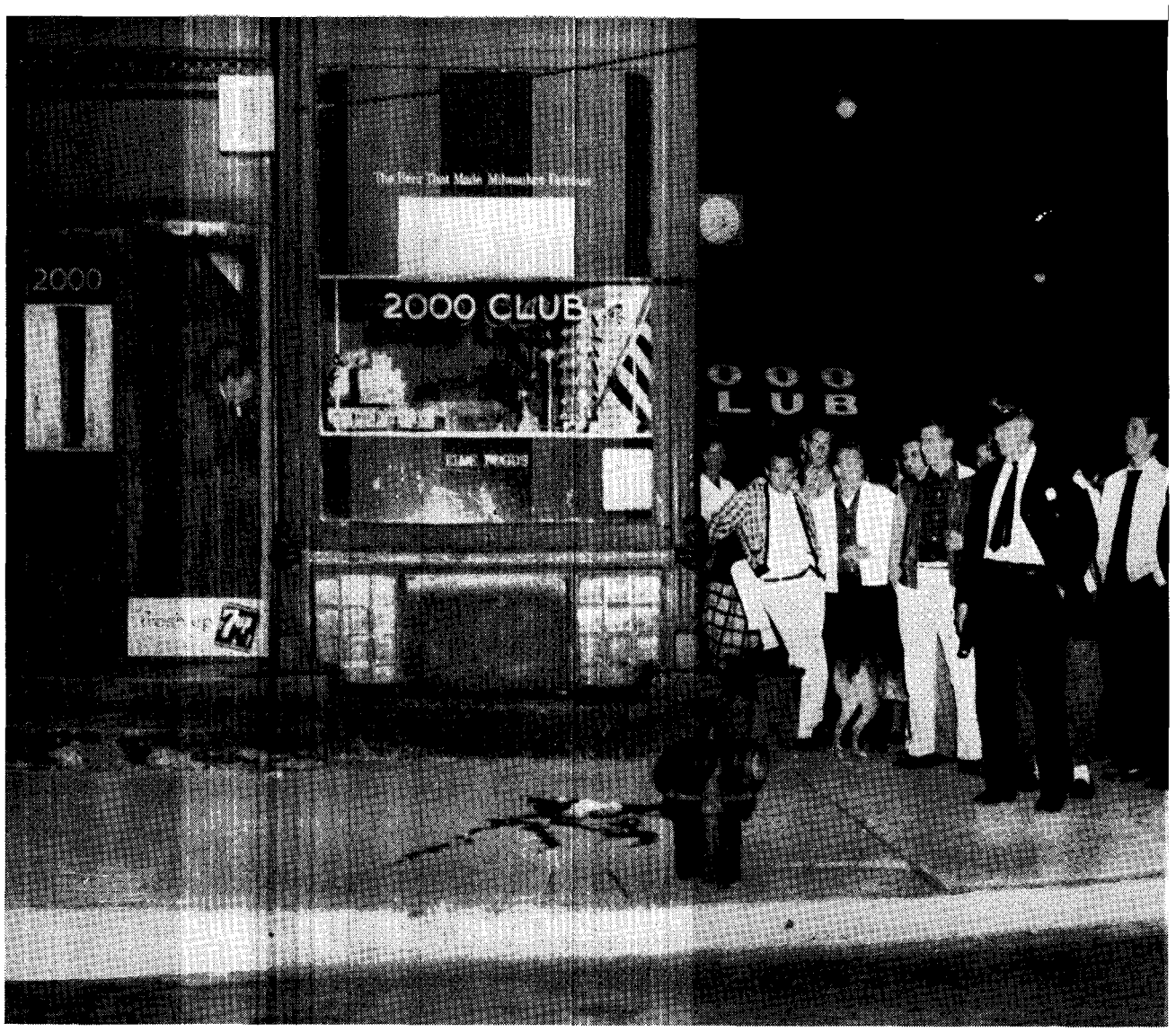
The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin





"Other Italians fought the Puerto Ricans," says the author. "Guido Garro did not—but they killed him." The bloodstained sidewalk shows where Garro (left) died.

The two Puerto Ricans had never met Guido Garro; they murdered him only because he happened to be an Italian. A well-known reporter's case history of a

CRIME WITHOUT REASON

By JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

On a soft September evening in 1959 six young men were hanging around in front of Rocky Cassella's little neighborhood tavern on Chicago's Northwest Side. Most were of Italian or Polish descent.

One, Guido Garro, was a timekeeper for the Chicago Transit Authority. The others were clerks, salesmen or truck drivers.

"We met there every night," one of them recalls. "We all grew up in this neighborhood. We would meet there and decide whether we would go to the track this evening or have a few drinks, play some cards. It was just like a meeting place."

Traffic rolled by quietly on Damen Avenue. Erie, a side street, was dark and quiet. Guido Garro and two others were sitting on a little bench in front of the tavern window; the other three were standing near them. They had been talking about baseball and about whether to go to the harness-race track. They usually went after the sixth race so they could get in free, but to do that they had to be there about 10:30 and it was getting too late, already ten o'clock.

At a few minutes past ten an old car pulled across Damen and stopped at the corner. It was only about fifteen feet from the men. At first they could see only one man in it, the driver. One of them later told the coroner, "He looked over to us, as though he knew someone, and turned his head away, and then when I looked in the back, I seen a head

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Beneda Cruz, wife of one of the murderers, with her children—Maritza, 11; Juan, 8; and Angel, 12. She plans to wait for Cruz, who will be eligible for parole in 1980.

Illinois State Penitentiary: Feuriel Cruz and Santiago Gonzales. "Their hate seemed impersonal."

appear, bringing up an object, and then I seen a flash." The object was a long-barreled shotgun. The man in the back seat leveled it at the tavern window and fired. Guido Garro died instantly. A man beside him was wounded. The car drove away fast. The murderers had not known Garro or his friends. They were Puerto Ricans. They were out tonight simply, as one of them said, "to kill all the Dagos."

In recent years hundreds of thousands of Puerto Ricans have come to the United States seeking to better their lot. Settling in the great cities, clawing their way upward, they have met resistance from Italians and Poles and others, and they have fought back. Let us study these immigrants, their antagonists, and the Chicago jungle where their deadly combat took place. First, Chicago.

The Northwest Side lies wedge-shaped across the Chicago River from the Loop, the city's heart. Milwaukee Avenue slants northwest past truck docks and factories, taverns and flats and huge ancient tenements. The sky line is all TV aerials and street lights and, in the distance, Polish cathedral spires. An expressway is slashing through here, leveling the slums, and bulldozers and earthmovers roar through a haze of dust and smoke. Negro lads race across a rubble-strewn lot, dodging behind a billboard, Puerto Ricans pursuing. Next door to the Bit of Poland tavern stands a Puerto Rican grocery, Colmado San José, and down the street is an Italian spaghetti parlor. Once this was all Polish and Italian. A few years back, Negroes, spilling out of the South Side ghetto, moved in here, and Italians burned them out. Then the Puerto Ricans came. The Italians fought them, the Puerto Ricans fought back, the Italians retreated westward. And the expressway is smashing everything; here for generations babies were born, tears were shed and blood spilled; and now the expressway is purging all by fire.

At Milwaukee and Division stand the imposing edifices of the Polish National Alliance and the Polish Daily Zgoda. Division Street runs straight west, broad and smooth. The original settlers here were Irish, Germans, Poles and Scandinavians; then the Italians came, then the Russian Jews, and now the Puerto Ricans, wave after wave flowing out from the Loop and the river, each new wave pushing the last wave outward, a ceaseless thrust and sweep and movement. The Italians fought for place against the Germans and Poles and Irish. They rose in business and politics. Now they are fighting Puerto Ricans.

The history of the neighborhood is clearly visible at the intersection of Damen and

Milwaukee Avenue, in the Puerto Rican neighborhood of Chicago's Northwest Side. Here, in crowded flats above the stores, thousands of recent immigrants live in poverty—and sometimes violence.

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Natalia Gonzales with Manuel Segarra, her son's lawyer. He blames "Italian politicians" for his client's 199-year sentence, but admits Gonzales was "a tough guy."

Division, called "D and D"—a Jewish restaurant on one corner, a Polish tavern on another and an Italian *pizza* parlor and two big Puerto Rican tenements across the street. A red convertible roars by loaded with Puerto Rican teen-agers, white teeth flashing, black hair flying. Three youngsters are playing cops and robbers, skipping nimbly among the rumbling trucks, and Puerto Rican children are tumbling down the stone steps of a huge old tenement. A Puerto Rican says, "The Italians have rough tactics and try to slow us down. Still, we have taken over on Division, on Chicago Avenue, on Grand." But the Italians still hold the side streets.

Police call this area the Burglar Patch. "Some of the best burglars in the history of Chicago come outta there," says a detective. "Dagos and Polacks." Near Grand and Noble stands a building where the Mafia met "in the mustache days," as an old-timer says. Tony Accardo, crime syndicate leader, was born nearby. The tradition of violence is strong here. Some storekeepers and bartenders keep a gun handy. A "sheet"—criminal record—is a condition of life. So are crowding and conflict. A Negro opening his car door bumps another car inching past; a Puerto Rican hunting a parking space shouts angrily at another driver. Fights, sometimes fatal, start that way. People are jammed in together, car to car, elbow to elbow, stomach to stomach, shoving, rubbing, rubbing, rubbing—trouble comes.

Across Western Avenue between Grand and Chicago is a little area of dead-end streets by the railroad yard. "Our patch," its residents call it. They are Italian. Theirs is a quiet little island. They are not criminals. They are workingmen, many laboring for the city—they vote, and their ward committeeman takes care of them. Though the houses are old they are well kept up, and some are painted gaily. Of a summer evening, children are playing in Huron Street, and a woman is strolling by with a baby buggy, and an ancient woman with a cane is sitting in a chair on the sidewalk in front of her grocery. Young trees are carefully wired up in the tiny parkway. Across the street in a dusty field young men are playing sand-lot baseball. Girls stroll up and down; young men cruise slowly by in cars. A blind man passes by, and tavern loungers call to him to wait before crossing the street—a car is coming. Everybody knows everybody else. So far no Puerto Ricans have moved in here. "But," says one resident, "they are on Division and on Chicago and on Grand. They are making a circle around us."

Here Guido Garro was born; here he lived out his short life. A bachelor of thirty-three, he lived in a three-story brick house which his family owned at 2620 Huron Street. A store, rented out, occupied the first floor. In four flats above lived Guido Garro, his sisters and brothers and their husbands and wives. The building is old, but its flats have been remodeled—new plaster and paint, air conditioning, shiny appliances, flowered rugs, cellophane-covered lamps and everything spotlessly clean.

Guido's father came to America from Italy before 1900 with his own father, and later brought his brothers and sisters over. They settled in this very (Continued on Page 44)

This pleasant street is typical of the Italian section of Chicago's Northwest Side. So far, Puerto Ricans have been kept out. But, complains one resident, "They are making a circle around us."

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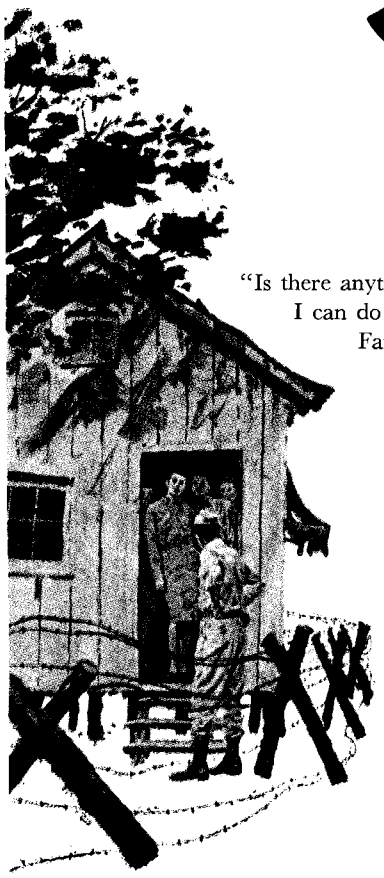
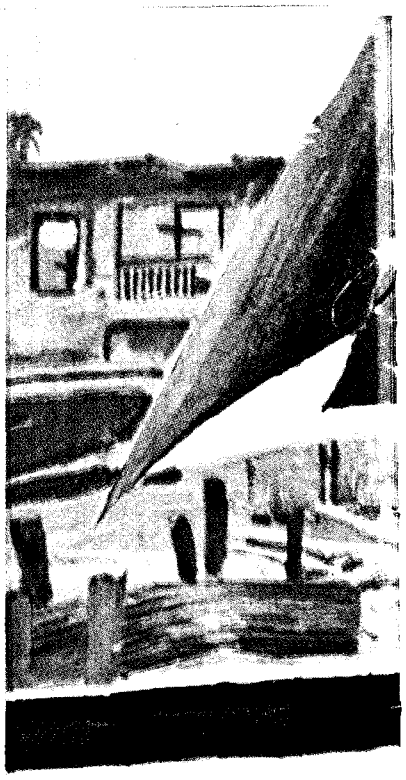
The Soldier

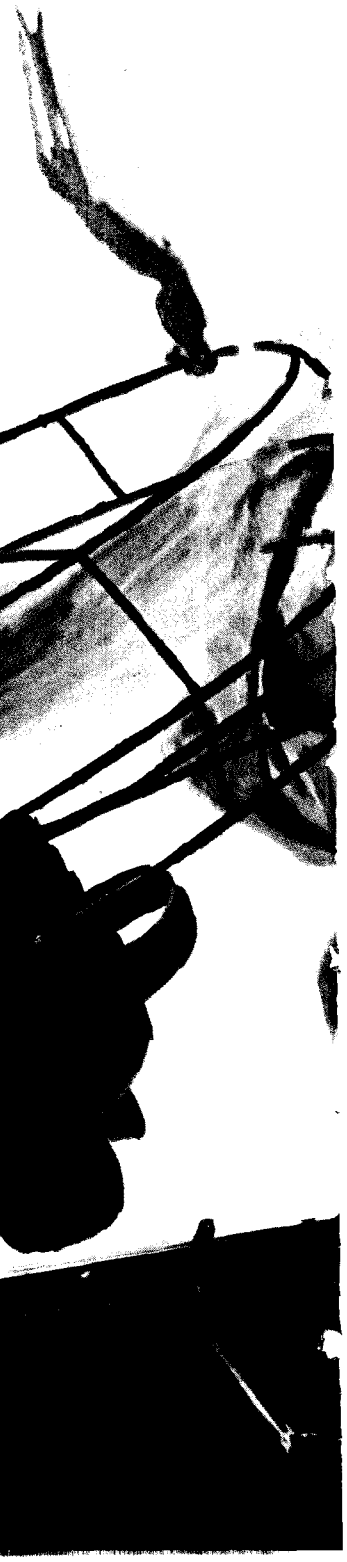
Beginning a New Novel by RICHARD POWELL, Author of THE PHILADELPHIAN



"Is there anything I can do to help?" Farralon asked.



"Oh, come on now, Farralon," the colonel said. "Here we are, a couple of foul-ups in a fouled-up command."



The C-47 burrowed into the clouds like a rabbit diving into its hole. Grayness welled against the windows. When Lt. Col. William A. Farralon tried to think of something useful to say, the grayness seemed to filter into his head and smother any outgoing ideas.

He reached into his pocket for a cigarette. His A.G. card was in the same pocket, and fell on the floor. For a moment his face, in miniature, stared up at him. It was a shade too thin, and the eyes were too solemn, but the jaw was firm. The back of the A.G. card, which had been issued a few weeks ago in this year of 1942, reported the vital facts that he was five-eleven, one hundred sixty pounds, had brown hair and brown eyes, was born 22 April 1903, and owned two index fingers, both of which had been fingerprinted. The A.G. card did not report the minor fact that, as far as his career as a Regular Army officer was concerned, he was through.

He picked up the card and allowed his thoughts to wander. The incident that strolled through his memory happened when he was ten years old, soon after his father was ordered to the Command and General Staff School. A visitor had asked him, as people always asked small boys, "And what are you going to be when you grow up?"

"I'm going to be a general," he had answered.

A trivial question. A boyish answer. If he could have peeked into the future, he could have said, more significantly and more truthfully, "I'm going to be a failure."

He wondered if a boy had ever given an answer like that. Probably not. The young of the species did not accept the idea of ultimate failure.

Beside him the pilot of the C-47 said, "I bet that Jap didn't even see us."

Farralon asked, "What happens if you don't have clouds to duck into?"

"The book says to take violent evasive action. That means we bust off the wings and throw them at the Jap. I guess that's the first Jap you've seen, huh, colonel?"

There was no use giving a straightforward answer and getting involved in a long explanation. "I suppose it won't be the last," he said, evading the question.

"You can say that again, colonel. If there's one thing they got plenty of up around Port Solo, it's Japs."

The plane hung in grayness, throbbing like a big fly caught in a web. Minutes passed. Then abruptly the grayness streamed away, and sunlight exploded soundlessly around them. Off to the north northwest lay the big island, Zoanga, wallowing in the Pacific like some aquatic monster left over from the age of the dinosaurs. The maps showed Zoanga as if it were swimming due east, chasing the smaller island of Rotai seventy miles from its gaping jaw. (Continued on Page 74)

© 1960 by Richard Powell. *The Soldier* will be published shortly in book form by Charles Scribner's Sons.

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Who? Me? Move?

Being transferred usually means greater job opportunity for a man. But, says this harassed wife, it's a nightmare for the gal who stays behind to say the good-by's, sell the house and battle the moving men.

By Joyce Kissock

I don't mean to point, but if your husband works for a company that boasts of even a single branch office, you are, at this very moment, in one of three predicaments:

1. Your husband has just been transferred.

2. You have just heard that he is about to be transferred.

3. You are perfectly sure there isn't the slightest chance that your husband will be transferred.

If it is that last group that you fit into, let me greet you as friend and comrade, for I have put myself into that complacent crowd often in the past years. It's a restful kind of crowd to be in. But do try to get the very most out of your calm conviction that "there isn't the slightest chance that your husband will be transferred," since that calm cannot last for very long. I, for example, am *always* convinced that my husband will not be transferred again. And I've been wrong three times now in the last two and a half years.

The important thing for us company wives to remember is that *everybody* gets transferred. It isn't only the big corporations who send their employees careering across the country, followed at a distance by their wives, children, dogs and parakeets. Little companies do it too. There's this disease that companies get—a kind of managerial St. Vitus's dance—that tends to make them jumpy and high-strung. It isn't their fault really; it's just that they get these fits. And when the fidgets come upon them, they just can't sit still until they've sent the Miami man to Detroit, the Detroit man to Houston, the Houston man to take over the Seattle office, and the Seattle man back to—well, it's a big country.

The companies enjoy this kind of administrative hopscotch, and they always feel much better after a seizure of this sort, but, of course, they never admit it. Instead they like to dignify the whole glorious game with profound and measured pronouncements in the company literature. They say serious things like "we emphasize broad-gauge training and executive mobility" or "there is a stress upon personnel circularization to provide across-the-board work experience." All that means is that they get the fidgets.

In any case, the thing we have to accept is that Being Transferred is not the kind of thing that happens to other people. It's the kind of thing that happens to us. And any good wife will prepare herself for that emergency before it comes. Practice for it, as the children have their fire drills at school, so that when your

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time comes—and it cannot be far away—you will be ready.

Your first intimation that you will never see the tulips you planted in the back garden last fall will come on some ordinary evening in an ordinary week. Your husband will come home, make quite a business of hanging up his coat and say very casually, "J.B. called me into his office today." Then he will pause and take a deep, careful breath.

Don't ask who J.B. is. If you can't remember by now, you never will. Just call quickly to the children to start eating their dinner, mommy and daddy want to talk for a minute, and look up at your husband alertly.

"He—ah—asked me how I'd like to go out and take over the Des Moines office." You will gasp then, but that's all right, because you're allowed one short gasp, and this is the best time to use it.

"What did you tell him?"

"I said I'd have to ask you about it," he will answer stanchly. (Now, this is standard. All husbands say they will have to "ask" their wives. It doesn't mean anything, of course, because their minds are already made up, but it's a gallant little gesture you must remember to appreciate.)

Right at this moment, just after he has told you, when you want to be at your best, you will be overcome suddenly by a kind of tidal wave of unrelated thoughts: Your little girl's piano recital. The curtains you finally got up in the kitchen. The tulips. Friends. The clubhouse your son built in the back yard. The butcher who knows your name and habits. The bill for furnace repair, not yet paid. Good friends. The laundryman who has finally learned what "no starch" means. Your cub pack. The way the rocking chair fits into the corner of the living room. The P.T.A. bazaar. The way

the morning sun comes into your kitchen. . . . Sit down for a moment and stay absolutely quiet until the tide of thoughts recedes and your eyes come back into focus. Take a deep breath.

"Darling, how wonderful! Are you pleased?" And then your husband's face, which he has been holding sober and wary, will break into an enormous, triumphant grin.

"It's a great chance, honey. It'll be tough, picking up and going so fast, but I can't wait to get my teeth into that division. The production level *looks* O.K., but I've got an idea. . . ." And he will speak enthusiastically and incomprehensibly for some time of efficiency ratings, market growth, broad-gauge experience and other enigmatic things. You are free to smile warmly and proudly at him while you select the one key phrase that applies directly to you.

When he pauses for a moment, ask casually, "You said 'picking up and going so fast.' When *do* they want us to go?" Your husband will turn and walk around the room a little.

"Well—J.B. said he hoped I could get out there in the next two weeks." (Remember, you've used up your gasp. Don't make a sound.) "Of course," your husband will go on judiciously, "there's a lot to do. But that won't make it too rushed for you, will it?" You have only one possible answer.

"Of course not, darling. Two weeks is a long time. Tell me some more about what the job will be like." And then, as he tells you of the dragons he will slay and the ramparts he will storm, you are free to stiffen your morale with sturdy thoughts of Wives Through the Ages. Think of the Santa Maria. Think of the covered wagons. Think of whither thou goest I too will go. Think of how you love him. And you'll find you feel much better. Reach then, as unobtrusively as you can, for a pencil and paper, so you can start making a list. In the weeks to come it will be these penciled lists—swarms and numbers of them—that will be your greatest support. It is not too soon to start the first one now.

Later on the very innocence of that first list will make you laugh. (And you'll *need* some laughs—later on.) But here at the beginning you will write down in all seriousness such enormous items as:

1. Pack.
2. Sell house.
3. Tell milkman and others.
4. Check attic.

Each of these naïve entries will spawn into a flutter of more detailed lists, each detailed list will flower into many more. The "attic" item alone will produce five (Continued on Page 82)

Illustrated by Henry Syverson

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The Legend of the ROSE

Most folks in the little New England town thought she was only a haunting memory . . . but one man knew better.

By Henry Beetle Hough

The story of Swain's icehouse and the beautiful girl who was frozen there like a rose in a block of ice for almost sixty years has faded into the annals of East Baddow like many another strange tale. There are few outsiders who know the facts—for that matter, what are the facts?

East Baddow is real enough. Seen from the point of view of a sea gull or of the past, the village is a pattern of copses, shingled houses, shell-surfaced streets bleached white in the sun and salt meadows turning scarlet, russet and green with the seasons.

Seen from the future, no one knows what East Baddow may be like, except that the view must be frightening. Even if it were possible to make such an observation at this moment, without waiting, perhaps by peering over the merlons and crenels of the square white tower of the Methodist church, someone would be sure to cry, "Don't look yet!" For the inhabitants of East Baddow are wary and more knowing than they seem.

The reason for such a reference to the future is that the story of George Sarson and Thamosin Eldridge is naturally involved with the curious relativity of time—not in an Einsteinian sense, but in the frame of reference of Old George himself.

Old George was the only man who ever attended Harvard for four years, took a degree there and then forgot about it. This did

continued on page 87

Illustrated by J. Frederick Smith

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The Face of AMERICA

Ten Feet to Death

It was a beautiful, sunny day a few miles west of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and the Pennsylvania Turnpike was not crowded. But suddenly—and inexplicably—an eastbound car lunged over the ten-foot medial strip of grass and crashed into two oncoming, westbound cars. The reason for that disastrous swerve will never be known, for David R. Sweeney, driver of the eastbound car, was killed instantly and his

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automobile (foreground) was demolished. Five other persons—Lee Roy Helton, his wife and three of their children—also died when their automobile was hit; the picture at right shows ambulance men removing the Helton family from their wrecked car. The Johnson family, in the third car, escaped with only minor injuries.

Nine days later state officials announced plans to erect guardrails in the dividing strips, which sometimes are a crossover to death. Highway engineers cautioned that such barriers would be a hazard: they prevent crossover accidents, but can deflect swerving cars back into traffic in the same lane. All too often, as in this worst crash in the twenty years of the Pennsylvania Turnpike, death wins when something goes wrong at high speed.

• Photographs by Larry Keighley

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"You get prettier every day," he said, imagining how the dress would look on her. "Sexier, too."

TWO-DOLLAR DRESS

By DUVAN POLK

Somehow, in spite of his empty pockets, he was going to get the dress for the girl he loved.

"Why do they call him Fate?" asked the newcomer to Burksville.

The charter members of the Jobless Workers' Club, whose clubroom was on the sidewalk in front of the Tower Hotel, looked at one another blankly.

"Well," said the man who knew Fate best of all, staring at the subject's departing back, "what else could anyone call a man whose loving mother named him Napoleon Lafayette Johnson?"

"I shouldn't have asked," admitted the newcomer.

On that hot summer day in 1936 Fate Johnson crossed the intersection with a springiness to his stride that had remained through six bitter years of the great depression; years that had changed Burksville from an oil-field boom town into a sleepy village where there were a dozen scrambling men for every job that peeked its head cautiously into sight.

Big and hard-muscled and looking very much like the typical oil-field worker that he was, Fate felt of the four-bit piece and the three pennies in his pocket and wondered what he could get Madee for her birthday. He window-shopped as he walked against the late afternoon sun, his worn but still slightly rakish hat shading his deep-set, clear gray eyes. He scarcely paused as he moved along, discarding first one item and then another as unfit for Madee.

Then he stopped completely. He stopped in front of WILLARD'S READY-TO-WEAR and stared at a cool-looking print dress that was mostly green and which reminded him instantly of Madee. He stared at the dress with open longing, the sun squints about his eyes seeming to work deeper into the (Continued on Page 70)

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Let's Stop Being SO PRACTICAL

By FRANK PAKIT

A man who is tired of "down-to-earth" and "practical" people lashes out at the success worshipers—who, he points out, don't succeed so well after all.

Romanticism is difficult to discuss nowadays because we have reached the point where it is beneath serious argument, having been relegated to the limbo of discredited old superstitions—such as how many angels can perch on the head of a pin, or whether dragons breathe fire or merely steam. In these stern times no red-blooded man would admit to being a romantic any more than he would confess to a liking for poetry. So to clear the air perhaps we should begin at the beginning and break romanticism down to its component parts. For a start we might say that it is a blend of three basic ingredients—sentiment, imagination and idealism.

The word "sentiment" was once a good word, like "mother" and "religion" and "money." A sentimental song was one expressing emotion—spiritual emotion, that is, as distinguished from the glandular reaction triggered by a voluptuous female form. Sentiment was coupled with feeling, with love. Of latter years the word has lost its original sense and has come to mean "maudlin"—or perhaps "corny" is the more modern expression—just as the word "love" is now a synonym for "sexual intercourse." A "lover" is a mistress or her consort; a "great lover" is a rake; a "love nest" is the site of illicit relations. In brief, the terms "love" and "lust" have become interchangeable. In case there are any misconceptions, it should be stressed that sex was never ignored by romantics—but was considered an *expression* of love rather than love itself. These quaint distinctions have now been put aside, and we have got down to brass tacks. Our divorce statistics are eloquent testimony to the wisdom of the materialistic approach in this area.

The word "idealism" has shared a like fate, now being defined—except in political speeches—as naïveté indulged in by squares and cornballs.

But these are but random facets of the gem of materialism. At this stage of the game we feel justified in challenging the whole system. For many years we romantics have humbly deferred to the materialists, cringing before their down-to-earth vigor, apologetic for our own fuzzy-mindedness. Now we see that the materialists have too long held uncontested sway. They have had their chance—and muffed it. We romantics now have a right to demand an accounting.

Many of us will recall the debunking movement that was perhaps one of the opening guns in the materialistic war against romanticism. A painting such as *Washington Crossing the Delaware* was clinically studied through the microscope of practicality, and some bright boy pointed out that anybody who stood up in a rowboat had rocks in his head, or else the picture clearly was phony. To squash any further illusions about Washington, we were reminded that the Father of His Country wore false teeth—crude, ill-fitting ones at that—and that he snored. The saintly Lincoln was a tougher nut to crack, but at least they could prove that the Gettysburg Address was not in fact scribbled on an old envelope on the train, but carefully composed in advance—which presumably put that magnificent work in the same class as the Washington cherry-tree fable. We had to admit the hard truth, so we deferred to the debunkers even though we sensed there was something wrong with their pitch.

Our literature went to the same outhouse. Gone was the leisurely, imaginative writing that created and developed three-dimensional characters, and the hopefulness and the gentle fantasy. Somebody said the people wanted realism, so realism is what they got. Except that it isn't actually realism—or if it is, we might as well quit right now. And we'd better lock the doors and keep the kids in after dark. Our literature, overshooting the mark with a vengeance, went full circle back to the penny-dreadful school brought up to date. Realism turned out to be sex, sadism, shock and degeneracy. We have been spiritually enriched by *Peyton Place*, and further uplifted by *Return to Peyton Place*. We now await with sick foreboding *Peyton Place's Revenge*, *Son of Peyton Place*, ad infinitum, ad nauseam—and I'm afraid we won't get to read *End of Peyton Place* until the words have been wrung dry of their last buck.

Likewise in our theater the only valid material has come to be obscenity, blasphemy and decadence, our tastes so jaded that the nuances of normal human behavior no longer interest us. There is a grim historic precedent for this. The stuffed and bored Roman aristocrats, for kicks, ate a sauce made from putrefied fish while they watched people being torn apart in the arena.

Let's get one more point straight. The romantic doesn't close (Continued on Page 64)

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Boston: "There is a buzz of excitement, as the band plays *Here Comes Nixon*. Then, at last, the man himself, his smiling wife Pat on his arm."

A *Post* editor tells how the G.O.P. candidate faces up to the front-line fire in the battle for votes:

Campaigning With Nixon

By STEWART ALSOP

Island hopping in Hawaii. "It is an up-at-dawn, to-bed-after-midnight proposition—mostly in the air."

Why do Presidential candidates behave as they do?

In the case of Vice President Richard Nixon, there is a rather specific answer to that question. For Nixon's campaign has been based squarely on a shrewd and logical analysis of Nixon's own political situation. When you understand that analysis, as I shall try to show later, you understand a good deal about Nixon's campaign strategy, which might otherwise seem surprising or even mysterious.

The Nixon analysis also explains certain obvious differences between his campaign strategy and Sen. John Kennedy's—the greater simplicity and the greater personal and emotional content of his speeches, for example. (Or what you would call oversimplification and corniness if you were a Kennedy partisan.) But there also have been a number of ways in which both Presidential candidates have behaved very much alike.

Both, for example, have campaigned with a downright frenetic energy. Both have shown that they are willing to half-kill themselves for votes, traveling hither and yon, from Portland, Oregon, to Portland, Maine, like a couple of hyperthyroid squirrels on a treadmill, smiling always, shaking any outstretched hand, though both have at one time or another been almost overcome with fatigue.

The campaign has made mincemeat of the once widely held notion that television would

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Beale Street, Memphis: "Nixon never forgets a name." Above he is remembering the name of Tennessee State Committeeman George M. Lee.

bring back the front-porch campaign. There has never been in history a campaign in which both candidates have made a greater effort to see and be seen by the voters in the flesh. And this is just as it should be.

Given the hugeness and diversity of the United States, the men who aspire to the Presidency must be exposed to the voters in person, and for a long time, if the slow process of the nation's making up its mind is to be carried to a successful conclusion. Moreover, this kind of Presidential campaign provides a ferociously difficult and entirely necessary test of a man's physical and moral stamina.

The best way to grasp just how tough a test the candidate faces is for you, the reader, to make a considerable effort of the imagination and to suppose that you are candidate Nixon in mid-campaign, as a long day's campaigning draws to a close.

It is after midnight. You have shaken hundreds of hands that day and, although you are an expert handshaker, your upper arm is numb. You have made six speeches, including two long ones, and you have traveled 1800 miles in a two-motor plane in bumpy weather. Your knee still hurts, and your nose has been runny all day from hay fever. You are a bit worried about your wife, already asleep in the next hotel suite—she never seems able to eat on campaigns and she keeps getting thinner. Then you think of the next day's work, now only a few hours away.

First, there's that breakfast for the local Republican workers at 7:15—you must remember to appear bright, cheerful, relaxed, confident. Then there's the speech to the labor group at eight—you can expect a pretty frosty reception and you haven't had time really to prepare the speech. Then wheels off at nine—and where is the next stop? Atlantic City? Des Moines? Then there is that crucial television debate coming up—you *must* do better than last time. You take a hay-fever pill, a penicillin prescription and a couple of aspirins, and as you crawl into bed your last thought is likely to be that you can't afford to make a mistake. Say the wrong thing in the wrong place at the wrong time, and your goose is cooked.

Whether or not that particular thought has occurred to the Vice President—and the chances are that it has occurred to him often—this effort of the imagination is enough to suggest dimly how fierce are the pressures on a Presidential candidate. It takes a tough man not to break under such pressures. And it takes a smart man and a bold man to avoid the pitfalls and exploit the opportunities of a Presidential campaign.

The qualities of an effective campaigner are not all necessarily those of an effective national leader, as I shall try to show later, in analyzing Nixon's campaign techniques. But many of them are. A first-rate campaigner must not only be tough, smart, bold and capable of standing up to extreme pressure. If he is to make it the whole way, he must also have that *X* quality—the Presidential smell—which will lead a majority of the voters to entrust the national future to him. This suggests one reason at least, why there have been so few weaklings, incompetents and scoundrels in the White House, and so many great or near-great men.

So much for the candidate's-eye view of the campaign. There is, of course, a more important view of the campaign as far as the outcome is concerned—that of the citizen of Pocatello, Idaho, or Council Bluffs, Iowa, who is briefly exposed to Nixon on the campaign trail. Because the Vice President has crisscrossed the country so many times in the last two months, the (Continued on Page 61)

Long Island: The candidate and "Nixon girls." Mamma is wearing a "Nixon dress," New York version. Sets of such dresses are worn at G. O. P. rallies across the nation.

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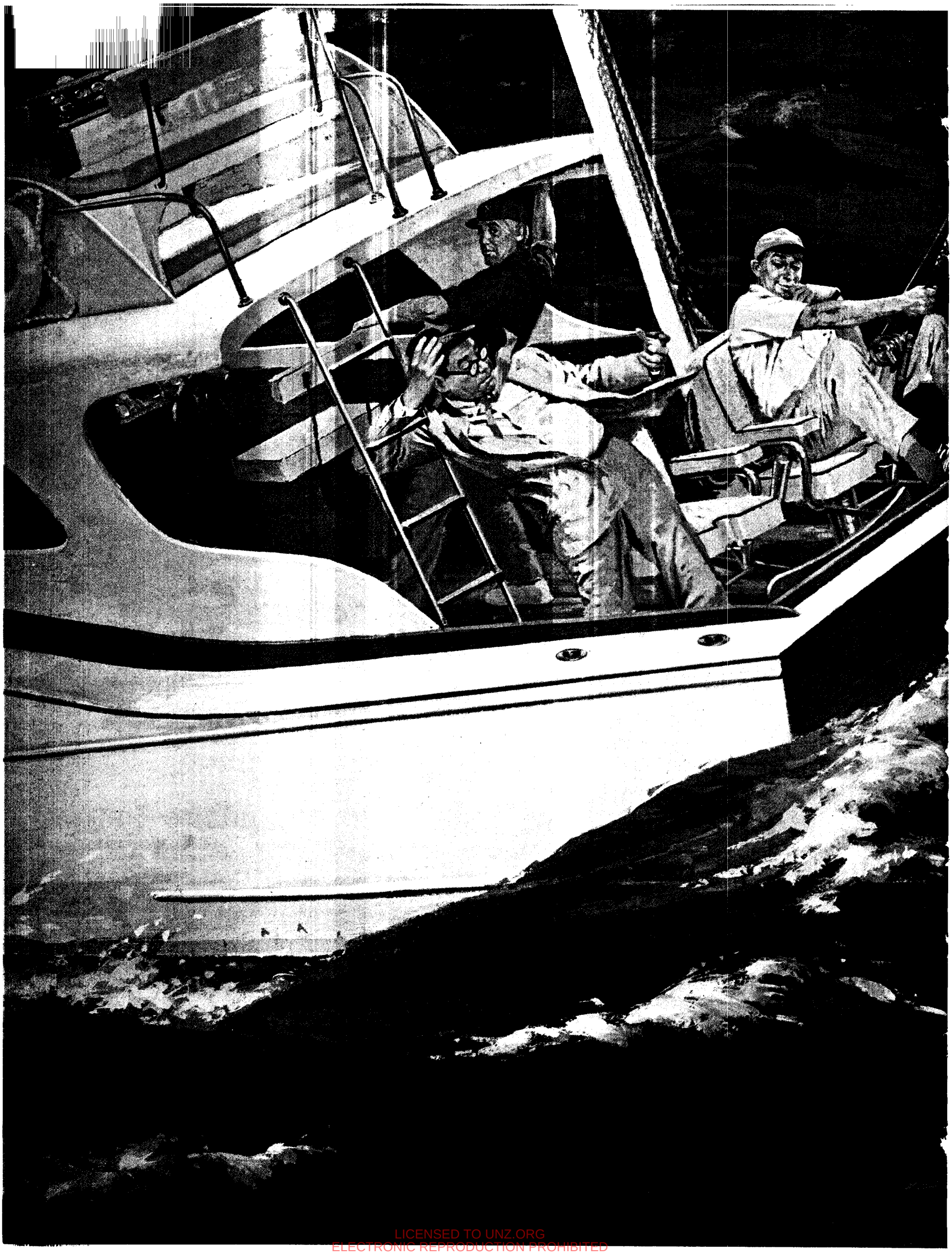

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The big fish pole jumped out of Botts's hands and then disappeared in the water.

BOTTS at SEA

A new story of the world's greatest salesman.

By William Hazlett Upson

EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
NOVEMBER 16, 1959

ALEXANDER BOTTS, SALES MANAGER
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
CARE EARTHWORM TRACTOR DEALER
TAMPA, FLORIDA

URGENT. DOUBLE RUSH. TELL OUR TAMPA DEALER TO LOAD AN EARTHWORM TRACTOR ON ONE OF HIS EARTHWORM DIESEL-POWERED FISHING BOATS AND PROCEED TO MOTT'S LANDING, FLORIDA. YOU HAD BETTER GO ALONG. CALL ON MR. LEE MONTGOMERY, PRESIDENT OF THE TRI-STATE DEVELOPMENT COMPANY. I HEAR FROM A FRIEND THAT MR. MONTGOMERY IS STARTING A BIG REAL-ESTATE DEVELOPMENT AND IS PLANNING TO BUY A FLEET OF BEHEMOTH TRACTORS. GIVE HIM A GOOD TRACTOR DEMONSTRATION. SHOW HIM THAT EARTHWORMS ARE BETTER THAN BEHEMOTHS. HE IS SAID TO BE AN ARDENT FISHERMAN, SO YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO AROUSE HIS INTEREST BY TAKING HIM ON A FISHING TRIP. BESIDES SELLING HIM A FLEET OF TRACTORS, YOU MIGHT ALSO SELL HIM ONE OF OUR BOATS.

GILBERT HENDERSON
PRESIDENT, EARTHWORM TRACTOR CO.

MOTT'S HOTEL
MOTT'S LANDING
Tuesday, November 17, 1959

Dear Henderson: Your wire arrived yesterday morning. Our Tampa dealer could not get away, so I left him behind and came down here with an Earthworm diesel-powered fishing boat and an L77 Earthworm tractor. I also brought a competent tractor and boat operator, who navigated us very skillfully down the coast to the Ten Thousand Islands.

We arrived at Mott's Landing early this afternoon. The operator started unloading the tractor. I called on Mr. Montgomery.

After introducing myself, I said, "Sir, I understand you are thinking of buying some tractors."

"That is correct," he said. "A Behemoth salesman is in town with one of his tractors. He has given me a demonstration. And I have just signed an order for twelve of his machines." He pointed to an order, which lay on his desk.

"Before you send that in," I said, "I would like you to see an Earthworm tractor. I have brought one down from Tampa, and I can demonstrate it for you any time you want."

"All right," he said, "I will tell my secretary to hold this order until tomorrow afternoon."

Note: Up to this time, Henderson, by following the first part of your instructions, I had been progressing very well. At this point, however, I made a serious mistake. I do not know why it is, Henderson, but every once in a while I make a sucker out of myself by following advice so stupid that I ought to know better, but don't. In this case it was the advice contained in the second part of your telegram which led me astray.

After thanking Mr. Montgomery for holding up the Behemoth order I said, "It may interest you to know that I am an ardent fisherman."

"So am I."

"I have brought along," I said, "one of our latest-model Earthworm diesel-powered fishing boats. I would like to take you on a little fishing trip—after the tractor demonstration."

"Fishing is more fun than tractors," he said. "Let's go fishing first."

He gathered up a lot of fishing tackle and hustled me out the door. On the way to the pier he insisted on (Continued on Page 67)

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America Must Grow

Can we meet the Soviet Union's military challenge abroad and pay for our developing human needs at home without sacrificing our comfortable way of life? A distinguished columnist says we can.

By WALTER LIPPMANN
in consultation with
Francis M. Bator

In recent years we have been hearing more and more about the problem of economic growth: that is, whether the American economy, already the biggest and richest in all history, is growing fast enough. We have heard about it not only from the Democratic platform but also from Governor Rockefeller, from Mr. Allen Dulles of the Central Intelligence Agency, from Mr. Charles H. Percy, president of Bell and Howell Company and recently the chairman of the Republican Platform Committee.

What is causing all this talk about economic growth? It is the challenge of the Soviet Union. In the past five years or so we have come gradually to realize that with our growing population we are not producing enough wealth to (1) keep up the race of arms, (2) finance adequately those of our allies and independent neutrals who are very poor and in need of capital to develop their economies, (3) pay for our developing internal needs and (4) enjoy a continually rising standard of private living. Rich as we are, we find that we are not becoming richer fast enough to support successfully all the growing demands that come from these four vital interests.

We have been faced, in truth, with very hard and perhaps even dangerous choices—(1) to let our defenses become vulnerable and insufficient, (2) to let great regions of the world, including Latin America, turn to Moscow for help and for leadership, (3) to stint on schools and hospitals and scientific research and public transportation and on our great cities and on the conservation of our human and natural resources or (4) to levy additional taxes to freeze, and perhaps even to reduce, private consumption in order to free labor and capital for producing missiles and schools.

The pressure of these competing national interests on the Administration and Congress has become very heavy. Increasingly we find ourselves in a jam. We cannot now afford to support adequately all four of our national interests, and yet we cannot hold our place in the world if we skimp on our defense or on foreign aid or on schools or on other essential public needs.

We could, to be sure, pay for them if we were willing to sacrifice a rising standard of living. We could, as in wartime, pay much higher taxes and, to tell the truth, we could still live comparatively well—much better than we lived during World War II and as well as or better than we lived during the Korean War.

But almost nobody wants to do this. Almost nobody wants to reduce, or even to freeze where it is, the American standard of private life. But to go on living better and better, and to wipe out as we go along the large pockets of primitive poverty which still exist, we must either take enormous risks where our vital interests are concerned or we must find a way to speed up our economic growth.

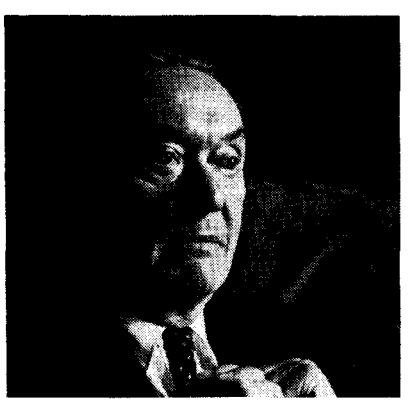
The talk about economic growth is being heard among us because those dangerous choices have been put to us.

We may take September 23, 1949, as the date on which the challenge of the Soviet Union to our primacy as a world power became visible. That was the (Continued on Page 92)

About the Authors

For three decades Americans have read and been influenced by Walter Lippmann's provocative column in the New York *Herald Tribune* and other newspapers throughout the country. At the age of thirty-four, he became the editor of the New York *World;* today, at seventy-one, he is the dean of American political columnists.

Francis M. Bator, who collaborated with Mr. Lippmann in the preparation of this article, is an associate professor of economics at M.I.T. He has been a consultant to the Air Force, the Navy and the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy. He is now on one-year leave, with a temporary assignment to the RAND Corporation in Santa Monica, California. Mr. Bator's book, *The Question of Government Spending: Public Needs and Private Wants,* was recently published by Harper and Brothers.



Walter Lippmann

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Papa's Printing Press

For years it made him miserable—but never so much as on the day he planned to sell it.

By NEILL C. WILSON

My father, John Rogers, was lifting his long legs into the buggy when mother ran out and gave him a list, saying, "Do you mind bringing these things from Oakland, John? Schaeffer's is having a wonderful two-cent sale." That penciled list became a treasured family relic. The items were a paring knife, a stove-lid lifter, a box of sixty hairpins, a dozen pearl shirt buttons, a card of two dozen hooks and eyes, a spool of No. 50 white basting cotton and a Lady Banksia yellow rose plant for mother; a darning egg for grandma; a dozen leather hair curlers for Aunt Blanche; a skirt hanger for my sister Mary; some strong brown shoe laces for my brother Tod; and a composition book for me, David Rogers. How big the dollar was in the far West in those days, or even a two-bit piece! The whole lot added up to twenty-four cents.

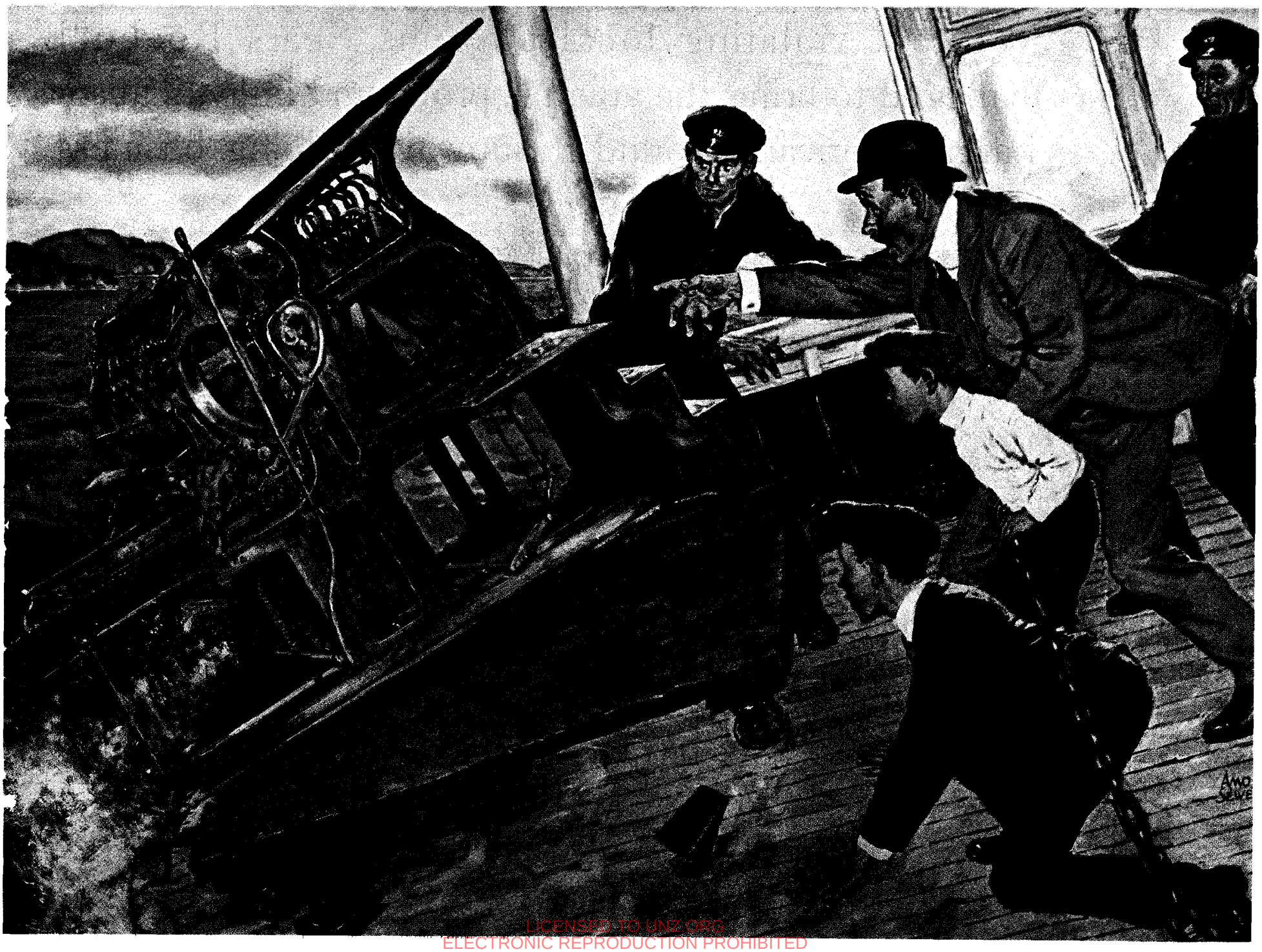
Something more was scribbled at the bottom. Mother never could resist a P.S. Father thought it read: "Also Chinaman." So mother had given in! Everybody in Fruitvale knew we couldn't afford hired help. But father used to kiss mother's hands and say they once had been the prettiest he ever knew. And she would snatch them away and retort firmly, "Never so pretty as when they became useful to a family, John." Her face had a peculiar light to it when she said that. But if she now was ready to admit that broom, washboard and dishpan had become too much for her, a houseboy she should have. Father grimly decided that—even though it would cost thirty dollars a month.

He made the rounds of Oakland's Chinatown with its babble of singsong voices and smells of sweet, poppyish tobacco and strange meats and vegetables, and at Hip Gee's laundry he found his man. It wasn't until he reached home with Hip Gee's cousin on the seat beside him and a big wicker basket tied on behind that he learned mother had written: "Also cinnamon."

"Well, it was fate," father declared, snatching mother's hands and showing her how glad he was that they wouldn't be red and rough any more. "We'll keep him and call him Cinnamon. 'Sin' for short. I'll raise the wind somehow."

We made guesses about Sin's age. Maybe thirty and maybe (Continued on Page 52)

"Stop the press!" father shrieked.



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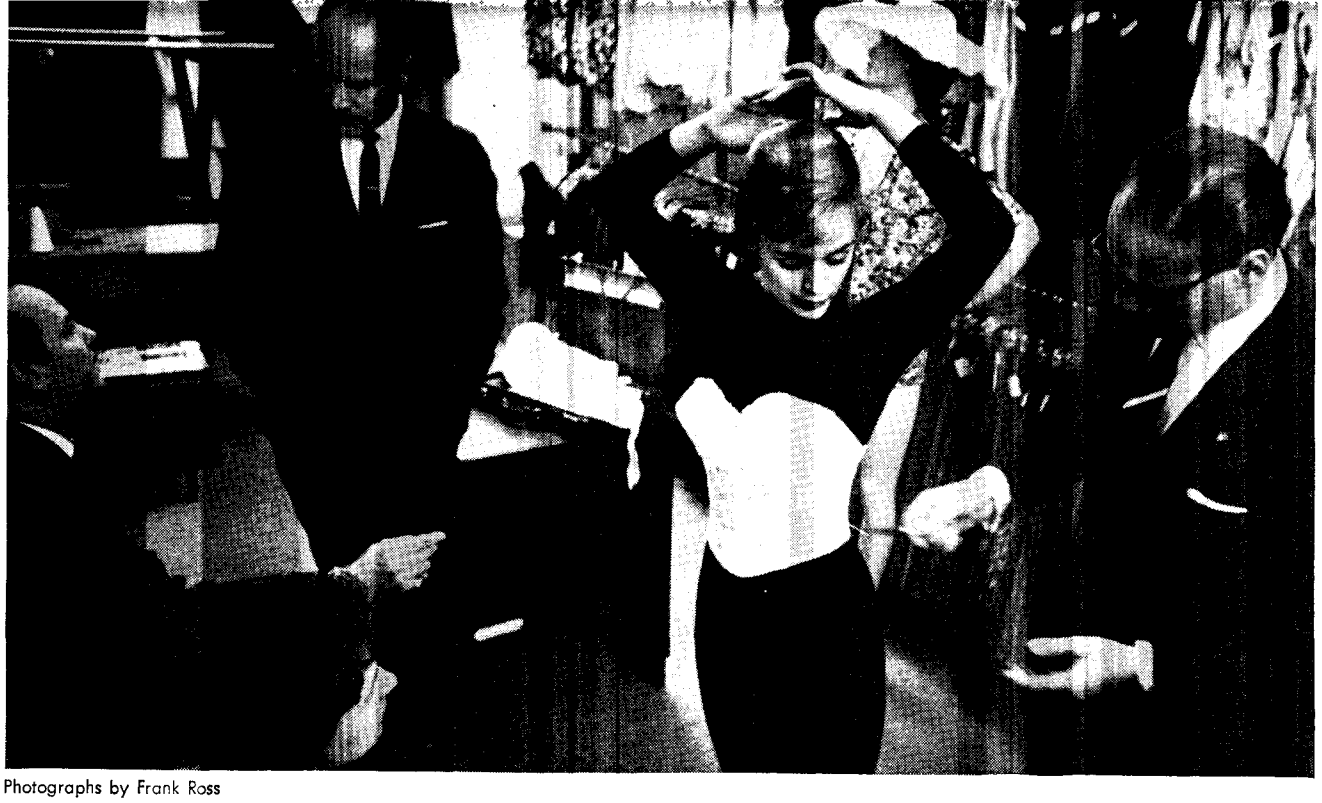

Bogotá, Colombia: Sears executives look over a new line of lingerie. Latin standards of modesty require the models to wear leotards when they show underthings.

Photographs by Frank Ross

Yankee Don't Go

Without violating local customs, Sears Roebuck managed to bring the volatile, proud and individualistic Latin Americans around to its way of doing business.

Lima, Peru: To draw customers, this Sears store will keep a running record of baby's weight. At right, an offer to gild baby shoes—*zapatitos*.

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Mexico City: A "*Boutique* Shop," featuring mink stoles, has given Sears a high-fashion overtone.

Peru: Sears' traditional money-back guaranty (above doors) is familiar here.

Mérida, Mexico: A Sears demonstration of a sewing machine, powered by a foot treadle, for use in areas which electrification has not reached.

Home

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

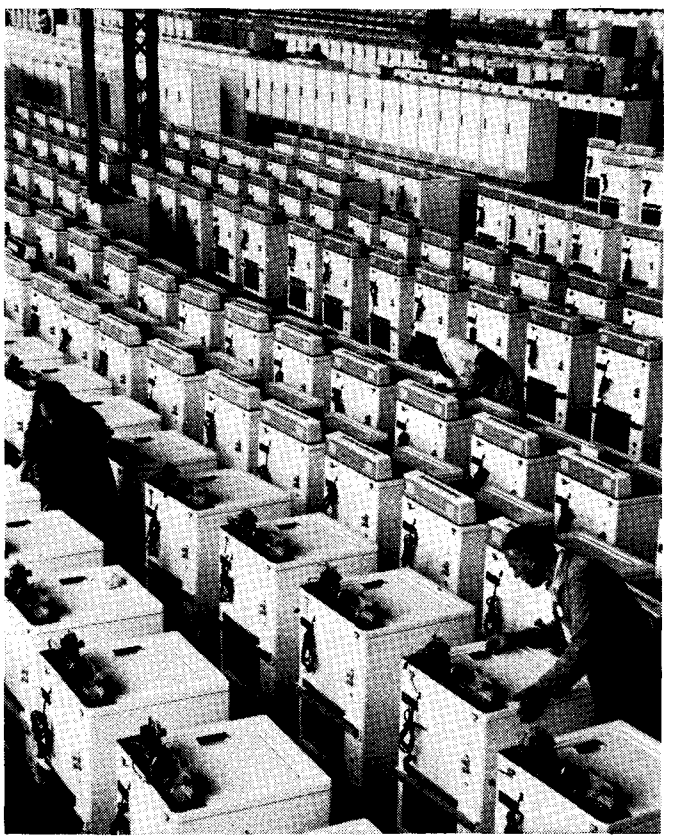
On a February morning in 1947, Sears, Roebuck and Company opened the doors of its first store in Mexico City. Two hours later it was clear to all that merchandising in Latin America would never be the same again. Every inch of the 115,000 square feet of space on the selling floor was jammed with a surging, wildly gesticulating throng of customers. Outside, in Avenida de los Insurgentes, police were holding back thousands more who, in their frantic efforts to get inside, were threatening to break the plate-glass windows.

Salesgirls, struggling to get to the cash registers to make change, burst into sobs as hands reached out to thrust pesos into their pockets and down the front of their blouses. In the housewares division, an angrily screeching host of women threatened to lynch the division manager because 800 twelve-inch enameled saucepans had already been sold, and an aristocratic matron in diamonds and furs had plowed her way out of the store proudly clutching a dozen rolls of toilet paper. For three weeks cargo planes scurried back and forth from the States, bringing fresh merchandise, until all the Sears warehouses in the Southwest were emptied of their wares. Everything sold, except a gross of tablecloths sent in from Texas. The manager soon discovered why. Worked into their design was the inscription, REMEMBER THE ALAMO.

Similar joyous mob scenes were enacted in São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro in 1949, in Caracas, Venezuela, in 1950, in Bogotá, Colombia, in 1954, in Lima, Peru, in 1955, as Sears has backed with a $50,000,000 investment its judgment that Stateside merchandising methods would set off a consumer revolution south of the border. Today, in fifty-nine stores and nine sales offices in ten South and Central American countries, Sears does a $100,000,000 business, plowing nearly all of its profits back into new stores and expanded inventories.

The company went into Latin America assuming that in its operations there it would import not only United States selling methods but United States merchandise as well. It soon discovered that the economic facts of life in the postwar years made this simple plan impossible. The Latin-American countries came out of the war with their coffers stuffed with our dollars, and with a keen hunger for consumer goods. They also came out with a burning spirit of nationalism, a determination to industrialize, to become self-sufficient nations producing in their own factories the goods which their people consumed. One after the other, as their dollar reserves dwindled, Mexico, Colombia and Brazil clamped down on imports from the States. Almost overnight, Sears managers in these countries were faced with a take-it-or-leave-it decision: They had to find local suppliers who could turn out goods of the quality that Sears demanded, or they had to close their stores and go home.

Sears in the States is a ponderous organization, whose net sales exceed $4,000,000,000 a year. In an emergency, though, it can be exceedingly fast on its feet. As American-made goods began to disappear from Latin-American store counters, experts in 100 different fields of production swarmed south from Chicago. Wherever a smoking factory chimney poked up above the sky line, they sought out the boss and asked him what he could make that Sears could sell. There were few of these bigger factories, though. Sears' scouts, therefore, soon found themselves prowling back alleys, seeking out the little cottage industries where the great bulk of South America's goods were produced. Wherever they heard the whine of a saw, the hiss of a welding torch, the thump of a loom, the whir of a sewing machine, they stopped and talked.



Brazilian-made automatic washing machines. National pride compels Sears to stock local products.

They found the owners of the little family industries as eager to do business with Sears as Sears was to do business with them. Two great lacks, however, stood in the way—a lack of capital and a lack of know-how.

Sears had no desire to go into the investment-banking business, but if its stores were to have merchandise to sell, there was no other way. It put up money for new machinery, for new plant space and for raw materials. It brought down from Chicago experts who knew the techniques of assembly-line production. Determined not to abandon the "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back" pledge which had given its stores such high prestige, it required its new (Continued on Page 56)

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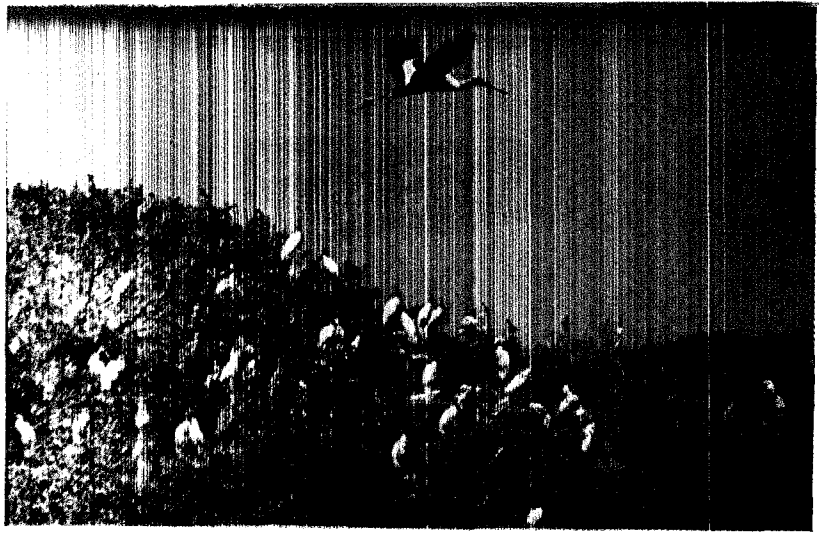
Ranger Theodore Whitmoyer patrols the shallow waters in an airboat. These powerful boats, equipped with an airplane engine and propeller, are strictly forbidden for nonofficial use.



Wood ibis in the East River rookery. More than 300 species of birds—some of them dangerously near extinction—find refuge in the park, where rangers keep careful watch over the scarcer varieties.

Photographs
by Bill Shrout

Each year a half million tourists come to see the ancient plants and free-roaming animals of this prehistoric paradise.

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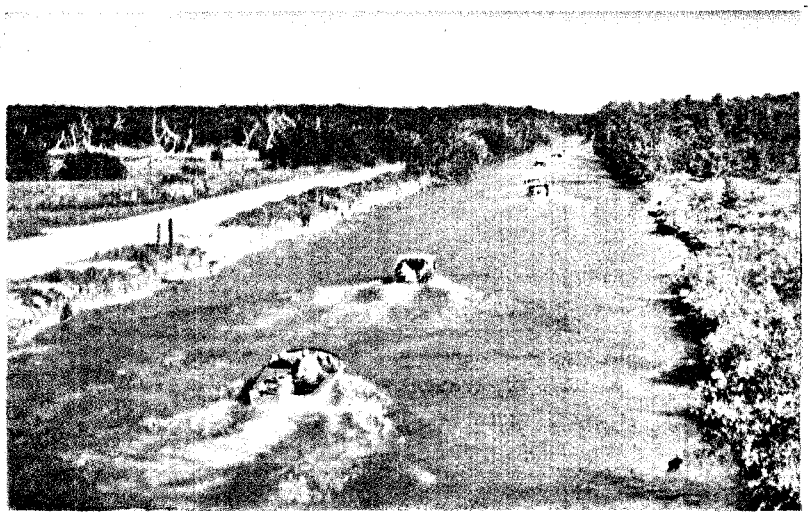
Flamingo, once a mud-flat fishing village, is now the site of this modern tourists' center.



A string of private boats, guided by a park patrol craft, forms a "boat-a-cade" for a 65-mile jaunt through the remote waterways of the Glades. Sometimes as many as 50 boats join this "Saturday special."

Chief Park Naturalist Ernst Christensen instructs his son Roger in the ways of the *Liguus* snail. The worst enemy of this delicately colored mollusk is the amateur collector.

THEY'LL NEVER TAME THE EVERGLADES

By JOHN BIRD

For centuries Florida's Everglades region was a forbidding wilderness that only the brave—or the desperate—dared enter. Now a National Park, the Glades still retains its primitive beauty and excitement.

When more than 2000 square miles of watery landscape on the southern tip of Florida were set aside in 1947 as the Everglades National Park, the naturalists who had crusaded for the preservation of this wilderness were sure that tourists would flock there mainly to see its vast flights of colorful and exotic birds. After all, the battle to save the Everglades from wanton destruction had been launched fifty years before by the Audubon Society. The conservation campaign had been dramatized by bloodshed in the long-drawn "feather fight" between game wardens and ruthless hunters who almost exterminated the plume birds, such as the snowy egret.

Thus, after the new park opened, the National Park Service people were taken by surprise when the alligators, commonly regarded as something less than glamourpusses, began stealing the show. Tourists swarmed to the park, all right. Many of them were enthusiastic bird watchers, laden with binoculars, cameras and bird books, eager to view such uncommon species as roseate spoonbill, wood ibis, flamingo, great white heron, the night-wailing limpkin and, of course, the egrets. But the first question fired at the park rangers by the majority of visitors was, "Where can we see the alligators?" The second: "Is there any danger from snakes?"

This avid curiosity in reptiles bearing tooth and fang may indicate that sight-seers like their nature study spiced with a touch of peril. And some of the alligators apparently learned to enjoy performing for their fans. As proof, Ernst T. Christensen, chief naturalist of the park, offers the antics of Gregarious George, an old, warty fourteen-foot bull gator. During the winter season, when the water in the Glades recedes and aquatic life gathers in low pools, George could be found in a slough directly in front of the Royal Palm ranger station and visitors' center. George somehow learned that he was admired by audiences which gathered at the nearby center to listen to lectures by park naturalists. (Continued on Page 83)

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Post Scripts

Dining News on the Local Scene

Maple Street offers its visitors a truly varied cuisine. Here are reports on some of the establishments.

CARTER'S CUTE CASSEROLE, 325 Maple. Just opened by the new partnership of Al and Emily Carter, chef Emily coming to us direct from one of the city's finest secretarial pools. A special feature you won't be able to pass up: Emily's famous flaming dishes—with that unique smoky flavor—which range from meat loaf to stewed prunes. Says our reporter, "A true adventure in dining."

MCBURNEY'S SUPPER CLUB, 438 Maple. Impresario Fred McBurney hosts at this intimate spot, noted for entertainment. Current show headlines Tim McBurney, seven, in a stirring monologue, *Hark! The Grand Old Flag Is Flying!*; also the keyboard artistry of Betty McBurney, nine, who plays and sings such numbers as *Little Drops of Water Trickling Out to Sea*. No performance after eight P.M., which is bedtime. A popular spot for late dining.

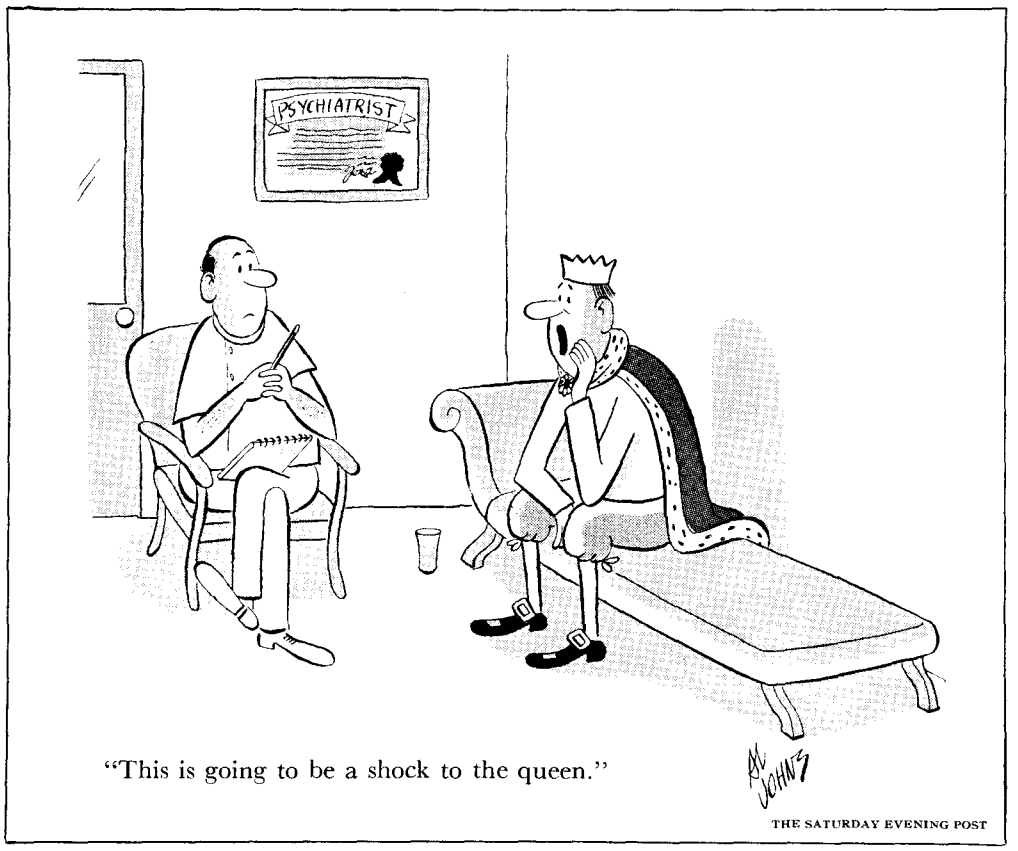
MAISON O'HARA, 353 Maple. A true gourmet retreat, featuring recipes taken from some of the nation's best-known magazines. Typical menu: braised pork in chili-bean sauce, garlic potatoes *Italienne* and baked spinach with pepper butter. "A mouth-watering evening," says our reporter. "You want one glass after another all night long."

PEARL AND CHARLIE'S SMORGASBORD, 367 Maple. Informal buffet dining at its height. Pearl and Charlie Fergus invariably set a full lap—with the passing of many surprise extras after you sit down—until guests protest with nervous laughter they cannot possibly hold more. A house tradition: after dinner visitors are invited to choose from Pearl's fine collection of spot removers.

RONALD M. DEUTSCH

"Herb never drinks before five."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"This is going to be a shock to the queen."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Changes at the Trading Post

"Big Muskrat," I said to my father, "I have just visited the trading post, and Hungry Claw, the agent, has made many changes."

"Ah," said Big Muskie. "He has put the bench out and the awning up?"

"No, *mon père*—to the post has come a revolution. The Claw himself no longer wears a dirty apron and carries a cigar behind his ear. His coat and trousers are skins of the same color, and under his chin grows a flower."

"There is no sawdust on the floors, my son?"

"These floors shine like wet grass, old one. When you enter, there are these doors that see you coming—and they fly open."

"This I must see," said Big Muskrat.

"Inside, the counters groan with many gimmicks. There is the juke machine which makes music, there is the coffee machine which hands you a cup of hot coffee already stirred, and ——"

"Ah, yes," smiled Big Muskrat. "I once took your mother to a distant trading post with many such machines. She mistook the juke machine for the weighing machine, and when she dropped in her coin, a great voice shouted at her, 'You're too darn fat!' She has not weighed herself since."

"Then, Big Muskie, at the hard- and soft-drink place, there is this machine which makes nickels. In a slot you push a coin, then you pull a long stick and wait for the coins to shell out."

Big Muskrat's face grew stern, and his arm shot up. "Such a machine is wicked, my son," he warned. "It is a machine for taking, not making, and it will steal your skins and rob your self-respect."

"But Big Muskie," I cried, "twice I have hit upon the jack pot, and done it with slugs. Hungry Claw does not yet know how ——"

"Never mind," said my father, jumping up. "We will go to the post, through the doors that see you coming, past the gimmicks and the juke machine. And while Hungry Claw is smelling the flower under his chin we will try the nickel machine. Bring some slugs, my son, and ——"

A. R. SWINNERTON

Beats Black Coffee a Mile

From ten P.M. I'm yawning steady,
With somnolence I can't shake.
And nothing but getting ready for beddie
Will rouse me wide awake!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Brief Excerpts From Some Famous First Drafts

SIR WALTER SCOTT:

The ~~deer~~ stag at eve had ~~drank~~ drunk ~~his its~~ his fill. . . .

JOYCE KILMER:

I ~~don't suppose I'll ever~~ think that ~~I'll~~ I shall ~~ever~~ never see
A ~~verse~~ poem ~~as~~ lovely as a. . . .

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING:

~~SONETTS~~ SONNETS FROM THE ~~PORTA PORTUGESE~~ PORTUGUESE. . . .

WALT WHITMAN:

~~Hey~~ O Captain! My Captain! our ~~gruesome~~ fearful ~~voyage~~ trip is ~~over finished~~ done,
~~This tub~~ The ship has weathered every. . . .

LEIGH HUNT:

~~Aboo~~ Abou Ben ~~Adam~~ Adhem (~~we all hope his tribe~~ may his tribe increase!)
~~Woke up~~ Awoke one night. . . .

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:

~~Not to be, or to be~~ To be, or not to be: ~~that's~~ that is the ~~big~~ question:
Whether ~~it's~~ 'tis ~~more noble~~ nobler in the. . . .

VERNON H. KURTZ

The Boss Painter Gives a Pep Talk

This morning, men, there are a few
Important points that need review:
First, any paint that you apply
Should take at least two weeks to dry,
Except shelf paint, which, you'll recall,
Must never really dry at all.
A second point I must make plain:
Leave paint on every windowpane
And giant blobs, a score or more,
On every shiny parquet floor.
And, finally, when doing ceilings,
A painter should express his feelings—
Get calcimine on all the things
Beneath the threadbare coverings.
These are the principles and text—
Let's go! The Schiff apartment's next.

LEONARD K. SCHIFF

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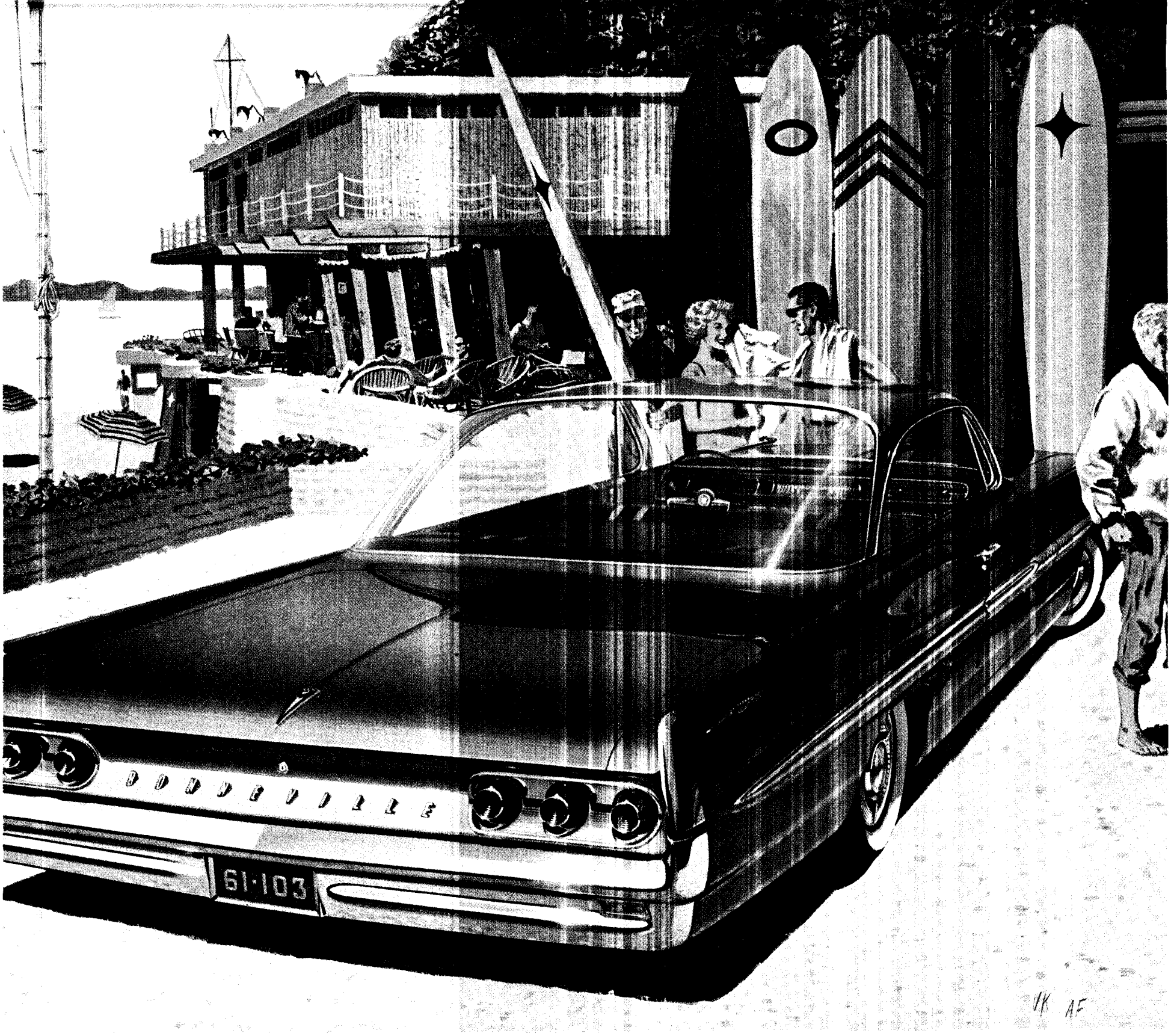


SEE JOHN WAYNE IN "THE SPIRIT OF THE ALAMO" NOV. 14, ABC-TV

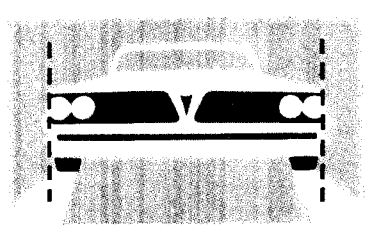
THE BONNEVILLE SPORTS COUPE FOR 1961

The well-ordered Pontiac for '61 trims width outside the wheels for better balance

Balance is the big factor in pleasant, comfortable travel!

It's achieved by distributing as much weight as possible directly between the wheels. Pontiac '61 has more of its weight between the wheels than any other car. You have the feeling of sitting erect even when swinging around curves and corners.

If you travel a lot . . . or just want to enjoy your travel a lot more . . . try new Wide-Track at any of our fine Pontiac dealers. PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



THE ONLY WIDE-TRACK CAR

PONTIAC '61—It's all Pontiac! on a new Wide-Track!

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Crime Without Reason

(Continued from Page 21)

neighborhood, among the first Italians to arrive. Guido Garro's grandfather worked for the railroad. His father worked for the city and the streetcar company and ran a butcher shop. He never left the neighborhood. He had ten children, all born in this block. Three died in infancy. Of the four girls and three boys who survived, Guido Garro was the youngest. His brothers are truck drivers. The oldest brother says, "The whole family lived in the same building."

Guido Garro was born January 20, 1926. After he was graduated from high school, Guido went to work for the streetcar company and, except for military service, stayed there, rising to become a timekeeper. He was tall and slender with brown hair and blue eyes and a long jaw. "He didn't look like a Dago," his brother says. Except when in the Army, he was never away from home overnight. He played on a company baseball team, bowled in a league, went to the harness races once or twice a week, went to baseball games on Sundays. He belonged to the American Legion and the Knights of Columbus. Every Sunday he went to seven-o'clock mass. He didn't smoke, drank little. Sports and his car were his life.

A brother-in-law says, "That new car, it was a dollhouse. He'd clean it, polish it, wash down the motor. That and sports. He was strictly sports. He didn't know what a girl was."

People in the neighborhood say, "He was a wonderful boy," and "You'd see him out here washin' his car and mindin' his own business. He was one of the quietest kids in this neighborhood."

One of his sisters says, "He was so devoted to his family you wouldn't believe it. Every time we'd have somewhere to go he'd be sure to take us. He was an angel. Anybody call him up, he'd do anything for you." He never got in trouble with the police.

"He was strictly legitimate from the word go," says a brother-in-law. Other Italians fought the Puerto Ricans. Guido Garro did not— but they killed him.

Upward of a million Puerto Ricans live in the continental United States, concentrated in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia. Some 800,000 live in New York City alone. Most of them came after World War II.

During the war Puerto Rican farmers and mountain people swarmed to the capital, San Juan, to work on defense projects. They lived in hideous slums—acres of ten-by-ten shacks built on stilts over marshes, connected by planks laid on the mud, no plumbing, malnutrition and tropical disease everywhere. The children's bellies were distended and infested with parasites. And then, the war over, they had no jobs.

"You think they would go back to the country?" asks a Puerto Rican government official. "After living in the city? No, sir, they won't go back." Jobs are scarce in the country; a cane chopper earns only eight dollars a week. He is, however, a United States citizen. So after the war, encouraged by American industry and government, Puerto Ricans began streaming to the continent. The first flood went to New York. About 1950 the influx to Chicago began. Nobody knows how many Puerto Ricans live in Chicago now—though the new census soon will show—but estimates run up to 100,000, and they are still coming, the biggest single immigrant group now entering Chicago, a city that was built by immigrants.

They come here for one reason: to make more money and live better. Unlike earlier European immigrants, many of them intend to make a stake here, then go home. But they come ill equipped—uneducated, unskilled, speaking no English, ignorant of American customs. They breed rapidly; their children swarm. Men and women live together without marrying. In warm weather they live on the streets and sidewalks, not indoors. They are noisy. Young Puerto Rican males stand on street corners and make loud admiring remarks about girls passing by. They drive fast and nervously with much horn blowing. They assert their rights as citizens. Their crimes are crimes of passion, not for profit—knife fights, lovers' quarrels. They call Chicagoans "a cold people." A man who knows them well says, "Who gets to know the Puerto Ricans cannot help liking them—they are attractive, outgoing and warm. But their neighbors don't like them—they give too many parties, they turn the music on too loud, they're on the streets too much."

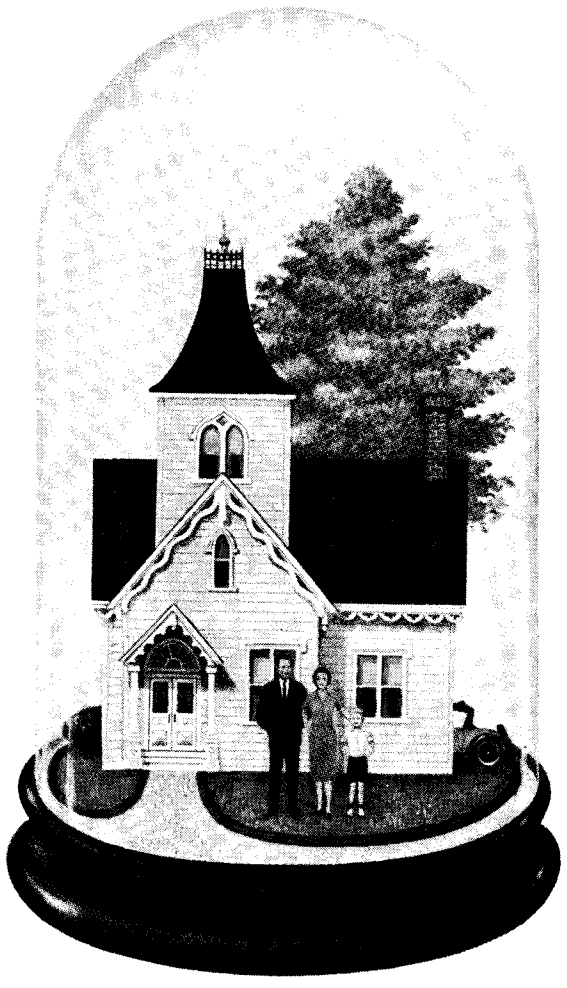
Their groceries are stocked with yams, garlic, tropical roots, *tortillas* and, above all, rice and beans. Their restaurants serve fried bananas, pork-and-rice, chicken-and-rice and rice-and-beans. Their night clubs are dimly lighted, with a hint of danger. They have almost no social clubs or civic groups. Their clubs are the taverns. They have scarcely gone into politics in Chicago, and so have little influence and few protectors. A few have become merchants, lawyers and real-estate agents. But most are proletarians, the bottom of the heap.

Their colors range from black to white through various shades of brown. And on this, much depends—a dark-skinned lawyer has been refused service by bartenders and restaurant owners and evicted by a landlord; a white-skinned businessman has had no trouble. If they are light-skinned, they find jobs more readily than Negroes, and Negroes resent it. Dexterous, they are good sewing-machine operators and assembly-line workers.

But most work as bus boys, dishwashers and laborers. Some make $100 a week, but more make sixty dollars. Many are on relief. Their diet is meager, mostly rice and beans. They buy voraciously on credit—and go bankrupt. They sign credit contracts in blank and get cheated—one unwittingly agreed to pay $2057 for a $895 used car. One whose wages had been garnisheed three times killed himself with rat poison. They pay high rent—ninety dollars or $100 a month for a five-room flat in a tenement. Landlords rent them flats no one else will have, sell them buildings on contract and then dispossess them if they default on a single payment.

Their flats are miserable—a kitchen and a bedroom with no partition between, paint peeling, no screens, flies swarming, a single, tiny, unshaded light, a broken refrigerator and bare cupboard. Two brown sparkle-eyed children play dominoes and eat rice with their hands at a kitchen table; their unemployed father, barefoot and bare-chested, watches them while his wife, in shorts, nurses a baby on the rickety bed; garbage rots in a paper bag on the floor, and the choking smell of poverty is everywhere.

Puerto Ricans are sprinkled all over Chicago, but have tended to settle in five main clusters. They moved in force into the Northwest Side about 1956. An Italian storekeeper there recalls, "At first nobody paid too much attention. We were always the more or less majority group here. But the Portos went in



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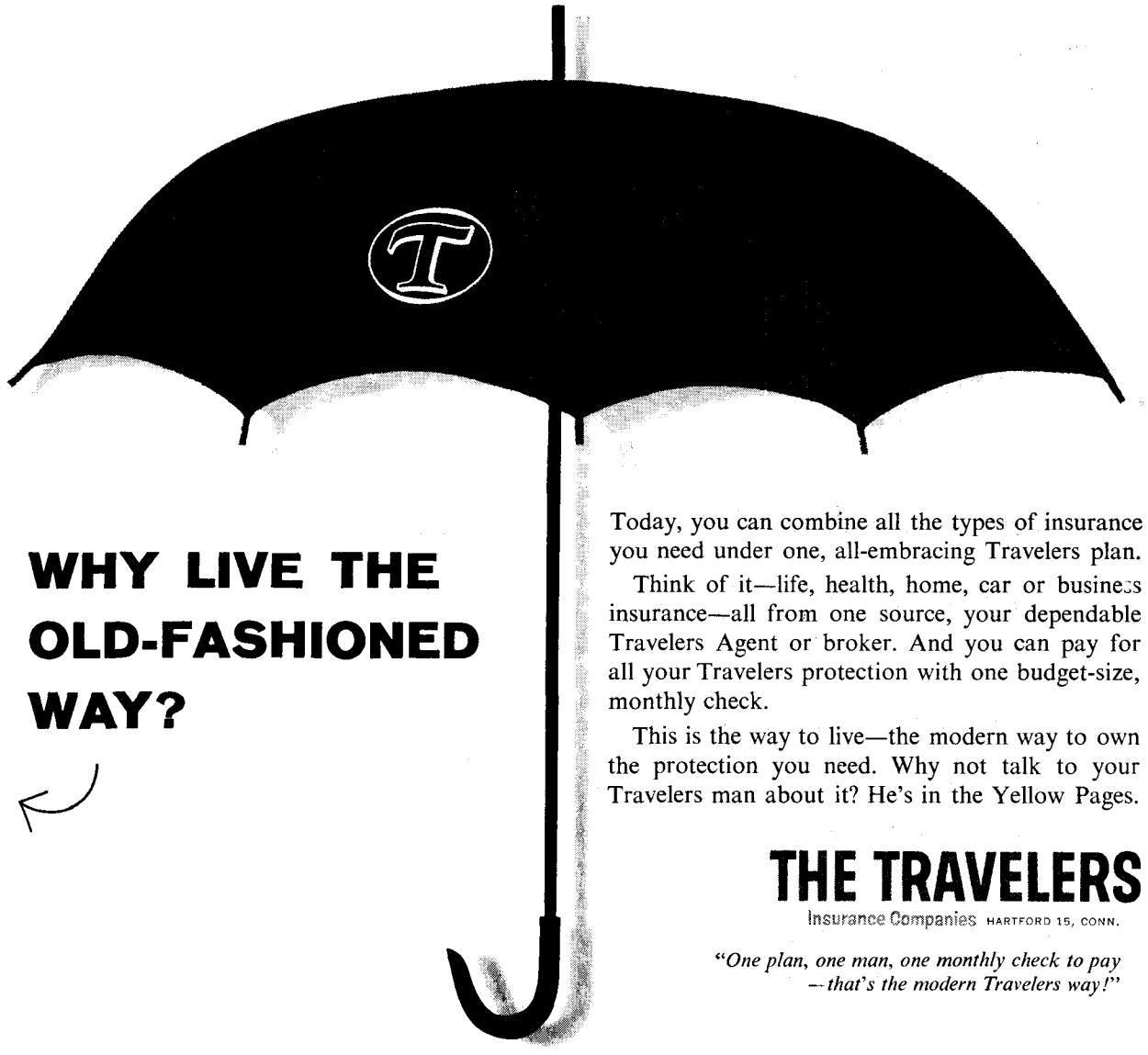

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groups and packs. They'd insult guys with girls. We used to have Italian feasts and church festivals on the streets in the summertime. Two years ago a Puerto Rican gave the carnival guy a hard time; a couple guys grabbed him, he got abusive, they cracked him and he went for a knife. They chased him out, but he come back with five or six friends and they run our guys out. That's what started this hatred."

After this, fights and cuttings multiplied, gangs of Puerto Ricans and Italians went looking for one another with knives and clubs and tire chains, and finally special squads of Italian-speaking and Spanish-speaking policemen were sent in to enforce a curfew and prevent serious bloodshed. While they were there, trouble stopped; when they left, it resumed. A policeman says, "A gang of punks'll meet here, another gang'll meet there, first thing you know somebody says, 'Let's go kick the hell outta them damned Dagos,' and it starts."

That is precisely how Guido Garro got killed.

One of his murderers was Santiago Osorio Gonzales, called Chagin. He had come to Chicago only a year and a half earlier. He was very small—five feet one and 118 pounds—and though he was twenty-two he looked like a child—dark, eager eyes, curly bushy hair, heart-shaped face. He swaggered and wore sports shirts with the shirttails out. His own lawyer once said, "He was a tough guy. He kept bad company."

Chagin was born January 8, 1937, at Caguas, Puerto Rico. His father, a laborer, died, and his uncle, a stevedore, raised him. He went four years to school and can read and write Spanish but not English. His older sister Lydia came to Chicago in 1953. Chagin followed in 1958.

He found a job in a factory but, laid off, could find no other. Because he looked so small and young, employers laughed at him and told him to go back to school. His sister says, "He felt sad. He wanted to be a big fellow and support a big family." He was living with a friend on the Northwest Side in a tenement a few doors from D and D, Damen and Division. It is a high old narrow building at 1946 Division with a saloon on the first floor and flats and furnished rooms above. Every evening teen-age Puerto Ricans hang around on the corner or on the steps of the tenement next door. Sometimes he worked a little at a restaurant at D and D. Sometimes he hung around a little park, running errands for old men. Evenings he watched television in taverns or hung on the corner. He did not like Chicago.

"It is too lonesome," he says. "I didn't feel the warmth in the air and around people that I did back home. I couldn't afford to buy winter clothes, so I was cold. Often I went to bed without anything to eat. I didn't know anybody."

Once police stopped him in a stolen car, and once they questioned him about the shooting of a little girl. The Dragons gang invited him to help break up an Italian festival, and he declined. One night Chagin and two friends were walking aimlessly down Division Street when a car pulled up beside them and three big men, Italian or Polish, Chagin thought, jumped out and beat him up—for no reason, he says; because he "got fresh with a girl," a friend of his says. Chagin and his friends ran. The strangers waited for them in a gangway beside Chagin's tenement and an hour later killed a Puerto Rican who, armed, chanced by.

The other murderer of Guido Garro was Feuriel Aviles Cruz, a husky workingman of thirty-five—five feet ten, 190 pounds. His body was heavy and muscular. He ate well, slept well, had good teeth and never had been sick. He had bushy black hair, a low brow, bushy eyebrows, blue eyes and fair skin. He was born December 9, 1923, at Arecibo, Puerto Rico, the youngest of three sons born to a sugar-cane plantation foreman. He joined the United States Army in 1943, and there he learned English well. Discharged, he went back to high school in Vega Baja, not far from Arecibo, and was graduated. In 1948 he married a home-town girl.

"I started going with her when she was not quite seventeen," he says, "and she never had another boy friend except me." She bore three children—Angel, now twelve; Maritza, eleven; and Juan, eight.

Cruz was discontented. His house was small and had no toilet. He was driving a truck long hours for twenty dollars a week. Others from his home town were going to Chicago. "They all said this is a good place to make money," he says. "I speak pretty good English, I figured I could get a good job. I thought I would make some money, then go back and buy my own truck." He arrived on a Saturday in 1951 and on Monday "I got me a job"—$1.34 an hour as a materials handler in a factory. Soon he was managing three tenements inhabited by Puerto Ricans, earning seventy-five dollars a week plus free rent.

He sent for his wife and children. After a few months she went back—the winters were cold, and she quarreled with Cruz because he had girl friends. During the next five years she went back and forth several times. He says, "I like to go have a good time." He had an Italian girl, a Polish married woman and an Irish girl. He was drinking and gambling. Once he was stopped in a borrowed car that contained a gun. The old dream of making a stake and going home was gone. The Irish girl's brothers told Cruz to leave her alone. Cruz defied them, but he feared them. He and (*Continued on Page 48*)

Leaf Song

By Frances Higginson Savage

In this dear disheveled season
Wading leaves as children do,
Rapturous beyond all reason,
I will scuff along with you.

Through the drifts of bronze
and amber,
Through the shriveled and the
chilled
Tides of copper-toned
November,
Through the yellow-turned-to-
gold
Phantom floods that crash
asunder,
Ankle-deep in surfy sound ——
Seas dividing where we wander
Casually hand in hand.

Vapor-drenched from bonfires
burning,
Dry-shod we shall walk the
foam,
In a tidal wave returning
To the quiet shores of home.

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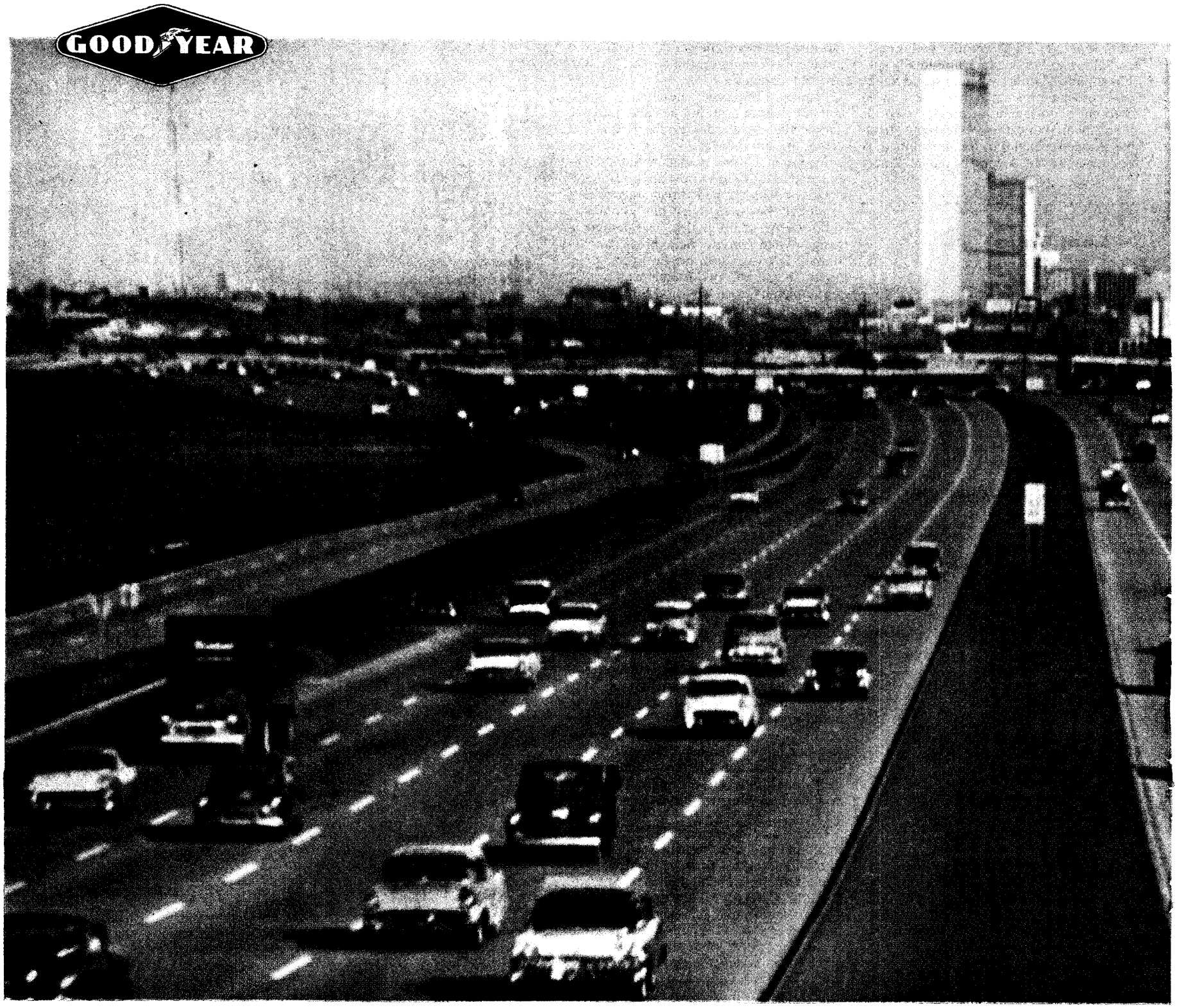

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(*Continued from Page 45*) the girl moved to Milwaukee. She filched a check, he says, and he endorsed it and was put on probation. "So I told her, 'You go your way and I'll go mine.'"

At the end of 1956 he returned to Chicago, determined to make a fresh start. He got a good job. He brought his wife and children to Chicago to stay. He put the children in school. He found a four-room flat in the tenement at 1946 Division. His flat was dilapidated, but he fixed it up—papered one room "blue and pink roses," painted the other rooms pink and green and white. His wife picked out the colors. He bought an automatic washer and $1200 worth of furniture on credit.

"My wife, she really liked it here," he recalls. "It was the first time we really settled down. I got my kids and my wife and I say, 'Well, we're going to stick together this time.' Forever. You know—raise the kids right." Sundays he took his family for a ride to the North Avenue Beach or the Lincoln Park Zoo. "I'd lay in the shade, and my kids would play with a ball and see the animals. We'd go to movies every Friday and Tuesday," when Spanish-language films were shown—his wife speaks no English.

Several times he told his wife he wanted to go back to Puerto Rico, but she liked Chicago. "They've got more commodities here," he says. "Refrigerator—we ain't got that in Puerto Rico. Here my kids are well-dressed, my wife too. We eat better here. We have meat every day. I never was stingy. I always buy forty or forty-five dollars' worth of groceries. On Saturdays we go. I push the carriage, she buys, the kids buy, everybody puts things in the carriage. And I'm the one that pays the bill," striking his chest.

Still, Cruz himself didn't like Chicago. "In Chicago everything is expensive. And it's cold in the winter. And there's trouble between the races. Not the old ones—just the young guys. The neighborhood where I live, the Italians, the Polacks, come shooting every week. They never get arrested. See, they're the majority right here in Chicago. They got connections. Half the police force are Dagos. They stick together." One night in 1958 Cruz's nephew, who lived with him, was shot in the head by a carload of Italians while he and other Puerto Ricans were standing on the tenement steps. (He recovered.) But Cruz himself was never bothered by the Italians.

On September tenth, 1959, Cruz got off work at 4:30 P.M., drank beer at a Puerto Rican tavern on Western Avenue till six, then went home. Chagin Gonzales and five or six other young men were hanging around the corner. Cruz recalls, "They were talking about the trouble with the Dagos. There was always a lot of talk. But I work eight hours a day, I didn't pay attention." He went upstairs. His wife wanted him to buy some clothes for the children. He told her they'd spent $100 on them in June and now should wait till Christmas. "My old lady's got a temper," Cruz says. "She got mad. So I got mad too, and I give her the money and I walked out of the house—a thing I never did before."

He went down to the sidewalk. Chagin, he says, took him aside. He had known Chagin slightly since Chagin arrived in Chicago, but didn't like him and never had associated with him or his teen-age friends, though they lived in the same building. "He was one of those little smart guys," Cruz says. Cruz's life had brushed Chagin's twice, both times, oddly, at moments of violence—Chagin had been with Cruz's nephew when the nephew was shot on the tenement steps, and Cruz had been a fellow townsman of the Puerto Rican who was killed by a man lying in wait for Chagin.

Now, Cruz says, Chagin took him aside and asked if he could borrow Cruz's shotgun. A man for whom Cruz had done some plumbing had given it to him. Cruz went to get it, telling Chagin to meet him in the alley. Cruz's wife asked why he wanted the gun. To give to Chagin, he said. She didn't want him to take it. "She thought I was mad and would get in trouble. I took it."

Down in the alley he fired a shot into the ground to show Chagin how to operate it. It was a long-barreled gun, "almost as big as Chagin," as one man says. Cruz gave the gun and four shells to Chagin and left. He drove back to the bar on Western Avenue, drank beer and shot pool with a friend till nearly ten P.M., then drove home. He says that as he was parking his car in front of the tenement, Chagin asked him to help start Chagin's car.

"I asked him," Cruz recalls, "why he wanted to start his car this time of night. He told me he wanted to shoot some windows out of some Dago joints. So I told him, 'That's all you want to do, I drive you in my car.'"

Chagin's version of all this differs. He says Cruz invited him earlier to go for a ride, gave him four or five drinks of whisky in the car, took him to the bar on Western Avenue, got him drunk, took him back to D and D, got the shotgun, showed him how to use it and told him, "Now we go tonight, tomorrow night, and every night to shoot the Dago people."

In any case, they headed southwest into the Italian quarter, Cruz driving, Chagin in the back seat with the long-barreled gun. At Campbell and Augusta they came to a quiet little neighborhood tavern, Chagin fired a shot through the front window and they sped away, headed southeast toward Damen and Erie, where Rocky Cassella's tavern stands.

Guido Garro had gone there about eight P.M. Earlier, he had cleaned up after work, eaten dinner and driven to St. Elizabeth's hospital, where his brother's wife had borne a baby. Guido was to be the baby's godfather. He had brought mother and child home to the Patch, then had gone as usual to Rocky Cassella's tavern. Now at about ten o'clock, as we have seen, he and five others were sitting or standing near the tavern.

Cruz later testified at the inquest, "[Chagin] says, 'Here is one of the Italian places.'" Cruz drove around the block and approached from the east on Erie. He stopped for traffic, crossed Damen slowly and halted in front of the tavern. "I slow down and he aim out the window and shoot, and I race the car and take off." The blast tore away the left side of Guido Garro's face and head. Cruz maintained at the inquest that he had not seen the men at all—he'd been drinking and was busy driving.

Once more Chagin's version differs. He says Cruz called him "chicken," ordered him to shoot and that he feared to disobey.

They drove to the bar on Western, gave the gun to a woman next door, drank beer and played pool with friends, ate hot dogs, and at about one A.M. went home. Cruz's wife was asleep. He slept on the living-room couch because they had quarreled earlier. Next morning he rose at six A.M., dressed, and went out and bought a paper. It said Guido Garro had been killed. He showed it to his wife. "I told her I thought it was me that was riding around with Chagin, and that might be one of the places Chagin shoot. She started crying. I started crying too. My kids were crying. It was early in the morning." His wife wanted him to surrender; but he refused, took what money they had and fled to Milwaukee. Chagin went to New York. Good police work traced them. Brought back to Chicago, they confessed, Cruz after police promised to let him see his wife.

Chagin's attorney, Manuel Segarra, says "Italian politicians" put "heat" on the case, demanding heavy penalties. The prosecutor, Louis Garippo, himself an Italian, denies it. Chagin's defense was to blame Cruz—he himself had been drunk. On May 11, 1960, a jury found him guilty and fixed his sentence at 199 years. Cruz pleaded guilty and got life.

"Sir, I'd like to speak to you about a fellow employee."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The verdicts contained a certain rough justice. The man who fired the shot got the longer sentence. Cruz will be eligible for parole after twenty years, Chagin not till after sixty-six. The penalties were severe. But the crime was without mitigation. Guido Garro had done nothing to deserve death. He had harmed no Puerto Rican, let alone these two. He never had laid eyes on Cruz or Chagin, nor they on him. He was a wholly innocent bystander. He lived at the edge of a jungle, and jungle combat engulfed him.

Why did Cruz and Chagin kill? Cruz's nephew had been shot, and Chagin had been beaten up. But the murder was hardly retaliation for that. We can discern murky individual motives—Cruz went out that night looking for trouble because he was angry at his wife; Chagin may have fired the big gun because, being a little man whom people laughed at, he wanted to be big and to get even with the world. But beyond all this, their hate seemed impersonal. They hated Italians for being Italian. They themselves seemed not two individuals, but simply two Puerto Ricans. Behind their crime lay a thousand injuries and insults to their people.

Chicago, indeed America, was built by various immigrant streams from overseas. Italians fought for place among Germans and Poles and Irish, and they beat down Jews who followed them; but in the end all of them—or their children or their children's children—reached an accommodation, found means of living together in peace, acquired Americanism, including Americans' race prejudice.

America occupied Puerto Rico in 1898. Now the island people want a place in the American sun. Their strivings are not unique. All over the world dark-skinned people are rising. There is a link, only dimly perceptible, between the murder of Guido Garro and the rape and pillage in the Congo; and between this murder and the flight of Mississippi Negroes northward after Emmett Till was killed. History will relate whether the white people in Chicago and other American cities can reach an accommodation with today's newcomers, as they did with earlier immigrants who differed from today's in the color of their skin.

Cruz's wife visited him in jail, taking her Bible. The finance company repossessed her car, TV set and some of her furniture. She moved into a cheaper flat and applied for Aid to Dependent Children. "She says she going wait for me," Cruz says. "I told her if she want a divorce she's young and she's got a right to a divorce." He hopes someday to be sent to the prison's honor farm outside the walls. "They get long visiting periods, four, five hours. I could have my kids with me four, five hours. Because those kids really love me. Maybe when I get out they'll still remember me."

Guido Garro's brother says, "You never saw so big a funeral. You had to wait in line. Well, we all liked Guidy. We had hearts behind the coffin spelled out in roses, BROTHER."

In the neighborhood nothing is changed. Trucks and buses rumble by at D and D, and a gang of Puerto Ricans hangs around the corner. The same men gather every night at Rocky Cassella's tavern, all but Guido Garro. Near his house in the Patch, men sit outside a neighborhood tavern, one, a husky man, saying, "When we heard about it, if we could have got our hands on 'em we'd a killed 'em. If them cockroaches ever try to get in here . . . ."

And the coroner's physician continues to turn in his reports: "Gunshot wound of head (willful). Shot while standing on street corner. DOA" [dead on arrival] "St. Mary's Hospital." THE END

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Should your child go into Public Relations?

by JOHN W. HILL

Chairman of the Board, Hill and Knowlton, Inc., Public Relations Counsel
as told to Jhan Robbins

THIRTY-THREE years ago when I left my job as a journalist and entered the field of public relations, there were only a handful of people in the entire country who thought of public relations as a career. Today it is a lively, creative, fast-growing profession, employing about 100,000 people. Several thousand companies, both large and small, have their own public relations departments. There are more than 1,500 public relations agencies. In addition, public relations people are active in government agencies, trade unions, church organizations, educational institutions, medical research groups, philanthropic and cultural campaigns.

What Is Public Relations?

Since public relations is a relatively young profession, it is difficult to define. Public relations bears family resemblance to journalism and teaching, for it aims to inform; to the law in that it often counsels and advises clients on public attitudes and represents them before the bar of public opinion; and even to the dramatic and graphic arts in meeting the need to present and portray facts to the public in an effective, imaginative way.

Responsible public relations practice hews to standards of ethics equal to those of other professions. There is no lasting way to impart a sweet aroma to a smelly situation. No company or organization can long persuade public opinion that it is acting in the public interest when it is not. Public relations has no hidden power to manipulate the public mind. The only lasting power public relations has is the power of truth. Anyone who attempts to advance a cause by public misinformation, trickery or deception is courting an eventual setback.

To convey a message, public relations people use many means of communication, from news releases to company publications, from television to handbills.

What Does a Public Relations Man Do?

I find that some of our young people have the idea that public relations men spend all their time hanging over tables at expensive restaurants, drifting from one party to the next and slapping influential people on the back. The fact is that the range of activities in public relations today is exceedingly broad—and few of these activities are frivolous.

Public relations people may be called on to deal with the public opinion aspects of almost any corporate or association problem from a plant opening to a plant closing, a merger or taxation matters; with problems of health, air or stream pollution, labor relations, overseas relations, gaining public understanding of needed or pending legislation, introducing new products—in fact, almost any facet of our daily lives.

There are as many ways for the public relations man to convey his client's message as there are channels, or media, of communication. In news releases, magazines, company publications, booklets, brochures and annual reports, he employs the medium of the written word. He may use radio, television or the public platform, either speaking himself or preparing material for others to deliver. In the area of visual aids he uses films of all kinds, displays, posters, signs.

Each of these public relations efforts involves skills and techniques all its own, and so there is a tendency among public relations people to specialize. The extent of this specialization depends largely on the size of the public relations agency or the department within an organization. The large agency or department may employ individuals who do nothing but write press releases, booklets, or speeches; or make materials and information available to editors and broadcasters; or plan special events.

At the other extreme, there is a large number of public relations men who operate alone, or nearly so, as one-man agencies or small departments. They do all the jobs or as many as possible themselves, resorting when they can or must to outside counsel for extra help. I started as a one-man agency myself in Cleveland in 1927.

While skills in the communication arts are important in public relations, the ability to advise on what and when—or even whether—to communicate, is even more important. This calls for good judgment and, of course, experience. The responsibility for public relations policy decisions rests with top management of a company or an organization. The public relations man can influence policy to the extent that he has won the confidence of management.

What Qualities Are Needed to Succeed?

Since the aim of public relations is to inform and convince, the good public relations person has a talent for both understanding and telling. He enjoys explaining things to others and, like a good debater, wants to persuade. The public relations man thus tends to have an aptitude for expression. He is likely to be a good writer or speaker. Choosing the right word at the right time is of real importance to him, for he is sensitive to people's responses.

The good public relations man has curiosity and thoroughness, too. To convince others, he must himself know; and to know, he has to dig. Thus, the good public relations man has factual knowledge, but he knows people, too—how and why they react, when and how to present his message. He must be equally concerned with the big program and the small detail.

College Training Desirable

At least four years of college in a liberal arts program are desirable, with post-graduate courses whenever possible. Studies should emphasize history, economics, public affairs, modern languages and other social sciences. The student who aims for public relations will probably want to join the staff of the school newspaper or magazine. He will benefit from student government activities and from arguing on the school debating team.

Courses in public relations are offered at a number of our institutions of higher learning. Courses in law, business administration and corporate management are valuable.

How to Get a Start

I continue to believe that working in the editorial department of a newspaper provides excellent training for public relations. In a newspaper office, objectivity, clarity and brevity are taught side by side with the human touch. Increasingly, however, young people are preferring to learn their skills on the job, either in the public relations department of a company or with the consulting firms. This manner of starting doubtless will become more and more popular as corporate public relations departments grow in size and public relations firms become more numerous.

Job classifications, duties and compensation in public relations vary widely from place to place. In a small organization, the public relations novice may be hired for general usefulness around the shop; in a larger agency or department he or she may be assigned immediately to assist in one of the specialized fields. Compensation for the public relations trainee compares favorably with that in other beginning professional jobs, ranging roughly from $4,500 to $7,500.

As in any field, aptitude, experience and opportunity will ordinarily determine an individual's rate of rise. A skilled public relations person with ten years in the business—sometimes less—may earn between $10,000 and $20,000 a year.

Advantages and Disadvantages

As in every walk of life, frustrations are not uncommon in public relations. Excellent programs, the result of

New Educational Plans Can Provide Funds for College

The costs of a college education are now greater than most families can afford unless they plan for them well in advance. To help parents meet this need, New York Life now offers two specially designed Educational Plans—the Educational Endowment, and Whole Life with Educational Endowment Benefits. With either of these modern policies, a father can be sure his son or daughter will have most or even all the funds necessary for college.

Your New York Life Agent is qualified through training and experience to aid you in planning for education, retirement, and all the things life insurance helps make possible. His assistance is yours without obligation. Call him soon!

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This group is meeting in the offices of a large public relations firm to discuss the work in progress for one of the firm's many clients.

many hours of hard work, are sometimes endlessly delayed or suddenly abandoned. Progress may come by leaps and bounds or by slow, painstaking steps. Teamwork is at a premium; individual recognition may be difficult to come by. Working hours, especially during emergencies, are long and often unpredictable.

The disadvantages are more than offset, however, by the frequent appearance of the unexpected challenge. Good public relations people are always on their toes. They share the excitement that comes from dealing with timely and important problems. There is frequently an opportunity to instruct, to inform, to offer useful service. The profession is not burdened by the shadows of outmoded ideas or prejudices. Opportunities for women are excellent. Many hold top positions.

If I were asked to sum up the qualifications of the ideal public relations person, I would say, first of all, that he would display a flair for clear expression. Second, he would have a solid education, especially in the liberal arts. But to reach the top levels in public relations he will need much more—he will need superior qualities of mind and character—intelligence, judgment, objectivity, curiosity, imagination and above all integrity.

What About the Future?

In the United States and other free countries of the world, public opinion is the controlling force.

The need is unmistakable for an informed public opinion to insure sound judgments on the complex problems of today and tomorrow affecting the lives of individuals and the fate of the economy. And, so long as this need exists, there will be the need for public relations skills to help groups in government, business and many other fields to inform the public and to debate their views.

I predict that within the next ten years the professional working force of men and women in public relations will approach 250,000. I hope that they all have as much satisfaction and stimulation in cultivating this field as I have had and that through their work each one will reaffirm the efficacy of our democratic process.

Booklets Available on Many Careers

This article is available in booklet form without charge. Also available are a list of similar articles on forty-three other careers, which you may send for, and the helpful, informative booklet, "The Cost of Four Years of College." We'll be glad to send you any or all of these on request. Just drop a postcard to:

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Papa's Printing Press

(Continued from Page 37)

fifty. It's hard to tell about an Oriental. Father said he was what might be called medium well-done. He was of middle height, with a lustrous black pigtail that came from under his brimmed felt hat and fell down his back and was gathered into a pants pocket. His eyes were crinkly with what father said was dark, vain artfulness and heathen benevolence and deep Confucian wisdom, and his skin was the color of cured bamboo. They unstrapped the wicker telescope basket from behind the buggy seat, and Sin shouldered it and half trotted behind father to the little cottage in the orchard near the back of our house. Aunt Blanche watched this from behind a window curtain. She told father the instant he entered the house that she was about ready to go back to Fargo. Father said wistfully, "Blanche, you wouldn't do that, would you?" He had never been quite the same toward her after trying to make her a proofreader on his paper and after the things she had let slip by.

When Sin came out of his cottage he was in immaculate white, with his queue done in a circle around his head. He started right in to determine if he approved of us. And swiftly decided, for reasons beyond our comprehension, that we were exactly the set of human problems his herb doctor had ordered. That settled, he went straightway about taking over.

"One thing about him," father soon remarked, "he's direct."

First off, Sin banished mother from the kitchen. He simply told her in construction-camp pidgin to get out and stay out. With Aunt Blanche he was less polite. When she entered his domain to tell him how she preferred her tea, he took her by the shoulders and pushed her out. Aunt Blanche was fit to be tied. When Mary and Todd and I marched into the kitchen to see if it really already smelled of opium as Aunt Blanche said, Sin scowled like a Chinese New Year dragon and snatched up a cleaver, but he whacked a corner of it into a baking powder can and said, "You come back bimeby." When we did, there was a whole tray heaped with brown, crisp, chocolatey half-moon cookies.

But when Aunt Blanche tried to come in a second time—she really wanted him to know she didn't like green tea—he hollered, "Whassa mally you?" and reached for that cleaver again. Aunt Blanche, who wasn't slender and light like mother, got out so fast that she tripped on her hem and stumbled.

"He was like a dreadful Indian!" she stormed to father that evening. "We'll be tomahawked in our beds!"

Father clucked sympathetically and gave Sin a cigar. I mean he opened the kitchen door cautiously and reached in and placed it on the end of the sink.

I have to tell how else Sin took over. It was a way of the Chinese of his day. After showing who ran the kitchen, he staked his claim to doing the family washing. That was for Mondays. Tuesdays he ironed, and Aunt Blanche peeked and saw how he damped the clothes. At her scream he jumped and all but threw the iron at her. Wednesdays he cleaned house, pitching everybody out with the rugs, and Thursdays he washed windows.

In between he started a vegetable garden under the warm California sun. He took charge of the chickens. And he became the general in command of our two hundred fruit trees. The ground wasn't level or smooth, but by some geometry of his own he worked out a pattern of little ditches that led water from Diamond Creek to every single tree.

From these self-imposed responsibilities, Sin quickly moved on to the grander task of running everybody in the household, right down to the most surprising detail. My sister Mary, who was sixteen, was almost in tears when he scolded her about not wearing heavier underthings—something that grandma had been telling her all along. He laid down the hours when we could use hot water to take our baths, which he called "bags." He checked Tod and me every morning to see if our shoes were shined, though Tod was in high school. His voice went shrill with "Whassa mally you?" if we only rubbed up yesterday's shine. And he wouldn't go out to his cottage at night until he was sure we were doing our homework.

Saturdays he did cooking and baking for the weekend, and then was off, in his best felt slippers, gleaming white socks, high-water sateen pants and black sateen jacket with red piping, his pigtail braided with colored threads, ending in a tassle. He would disappear onto the streetcar bound for Oakland. We wouldn't see him again until Monday breakfast.

We used to wonder where he'd been. Father would say, "Never mind. Chinese business." Sometimes Sin was quite jolly after these excursions. But often he was very cross, the way father would be when the flatbed press broke down as he started to print the second side.

That whooshing drum-cylinder press and some type and a clattering Linotype machine and an imposing stone were what father thought he had bought when he came West and acquired the Fruitvale *Argus*. But he'd also bought a hex. Often the press wouldn't start without a fight. And once it wouldn't stop. It ran lickety-slam like a runaway hardware wagon, spraying the ceiling with pulled type and almost tearing itself from the block, while old Jack Pring whooped, "Grab her head!" and father leaped for the switch.

Father would get so mad at his press, which he called The Beast, that he'd scream, "If you once more behave so inde-gol-whammed-pendent, I'll put a stick of dynamite under you!"

Jack Pring would say through the cigar that he never lighted, "Hold tight, John. We can't write the paper by hand."

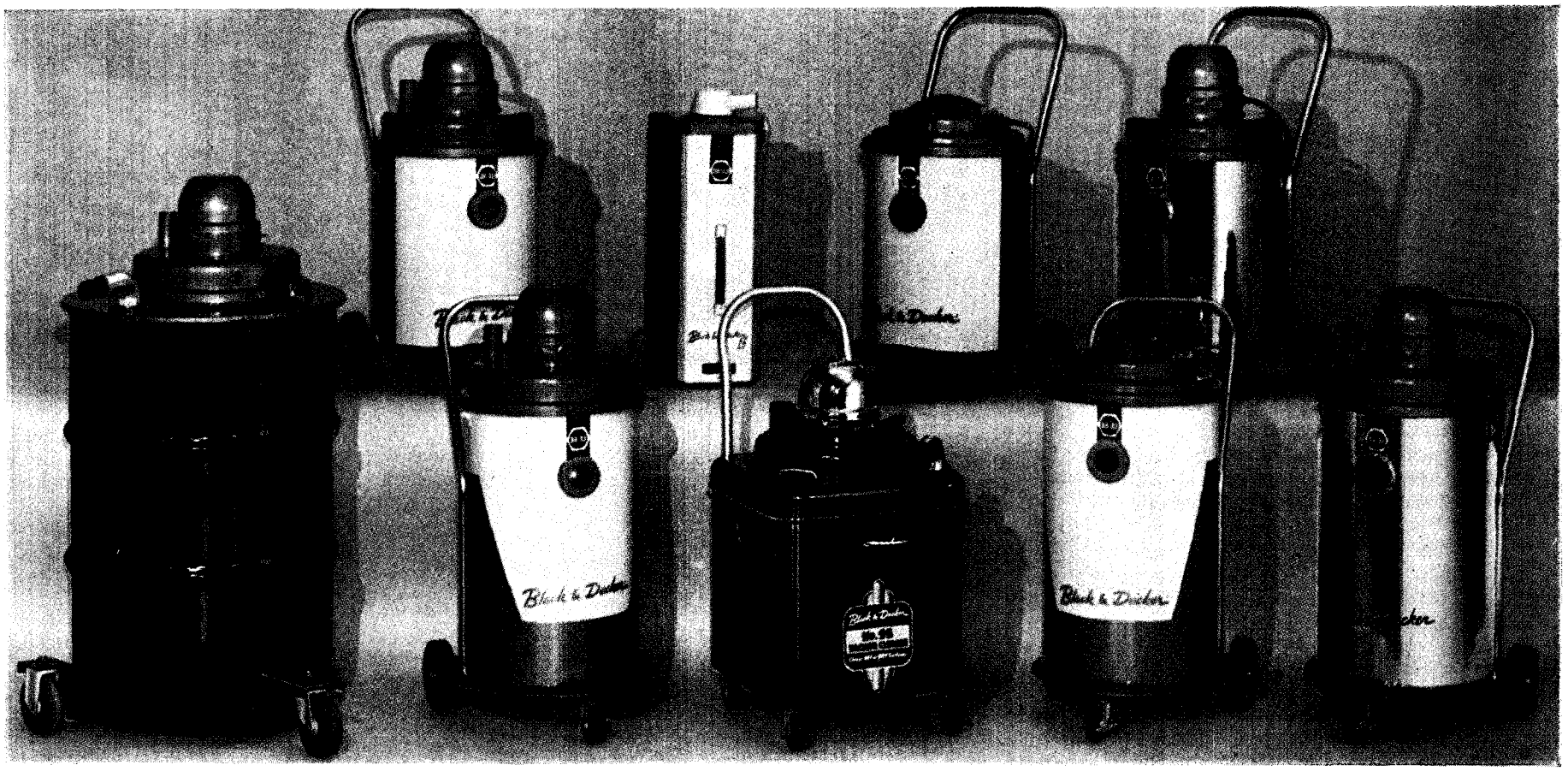
"The worst of it is," father would say when he got home, every inch of his six-foot-two frame tired out from his latest battle with The Beast, "I can't get the big Oakland advertisers. Only the little Fruitvale fellows. Oakland copy all deals with sales, and it mustn't come out one day late."

"Can't you close the forms a day earlier?" suggested mother. She stroked his worn suit and managed a bright smile. "Then you'd have twenty-four hours' margin."

"Their advertising people don't work that way. They hate to get their copy up till they have to. Nobody considers the editor-printer."

What with this and that, father grew more and more tormented-looking. Mother knew his worries to a penny, but she didn't know how to meet his obstinacy. He refused to admit that we couldn't afford a houseboy. Instead, he laid off his Linotype operator and took over the machine himself. He composed his news and editorials directly in metal.

He also set up a galley of fillers for Jack Pring to chuck in at the ends of short columns. I guess they appeared in the paper over and over. Even during one of his longest cross spells, father came home laughing and said, "Well, boys, you'll have to dig me up some more fillers. Tom



NINE IN THE LINE

New B&D Heavy-Duty Industrial Vacuum Cleaner Line is longer, with more power for all purpose pick-up

Dirt, wet or dry. Clean it up faster in factories, motels, schoolrooms or boardrooms . . . with B&D's new line of nine heavy-duty vacuum cleaners. Get pick-up power to spare, mobility to go anywhere. Greater capacity, too . . . from the whisper-quiet No. 25's ¼ bushel to the No. 55's 40 gallons. New high-level inlets increase intake, stainless models' easy-outlets speed wet-disposal, modern attachments reach all dirt. Check your B&D distributor.

See how B&D Vacuum Cleaners can help *you* keep clean. Send for free booklet, "The Inside Story on a Dirty Business," THE BLACK & DECKER MFG. Co., Dept. 0111, Towson 4, Maryland.

Black & Decker®
World's largest maker of power tools

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Bailey was in today and he said he's damned if he'll stand being told any longer that the blue-toed finch weighs half an ounce. 'Get some meat on her,' he demands, 'or change the bird!'"

The press kept balking, and father kept growing angrier, especially as he didn't have any money to get his teeth fixed. He told Sin that corned beef got into the food traps and hurt his gums. But Sin was bound and determined that we were going to eat corned beef at fifteen cents a pound until that chunk was used up. This did it. Father got so angry when his gums were really jumping that he went into the kitchen and fired Sin.

What's more, he hitched up and drove him over to Oakland, not caring how many bumps the wheels hit, and dumped him in front of Hip Gee's laundry, hollering, "Next editorial I write will be for shipping all you highbinders straight back to China! The metal in that Linotype pot won't be half hot enough!"

It seemed wonderful to be able to loaf before school without bothering to swing that shoe brush. Aunt Blanche was in the kitchen right after breakfast, pressing a ruffled petticoat. She told mother, who was at the sink, that she couldn't have put up much longer with the way Sin sprinkled clothes. "In my white-lawn waist!" she piped. "Filled his cheeks from a dipper and blew it straight into where I—where they—right straight in!"

Mother said "Un-huh," and tried to find where Sin kept the sandsoap. She burned her hand before the day was over, lifting things from the oven.

On Saturday, mother made Mary help with the house cleaning and had Tod and me wash windows and beat carpets. Father stood a long time at the edge of the orchard. He said while Tod and I were resting, "Boys, now that these apricot trees have grown used to fancy living, I guess you'll have to pack water to the farthest ones in buckets."

On Monday mother was at the washboard. It was a stretch for her. She wasn't very tall and the little platform she used to stand on had been broken up by Sin for kindling. Her light hair lost its wave in the steam and became strings.

Grandma said, her spectacles glinting, "Blanche, can't you do some of that?"

But Aunt Blanche wasn't tall either—just wide. She was afraid that someone would enter the back porch and see up her legs as she bent over. "They're fat," she said. "Milkmen notice and compare notes. I'd rather make the salads."

The one who was happy over the change was Mary, because now her white things, so skimpy that they could have been shoved into a one-quart can and the lid put on, were once more flapping and sunning on the line. But when father saw the puffiness of mother's hands from two hours in the suds, the long lines of his face compressed. He made it known that none of his tobacco pipes would ever taste good again until he found her another houseboy—which he did, though they had words about it. The new boy was another Hip Gee cousin. His wages were fifteen dollars and he was dreadfully awed by Aunt Blanche. After he had been with us four days he had begun to learn how to cook rice.

On the fifth morning a peculiar smell ran through the house. It was rich and creamy and just what father loved. I heard him shout "Kidney stew!" and the sound of his heels hitting the floor came through the bedroom wall. Sure enough, into the dining room at breakfast came Sin in starched whites, bearing a pot of full-flavored coffee and a bowl of his prize stew, and we didn't ask what had become of Yew, the new boy. Jack Pring later told us that he saw one scared young Chinaman streaking for Oakland faster than the electric car, even.

It did seem as if Sin's return brought luck. That week father sold The Beast. A new paper in Sausalito wanted it and the paper's owner, an old pressman, said he knew every caper of that model and wouldn't be long knocking the nonsense out of it. Father was in seventh heaven. "I'll be able to make a first payment," he said, "on a brand new rotary. We'll come out on time and four times as fast. I'll go after the big advertisers and, by cooky, we'll soon be publishing twice a week!"

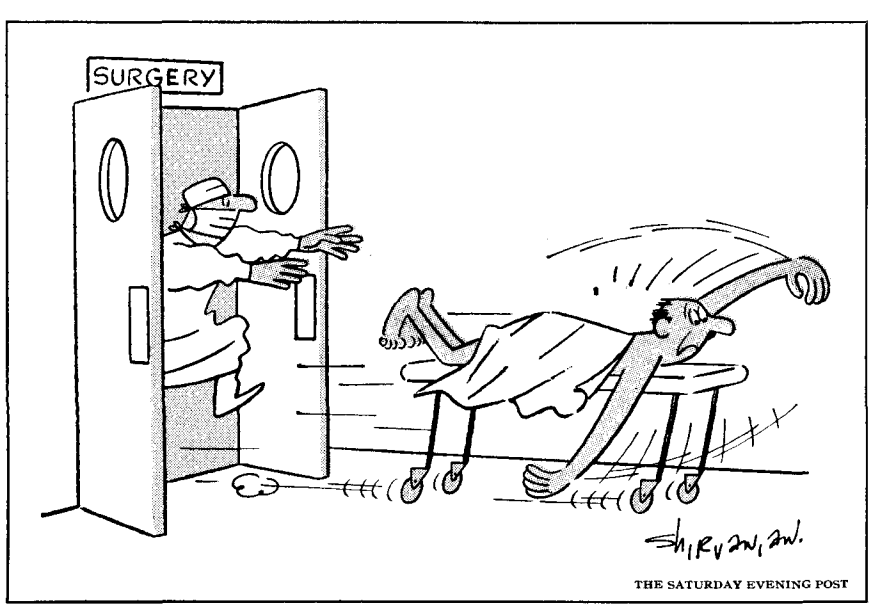
It was a great day when the cantankerous Beast was hauled on its stubborn way by big-armed Tom Bailey and his puffing draymen. Tod and I went along with father, who had to deliver the old devil to get his money. It was hauled around the bay on a low-bed wagon and put on the ferry *Tamalpais* at San Francisco.

"I can hardly realize I'm about to see the last of my enemy," father exulted as the monster was pushed on rollers to the forward end of the boat.

We passed Alcatraz Island and its lighthouse and Tod and I were throwing well-chewed gum to the sea gulls—it may have been quite a surprise to their bills—when a swell rolled in that must have come all the way across the Pacific. It lifted the ferryboat, dropped it, and father gave a yell. So did two deckhands. So did the droop-mustached captain up in his wheelhouse.

"Stop the press!" shrieked father. But with a motion that started real stately and turned into a happy kind of skip, up over its chocks and blocks and straight off over the bow it went, all frame, gears, cams and ink fountain of it, with a splash that drenched the half-open wheelhouse window.

"Gone!" exclaimed father, awestruck.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Into fifty fathoms!" shouted down the captain, wiping ocean from his face.

We ran to the stern and stared off into our white wake as if we expected to see the iron demon still floating. It wasn't.

"Well, boys," said father, "the hellion still had one last trick to play on me, didn't she? A neat one too. I don't guess the Sausalito publisher is going to have that check for me now."

Father was used to trouble. What printer isn't? He said, "Anyway, I still have thirty days to raise a payment on the new rotary, and Taft has just beat Bryan, so all's not lost. I'll soon have lots more advertising."

He did, too, up to a point. But he also had more expenses. He had to get a helper for Jack Pring in the ad alley. The helper couldn't run the Linotype also, though he'd said he could. Father worked from dawns till midnights. So did Jack Pring. What with trouble over the gas and electric bill, and Jack falling asleep on his feet and pieing a whole case of Cheltenham Bold, and the helper quitting and the date for that first payment on the rotary nearing, father was almost crazy. He was so far down, he admitted, that he could reach up and touch bottom. He completely forgot about Sin's wages until Sin placed the baking-powder can before him at the breakfast table. It was the can that Sin kept for his wages on a high shelf, and father usually dropped the money in up there without being asked.

This can, in front of his place at the table, was a stunner. Father stared at it, his face coloring. He'd been hounded by bill collectors for weeks and here was one he'd forgotten. When Sin reached out and moved the can suggestively, and then stood back waiting, father's nerves went. "Quit jingling that thing like a Salvation Army tambourine!" he hollered. "I'll pay up as soon as I find some money and I'll leave it for you at Hip Gee's laundry. Meanwhile, get out! Vamoose! Skip!" And he rushed out, breakfast uneaten.

Sin, who'd followed him out to the front porch, stood there awhile. He shook the silver and gold pieces in the half-filled can as if the mellow rattle puzzled him. Finally he walked out to his cottage in the orchard and put on his sateens.

That night there was no Sin in the kitchen. Aunt Blanche acted glad. But mother and I and Tod and even Mary felt as if there had been a death.

Father, though, had dropped his worried look when he came home. He seemed to have made up his mind to be cheerful, come what might. I know now that the bill for newsprint had come in and he couldn't pay that, either. Soon it would be the sheriff with a notice, and the rotary press gone back to its maker and a padlock on the *Argus* door.

"Well, they steam-shoveled the ground out from under us at Iron Earth, Minnesota," he said, "and blizzarded us out of Fargo, so what can Fruitvale do to us—except wave us good-by?"

Mother had already been making a list for old Merrick the auctioneer, though she'd tried not to let on. Now Tod said to me, "Where do you suppose father will light next? In some printshop in Oakland? Or back in North Dakota?"

"Oh, oh!" cried Mary, hearing it. She was fair and dainty and very spirited, and could wind a boy up like a watch spring. It was one of her trials that Sin had looked over all the boys that came around and given her his unasked opinions about them. Except one named Charley Ellis.

When Charley came around about the fifth time, Sin had asked him point-blank, "You want mally Missy Melly?"

Mary had nearly died from mortification, but (*Continued on Page 56*)

MAGIC MARKER
"99" FELT POINT BRUSHPEN
APPLICATOR

Carry it just like a pen or pencil! Handsome, gold-finish, lightweight metal design—complete with a pocket-clip—for years of use!

FITS POCKET OR PURSE...

Use it for bold, bright signs, notes, addresses—use it to draw, sketch, underline—to mark charts, prices, freezer packs, gifts or grades!

WITHOUT MESS OR FUSS

Write, print, mark—clean and instantly dry—anywhere, anytime, at any angle—in store, studio, home, school, office or industry!

SMARTLY PACKAGED

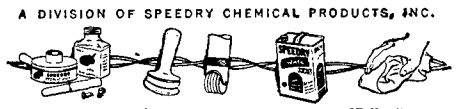
No dip or drip with sealed "CAPAC" ink cartridges for miles of marking in black, red or blue! Insert a new cartridge in seconds! New ink cartridges priced 2 for only 25¢!

AT ALL FINE STORES

Another original by the makers of world-famous MAGIC MARKER

FREE "CHRISTMAS IDEAS" Write— Speedry PRODUCTS, INC.
Dept. SP-16 RICHMOND HILL 18, N.Y.

A DIVISION OF SPEEDRY CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC.



INDUSTRIAL SETS "MAGIC MARKER" MARKING DEVICES "BRUSHPEN" INKS "99" HOUSEHOLD CLOTHS "CAPAC" REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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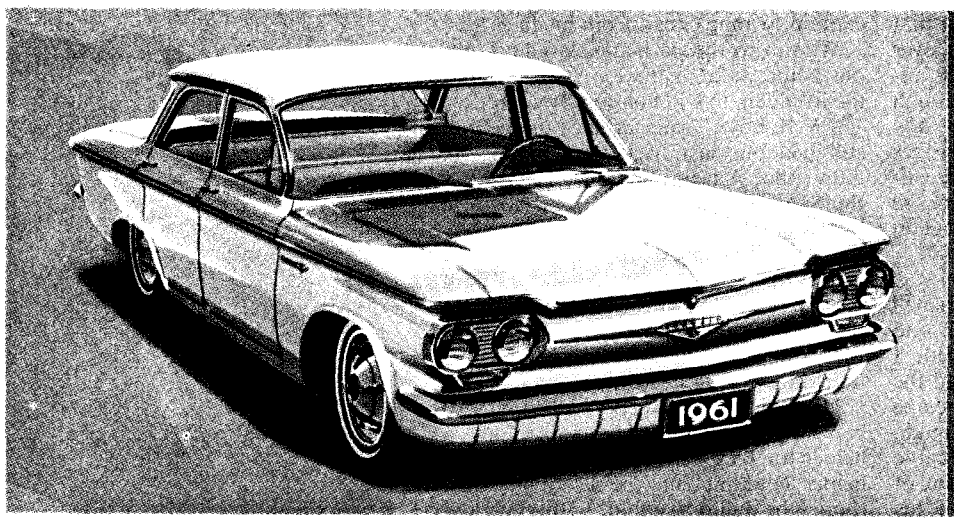
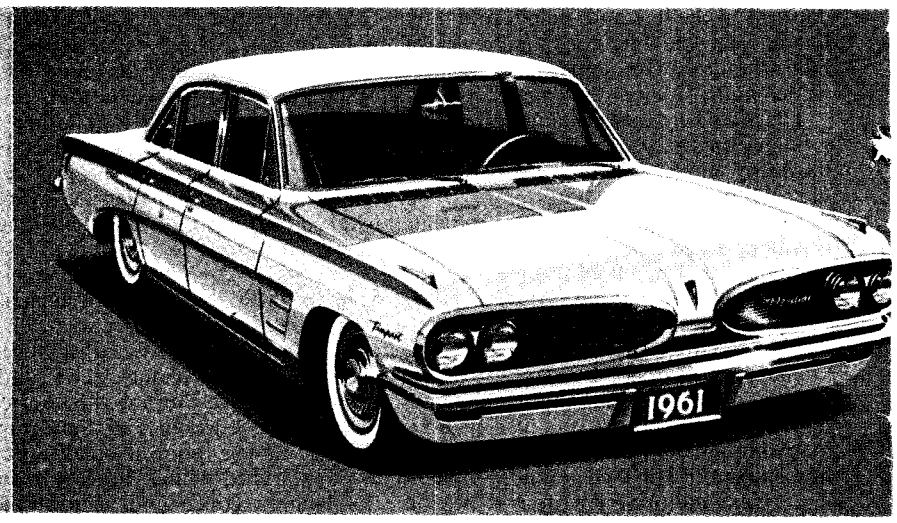
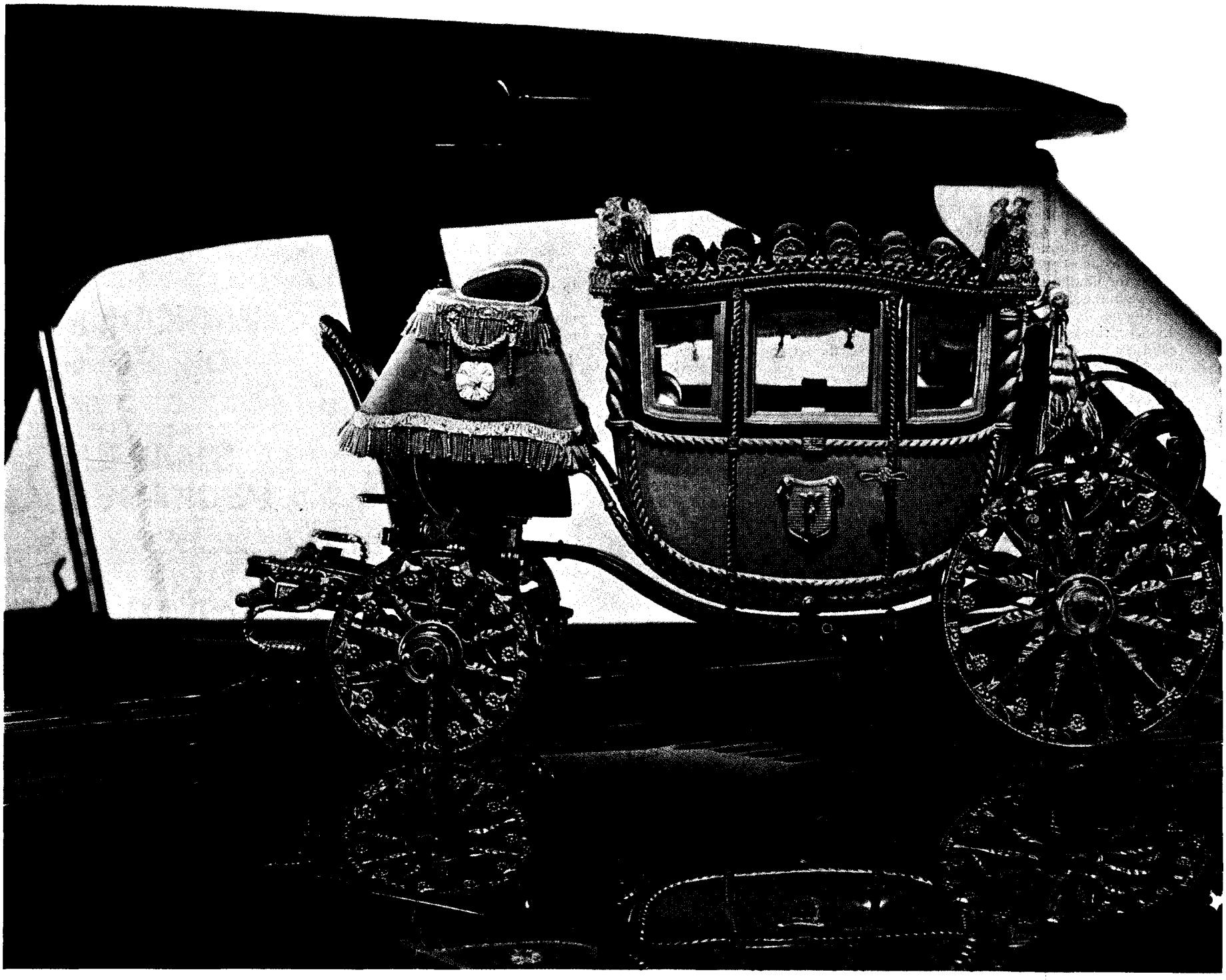


CHEVROLET CORVAIR



PONTIAC TEMPEST

Four brand-new ways tc



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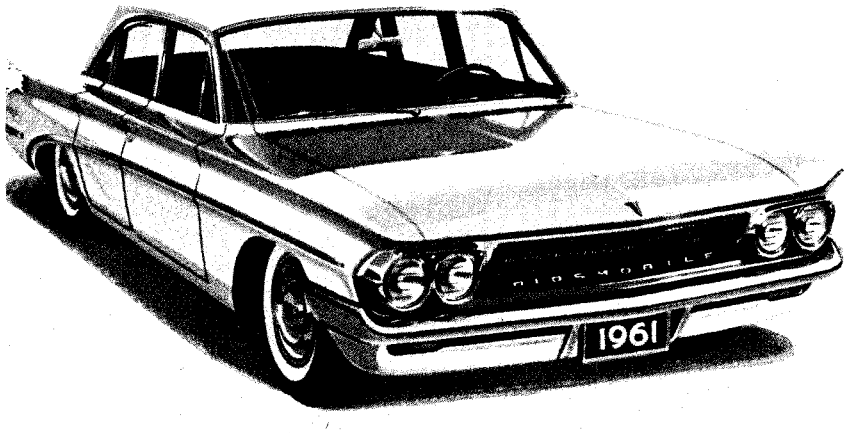


OLDSMOBILE F-85

BUICK SPECIAL

enjoy the exclusive extra of Body by Fisher

Here they are—four 1961 beauties that are built the way only Fisher Body can build them. Each has Frame-Integral Body by Fisher—the perfect structure to keep these new cars rock-solid and sundown-silent for years. Each has the luxury of Fisher Body extra comforts and conveniences that make it such a pleasure to own a General Motors car. Each is a beautiful reason to buy a new car—and to make sure when you do that it bears the famous coachmark of quality: Body by Fisher.

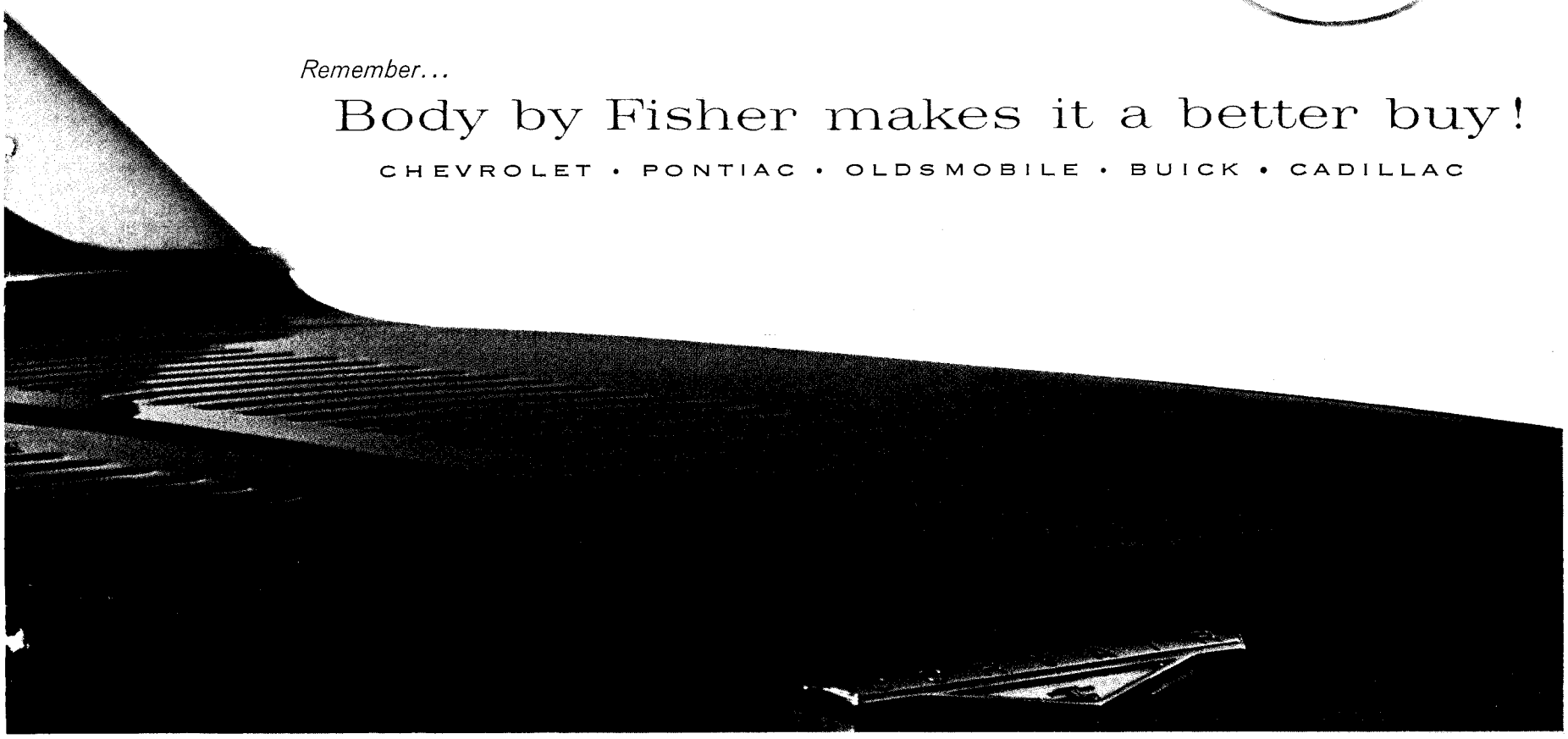
The Exclusive Extra
IN ALL GENERAL MOTORS CARS

Body by Fisher

Remember...

Body by Fisher makes it a better buy!

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC



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(*Continued from Page 53*) Charley, who certainly knew how to grab a loose football, had instantly responded, "Why, sure, Sin, if you'll fix it up for me!"

Mary had never forgiven either of them. But now, at the possibility of moving back to Fargo, she began to weep great tears, and Charley's photo returned to her bureau as she realized it was all she'd ever see of him again.

Grandma rocked and knitted. I saw her shiver once or twice. Her blood had been growing thin in California, she said. Aunt Blanche until these last days had never had anything but praise for Fargo. Now she began to speak of scorching summers and awful winters back there.

It was this way for several fast-ebbing days. On the fourth morning there was a rich bubbly odor through the hallway again. Mother's protesting words to father came through the wall of their bedroom: "But I haven't any in the house! Even if Blanche were up and getting breakfast, you know it wouldn't be kidney stew. She can't abide it!"

But father's heels went thudding down the stairs the solid way they sound when he is barefoot. When Tod and I made it down after him, he was already in the dining room in his nightshirt, staring at three pint cans in front of his place at the table. I remember them well. One was a cocoa can, one was a baked-bean can and one was that same old can for baking powder. Their lids were clamped down.

Mother came rushing too, carrying father's trousers. She said, "John! You can't stand around like that. Here comes Blanche!" But father didn't move. He just stood. Finally he reached a hand out and lifted each can. They seemed heavy.

The swinging door opened. Here came Sin. He almost bumped father with the bowl of kidney stew he was carrying. He stopped in time, and the two stood there.

When father spoke, his voice had a strange quality. Far and high, as if in ghostland. He said, "*Pai-gow?*"

"Why, John, I didn't know you talked Chinese!" exclaimed Aunt Blanche, who had just appeared.

Sin's expression didn't change. But he looked old and tired, the way Jack Pring had looked before he fell into the type and pied it.

"Muchee *pai-gow?*" father pressed.

"Heap muchee." Sin wanted to get past. "You keepee."

Mother seized the bowl of stew from him and put it down.

Father's long arms shot out and he took hold of Sin's shoulders. He drew him to the breast of that nightshirt.

Aunt Blanche screamed, "Well, of all things!"

Sin, furious, broke away. "Whassa mally you!" he shouted and fled to the kitchen, where we heard him flinging pans about. Practically busting them.

Father faced around to us. "I desire," he said, that queer note still in his voice, "to preach a little preachment. Pay attention, Tod and David Rogers. Gambling is a terrible thing to do. Unless you're very, very good at it. End sermon. When that limb of Satan shook his pitiful can of coins at me, I assumed he was demanding his wages. Well, he wasn't. He was offering them up as a help in trouble. I guess he thought I turned them down because they weren't enough. So he goes to Oakland and fattens the pot. With gold, if I know the sound of it." Father opened the three cans and looked. "A very nice loan," he said.

I'll never forget him standing there in his nightshirt, not even his slippers on, his hair every which-way from the pillow he'd been fighting all night, and that radiance on his face because now the *Argus* was safe.

"By Harry, I'm going to write an editorial urging Congress to make every Chinese in California a full-fledged citizen. Now let's eat this stew while it's hot," said father.

"I do believe I would enjoy a little," said Aunt Blanche.

Mother folded her hands on the table and bent her bright head in a prayer of thankfulness.

It was good to hear pans rattling angrily in the kitchen again.

Yankee Don't Go Home (Continued from Page 39)

suppliers to come up to Stateside standards of quality, or as near thereto as they possibly could, in every item they produced.

In every country it set up dozens of little industries, financed them and nursed them along until they could operate on their own. It encouraged them to diversify their lines so that a sudden change in Sears' requirements, or in the buying public's tastes, would not wreck their business.

As soon as possible, Sears bows out of the manufacturing end of the business, recapturing the money advanced by making deductions from invoices as goods are delivered. Eventually the company plans to divest itself of all its manufacturing interests. Today, though, it is still a partner in a dozen firms making men's and women's clothing, TV sets and radios, bicycles, rugs, appliances and furniture in Venezuela, Mexico, Colombia and Brazil.

The campaign to develop local industries has succeeded far beyond anything the company, in the beginning, felt that it could achieve. In Brazil today 99 per cent of all the merchandise that Sears sells is made or assembled in Brazilian factories, and in Mexico and Colombia the figure stands roughly at 97 per cent. Venezuela, rich in oil dollars, can afford more imports than other countries, but even there 46 per cent of Sears' merchandise is Venezuelan-made. Peru now makes nearly half of her consumer goods.

In mechanical and electrical goods—such as freezers, stoves, refrigerators, radios and TV sets—the quality of the Latin-American manufactures is a little below that of the United States, and the prices are much higher. In textiles both quality and price are about equal to that of United States-made goods. Latin-American plastics, soaps and cosmetics are fully as good as ours. In those manufactures which require much handwork, such as furniture, the quality is superior. The Latin-American cabinetmaker is a fine craftsman who works in wood with an artist's touch, and he has fine woods to work with.

He is so much an artist, in fact, that Sears is sometimes a little disconcerted by his zeal. In a Peruvian furniture factory making beautiful bureaus and tables out of mahogany, Sears' buyers found that deliveries were slow because the workmen were spending hours sanding and polishing the backs and bottoms of the drawers. They explained patiently that this was wasted effort, the drawers didn't *need* polishing to the same luster as the parts that showed. The Peruvian cabinetmaker was outraged. He didn't care, he said, if it did take longer. He didn't care if it did raise the costs. He was not interested in time, nor in making money. He was interested in creating a beautiful piece of furniture. Sears' buyers did not argue with him. They turned to less sensitive men for their mass-produced furniture and sold the artists' creations as the top item in their line.

Sears, in lining up the 6200 manufacturers, large and small, which now supply its Latin-American stores, soon ran head on into another attitude which was foreign to the American concept of how industry should function. Sears was striving for mass production for a mass market, at a low unit cost per item. The Latin wanted to produce as few items as possible and sell them in a restricted market at the highest price the traffic would bear. It took some time to change this traditional attitude, but the campaign has been successful; particularly in Brazil and Mexico, the local manufacturer now is as cost and price conscious as his American counterpart.

In their sales forces, too, particularly in the smaller towns, Sears found that incentives which would inspire an American salesperson to Herculean efforts had relatively little impact. Once a clerk had earned as much as, or just a little more than, his friends were making in other jobs, he did not try to earn more through commissions on extra sales. To the puzzled store manager he would explain earnestly that if he made too much money, his friends would become jealous and would avoid his company.

In the main, however, without doing violence to ancient customs, Sears has managed to bring the volatile, proud and individualistic Latin around to an acceptance of Sears' own methods of running a merchandising business. In the field of store operations and selling, the acceptance was immediate and overwhelming. Sears went into Latin America convinced that the methods that had proved successful in the United States since the 1880's would, with certain minor adjustments, prove just as effective in an older, less material-minded culture.

These methods bear little resemblance to the time-honored pattern of Latin-American merchandising. In Mexico, for example, when Sears arrived the big department stores were antique emporiums resembling Parisian opera houses. They were founded by French families half a century ago, and their selling techniques had not changed much since 1910. Merchandise was locked away under glass, or kept under the counter. Prices were in code, and the purchaser expected to haggle. Purchases were on a strictly "let the buyer beware" basis. If a piece of dress goods faded or shrank, or a pair of shoes rubbed a blister on the purchaser's heel, that was unfortunate, but nothing could be done about it.

Making a purchase was a fairly complicated process. The buyer made his choice, the salesperson gave him a slip of paper describing the item sold and the price. The buyer took this to a central cashier's cage, where he paid his money and got a receipt, which he took back to the sales clerk, who gave him the merchandise. Some credit business was done, but nobody ever paid his bills by mail or by coming into the store. Every month or so a *comprado*, carrying a little leather bag, would trudge about the city making collections.

In São Paulo, Brazil, the competition was a British-owned store.

These, of course, were carriage-trade establishments. The middle-class Mexican or Brazilian did not trade there, for he was not made to feel welcome. He made his purchases from street vendors or from little hole-in-the-wall shops whose wares spilled out onto the sidewalks or from the traveling markets set up in vacant lots on certain days.

Sears changed this traditional pattern overnight. Months before a store was to open it began bringing in its merchandise and recruiting and training the sales personnel. By opening time, everybody on the selling floor knew how to operate a cash register, was thoroughly familiar with the price and quality of the merchandise, and had been thoroughly indoctrinated in the creed that no matter how unreasonable his demands might be, the customer was always right. The merchandise, instead of being hidden away, was laid out so that the customer could look at it, feel it, smell of it, or taste it, if it pleased him. Prices plainly marked, were the same to everybody. The quality of a piece of merchandise was not concealed. If a blanket that looked like wool contained 40 per cent rayon, the label said so.

The greatest innovation of all was the slogan over the door of every store—SATISFACÂO GUARANTIDA OU SE DINHERO DEVOLTA in Portuguese-speaking Brazil; SU COMPLETA SATISFACCIÓN O LA DEVOLUCIÓN DE SU DINERO in the Spanish-speaking countries. Nobody before had ever told a Latin-American customer he could get his money back if he wasn't satisfied. More than any other single factor, Sears believes, this pledge is responsible for its success.

As Sears announced its plans to go into Latin America with an operation modeled on Stateside methods, certain experts on the region gloomily prophesied disaster. If Sears laid out its merchandise on counters where people could get at it, they predicted, shoplifters would steal them blind. If they tried to set up a credit system which required the debtor to come into the store to pay his bill, they would lose their shirts. Neither of these gloomy forecasts proved true. By maintaining large security forces, losses from thefts have been kept at roughly the Stateside level. About half of Sears' sales now are credit sales, and the percentage of deadbeats is no higher than in the States.

Sears was also told that if it persisted in its crazy scheme of lighting its stores at night, and leaving the iron shutters up, looters would smash the unprotected windows and make off with everything in the store. This also proved to be wrong. Sears' brightly lighted windows attract throngs of peaceful window-shoppers—the Latins of all ages being very fond of strolling about by night—and the iron shutters come down only when there is a political upheaval and mobs are rioting in the streets.

Sears did receive many surprises as it started its Latin-American operations, but most of them were pleasant. They discovered, for example, that the Latins were exceptionally eager, alert and quick to learn the complicated methods of modern merchandising, and that their innate friendliness and politeness made them excellent salespeople by nature. Sears, in the beginning, figured that it would have to keep a cadre of Americans at every store as buyers and executives. They soon learned that this was not true. The majority of its store managers now are Latins who came up through the ranks under (*Continued on Page 58*)

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November 5, 1960

BFG report to homemakers

A new no-nag approach to keeping family feet warm and dry

Handsome, practical puddle-sloshers by B.F.Goodrich and Hood. Left to right: light, sturdy, all-rubber four-buckle galoshes for the men of the family; Cossack Boots, with turn-down tops (a campus rage this year); and Child's Play boots for youngsters, easy on and off, with a one-zip fastener from top to toe; Glamorboots—so strikingly new and so thoroughly practical that fashion-minded women won't be without them.

"Oh, dear, you forgot your overshoes *again!*"

If wet winter weather brings out the nag in a mother, it's only because she wants to protect her family against colds and sniffles. And now B.F.Goodrich and Hood Footwear have come to her assistance with a new line of comfortable, and often colorful, footwear that families *like* to put on.

The waterproof footwear you see here is just a small sample of the well-made winter protection from BFG and Hood, who make styles and sizes for everyone but Fido. There are rugged, masculine boots and overshoes for Dad, stunning models to catch Sis's teen-age fancy, and tough-and-terrific versions for Junior. Mother, herself, gets a choice of colorful, practical footwear that keeps her feet well-shielded from snow, sleet, slush, and rain.

BFG and Hood models—especially those for children—have special easy-on-easy-off closures. So young-fry waterproof footwear can be slipped into and out of, without help, in a few moments. And to a busy homemaker or a kindergarten teacher, there are few sweeter words than, "Look, I can do it *myself!*"

Your BFG and Hood dealer has a complete line of long-wearing, good-looking footwear to choose from. Get your brood together and see it now. Remember, BFG and Hood make the waterproof footwear that's *fun* to wear!

For information on where to buy B.F.Goodrich products, write: President's Office, The B.F.Goodrich Company, Akron 18, Ohio.

B.F.Goodrich

Footwear that feels as good as it looks

HOOD

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(*Continued from Page 56*) the company's "promotion-from-within" system, and among the 8894 employees of Sears in South and Central America today, only seventy-eight are from the United States.

The Latin-American employees are also beginning to own a bigger and bigger share of the business. In those countries where local laws make such an operation feasible, Sears has installed profit-sharing plans similar to those offered its employees in the States. Under this arrangement, Sears employees allot a small percentage of their base salary to an investment fund. The company matches their contribution out of profits, at a ratio of roughly three to one. These funds are invested in stock of the company, which is organized as a separate corporation in each country, or is used to finance land and buildings for Sears' suppliers who need to expand their operations. The plan has paid off handsomely, and in Cuba, where Sears has been in business since 1942, the employees now own 19 per cent of the company holdings.

In addition to observing all the labor laws, which in Latin-American countries are far more generous to the worker than are United States labor regulations, Sears tries to pay its employees salaries that are well above the going wage for similar employment. As a result, though there have been some minor strikes, its labor relations on the whole have been exceptionally serene. The company strives to make each employee feel that he is a partner in the business, that he will prosper as the company prospers and that he can go just as far upward in the management of the business as his brains, energy and talent can carry him. Small attentions, such as providing a chiropodist for the salesgirls who have to stay on their feet all day, also help to keep peace in the family.

Sears has, of course, had to make certain concessions to Latin-American tastes and desires, and there are some Stateside sales ideas and methods that just won't work south of the border. Sears, in the United States for example, does a tremendous hardware business, particularly in small hand tools. The hardware divisions starve in Latin America, for the Latin male is no do-it-yourselfer. He is, in fact, so averse to such activity that he will not even wash his car or mow his grass, and the thought of paneling a den or painting the kitchen never occurs to him. In order to sell hammers and nails and saws, paints and wallpaper, Sears works through contractors who do these jobs professionally.

In countries where one manufacturer's size fourteen might be another's size ten, Sears has struggled to establish a standard system of sizing, especially in children's clothing, where the situation was particularly chaotic. Some years ago in the States Sears took the height and hip measurements of 100,000 children. Last year in Brazil Sears measured 1200 children, and by comparing their average measurements with those made in the States, they learned how to modify Stateside patterns to fit the Brazilian figure. They found that the Brazilian youngster was shorter and chunkier than his American counterpart, but he liked the same clothing—blue jeans and T shirts.

Both the shapes, and the tastes, of Latin-American ladies differ somewhat from those of North American women. The American woman favors the simplicity of the classic dress, and she is interested in accenting her superstructure. The Latin woman loves buttons and beads and embroidery, and she takes a great deal of pride in her breadth of beam. Sears, therefore, features a girdle which pinches in the waist, flattens the stomach and accents the *derrière*. Some styles and colors in men's clothing that are popular in the States find no favor in Latin America. The olive-green suit fabrics which have been so popular in the States did not sell south of the border. They made the swarthy Latin look as if he were on the verge of nausea.

Somewhat to its surprise, Sears has found that in some countries it has had to take on certain high-fashion overtones not usually associated with a store that appeals mainly to the middle class. In Lima, for example, the wives of the foreign diplomats are among its best customers, and their tastes run to expensive furs and gowns. Sears stores in the United States don't go in for style shows, but in São Paulo, 13,000 people crowded into a municipal stadium to watch a parade of Sears mannequins. In Bogotá, Colombia, the fashion shows vary in certain respects from similar displays in the States. In order not to offend the church, the girls who model the bras and girdles wear them over black leotards, a startling sight.

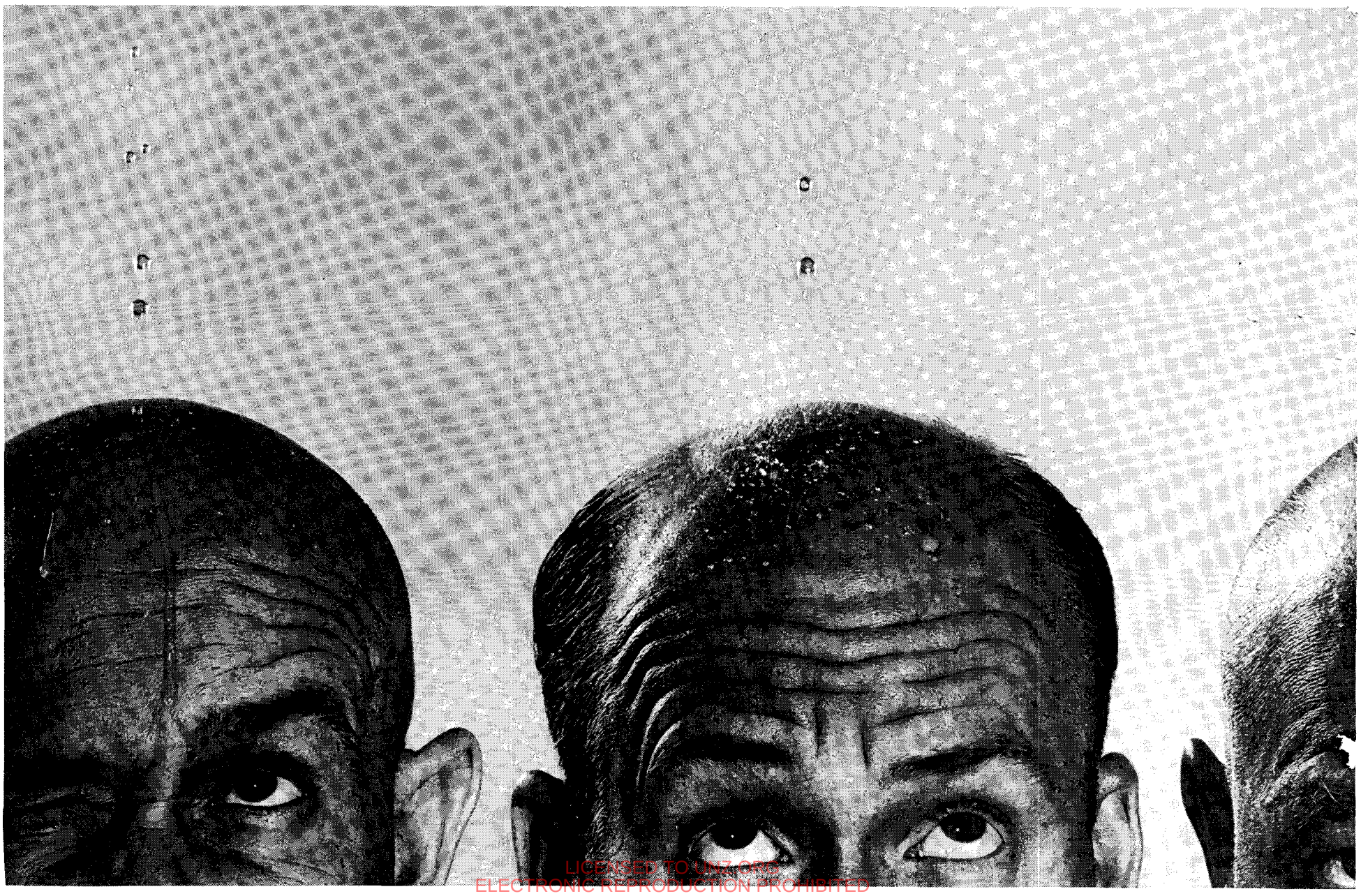
Goods made locally are usually copies of Stateside products, but many North American products are too complicated to meet the practical needs of the population. Sears does a tremendous business in the States in washing machines and driers. In Latin America the washing machine is usually a strong-backed Indian girl, who prefers to soak and pound the clothes in a tub and hang them in the sun to dry. There is also not much point in trying to sell a TV set with a remote-control, station-changing system when there is only one TV station in the town. Electric power in many South American countries is erratic, which makes electric clocks and stoves almost useless.

Some Stateside amenities create unexpected problems in Latin America. In Bogotá, baby carriages and bassinets had to be moved downstairs from the second floor, for expectant mothers would not ride the moving stairway. In Mérida, Yucatán—where the sun, in the Spanish phrase, is hot enough to break stones—sales fell off when the store installed an air-conditioning system. Their Indian customers were too shy to come in when they found the glass doors closed.

Sales promotions that would hardly create a ripple of interest in the States generate tremendous excitement in less sophisticated countries, and the crowds sometimes get out of hand. In Caracas, Venezuela, when Sears announced in large ads that Santa Claus would arrive in a helicopter, bearing gifts of balloons and candy, thousands crowded the store's parking lot and jammed it so tightly the helicopter could not land. When the police finally cleared a space and Santa Claus stepped out, green with airsickness, the crowd swarmed upon him and pulled his whiskers off.

The Colombians particularly are a volatile people, quick to express exasperation. When the store in Bogotá held a raffle to give away a Volkswagen, the disgruntled thousands who didn't win tried to set the car on fire. Another effort to attract attention to the store's Christmas wares ended lugubriously in Caracas. This time Santa Claus was to drive through the city in a sleigh fashioned from an old automobile chassis, pulled by six horses wearing papier-mâché antlers that presumably made them look like reindeer. A heavy rain began to fall, the paper antlers began to melt down over the horses' ears, and the humiliated Santa Claus caught a taxi and went home, leaving the abandoned sleigh in the street to cause a fantastic traffic jam.

Though Sears managers in foreign countries must be diplomats as well as



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merchants, the American personnel leave local politics strictly alone. After a few years of South American service, though, they develop a sixth sense which tells them when revolt is brewing. The sale of short-wave radios jumps sharply, for revolutionary groups often telegraph their punches by broadcasting orders to their followers. The sale of radios is followed by a quick sellout of binoculars and opera glasses as the people prepare to watch from a distance whatever demonstrations may take place. During revolutions, naturally, all business comes to a halt. People stay in their houses, and the stores are empty. During these times the managers pull down the iron shutters, and everybody goes home until the trouble is over.

Occasionally, of course, the violence progresses from street fights to looting, and the stores lose heavily. In Bogotá, during a roaring riot that was set off when the streetcar and bus companies raised their ticket prices, one Sears store lost $175,000 worth of merchandise. The government's compromise solution eventually will cost the store more than the looting. The government decided that the streetcar and bus people should have more revenue. The people, obviously, were in no mood to pay more for their rides. Therefore, all business houses would be required to pay for their employees' bus tickets, a decision that costs Sears some $35,000 a year.

Though Sears' American personnel keeps out of local politics, in every country the company tries to play an active role in civic affairs. In the States it is a strong supporter of agricultural organizations in their cow, hog and hen programs. In Latin America, through similar organizations, it seeks to improve the breeds of goats and rabbits. It finances scholarships to universities, in South America and in the States, for bright young Latins, though most of these don't come back to go to work for Sears. They prefer to become engineers instead of merchants. The stores also contribute heavily to the Christmas charities of the Catholic Church. In return, when a new store opens, a high prelate always arrives to pronounce his blessing on the enterprise.

"As soon as you are familiar with the stool, we'll take up the piano."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Sears has, of course, made some mistakes. In the warm glow of confidence that followed the Mexican opening, it overexpanded in that country, and last year had to close eight small stores because they were doing no business. It has also had to move with great caution in Brazil. The opportunity for expansion is limitless there, but the cruzeiro has been declining in value so fast, in relation to the dollar, that Sears has not felt it prudent to open new stores. With a stable currency, Brazil could support fifty stores, instead of nine. But, Sears points out, no company can expand when the medium of exchange deteriorates faster than the business can grow.

Cuba, of course, is the main headache at the moment. In other countries governments changed, sometimes bloodily, but the law remained. In Cuba the new government has thrown the constitution out the window, and nobody knows where he stands.

Sears is aware that its success in Latin America stems from the great social changes that are taking place there. A middle class that has never existed before is rapidly evolving, and it is these new consumers that keep the cash registers ringing. Sears makes no claim to having started this revolution. It has, though, served as a catalyst. The seed dollars sown to develop and expand South American industry have resulted in the manufacture of thousands of products that were never made in those countries before. The wages the workers in these industries have earned have lifted thousands of men and women from the subsistence economy of the peon to the status of the middle class.

In the words of Charles A. Meyer, the Sears vice president who got the Latin-American operation off the ground, Sears went into South America "as simple merchants, hoping to make an honest dollar."

In the years since the war the United States Government, through many agencies, has spent millions in the same area in an effort to raise the living standards of an underdeveloped people. The agencies worked through governments. Their lessons, and their largess, presumably trickled from the top down, and in many countries little of either reached the grass roots. Sears, on the other hand, worked with the citizens, the producer and consumer. Time may prove that Sears, with no nobler motive than to make a profit on its merchandise, has done a more effective job. THE END

Which homeowner has the INA policy?

(Hint: the one with no holes in his home protection)

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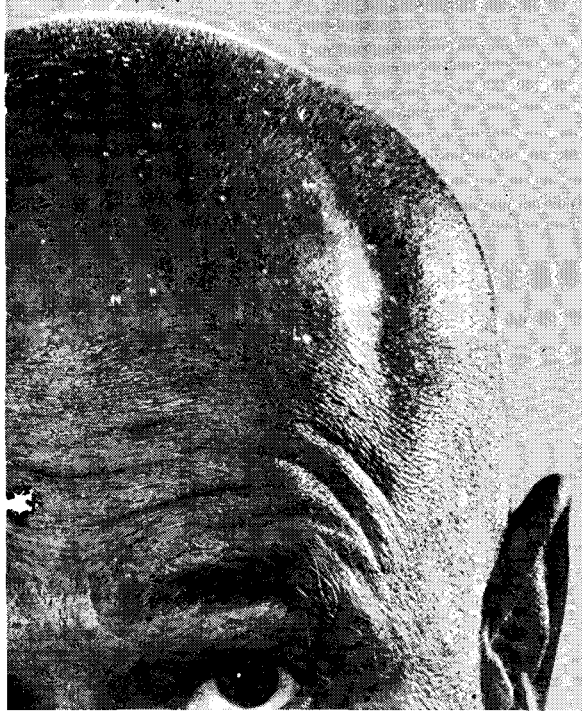

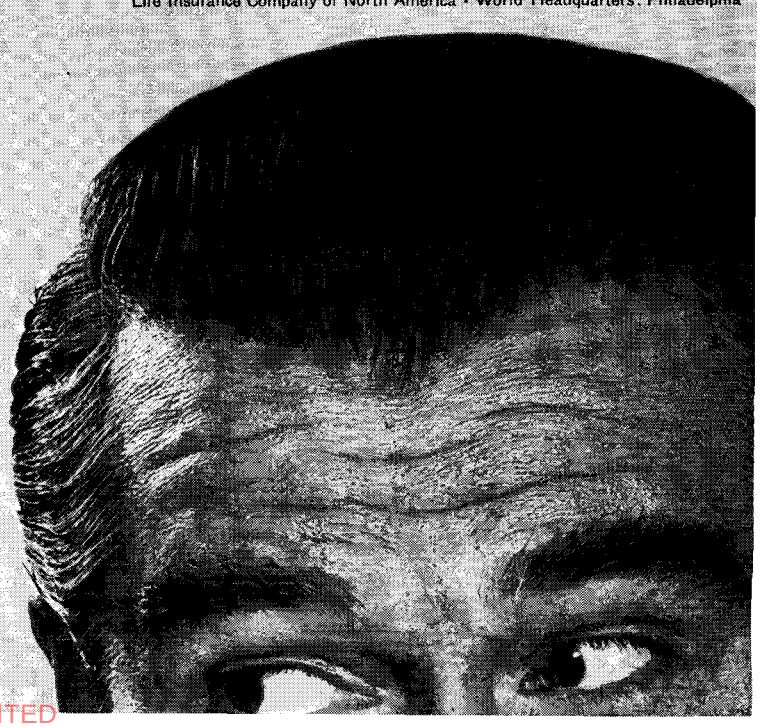

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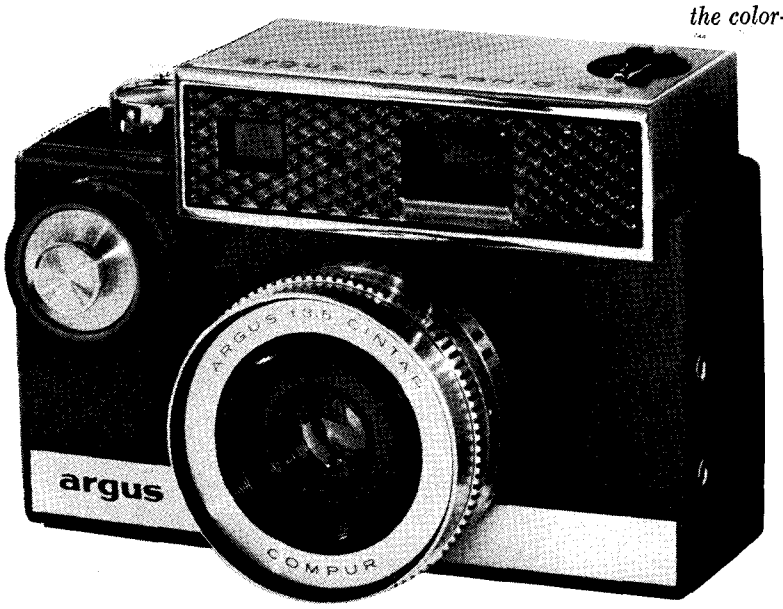

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Campaigning With Nixon (Continued from Page 33)

chances are that the reader, for this purpose, will need no effort of the imagination, but only of recollection. In that case, he will recall some such scene as the following.

First there is the Wait for the Candidate, which, in a well-managed campaign, is most carefully timed—long enough to create suspense, but not so long as to engender boredom. While the wait continues, the brilliantly caparisoned high-school band plays *California, Here I Come* and other appropriate airs; while on the speakers' stand the "dignitaries," as local politicians like to be called these days, are introduced. Then there is a buzz of excitement, as the band plays *Here Comes Nixon*, to the tune of *Merrily We Roll Along*. And there at last is the man himself, his smiling wife Pat on his arm. Klieg lights focus on the waving couple, if it is dark, and Pat is presented with the inevitable bunch of American Beauty roses. Then the speech begins.

First there is a local reference. In Indiana, to the fact that his mother called Indiana "home," and it is home to the Vice President too. In Louisiana, to the fact that his younger brother married a "lovely Louisiana girl." In Idaho, to the fact that Harmon Killibrew, an Idahoan, is his favorite baseball player. Next, a graceful reference or two to the "dignitaries"—he never glances at a note and he never gets a name wrong—and then a joke.

An engine on his plane conked out as the craft was landing, and "I told Pat if that plane could fly with one engine out, why, I guess I can campaign with one bum knee." Or the letter to him when he was in the hospital, from a little girl—"I had always thought you were a kind of retiring person; but, oh, Mr. Vice President, those pajamas!" Then the speech—short, serious-sounding, simple, reassuring in tone (more about the content of the speech later). The speech is constantly interrupted by applause, and at the end there is more applause, more arm-waving, and Nixon and his vast retinue leave for the airport, to repeat precisely the same scene, perhaps in some town halfway across the continent.

What effect has this oft-repeated scene had on the voters? That question will receive its final answer in a few days. But this reporter, after peering into many faces as Nixon spoke and talking to many people afterward, is convinced that Nixon is a highly effective campaigner. Here was a man speaking reassuringly about the past, hopefully about the future, with force and seeming conviction, and without so much as a note. In the crowd there were almost always people straining forward to catch every word, listening with such intensity that their jaws had dropped open.

One reason Nixon is a formidable campaigner is suggested by the note which keeps recurring in the four notebooks I filled while covering his campaign: "Nix—looks as tho genuinely enjoying this stuff," or, "Amazing—obv likes it," or, "Really seems get bang." Except with a few intimates, Nixon is a decidedly reserved man, stiff and even rather cold in manner. On the hustings the reserve miraculously disappears. When a crowd applauds him, he grins broadly, often with an air of surprise, and you have the feeling that he is doing just what he wants to be doing, in spite of the hay fever, the knee, the physical exhaustion and the fierce pressure.

Most politicians privately admit that they enjoy the bustle and excitement of a campaign, the applause, the sense of being the hero of the occasion—that is why they are politicians. And Nixon has had a special reason for enjoying this campaign. For he has been rather in the position of the classic swain of romance who finds himself "alone at last" with his lady love. At last he is on his own, making his own decisions, the star of the show rather than a mere supernumerary in the Eisenhower supporting cast. It must be as heady a feeling for Nixon as for the swain with his lady love. And the communicated sense of enjoyment is one reason for the perfectly genuine enthusiasm which has greeted Nixon in every crowd from coast to coast.

But in every crowd there has been a small, unenthusiastic lump—sixty or seventy grumpy faces bunched up around the speakers' stand. The owners of the grumpy faces are the reporters assigned to the Nixon campaign trail. They never laugh at Nixon's jokes. And every inspirational statement or telling thrust in his speech merely makes their faces a tinge grumpier.

The reporters are, in fact, bored. They are bored because they have heard it all before, even the jokes. All politicians repeat themselves, of course. A candidate can hardly be expected to come up with a bright new speech filled with bright new thoughts five or six times a day every day for weeks on end—although Adlai Stevenson tried to, which may be one reason why the reporters, in sharp contrast to the voters, favored him over his opponent by a huge majority. During this campaign Nixon, even more than most politicians, has repeated himself like a metronome.

A reporter's-eye view of a campaign is totally different from a voter's-eye view, which may be one reason why the press is so often quite wrong about the outcome of campaigns. Most people, like most candidates, enjoy the excitement that a political crowd generates. But the reporters, mere spectator sportsmen, have seen it all before, and after a while every crowd looks like every other crowd, and even the pretty "Nixon girls," in their Nixon dresses, look the same—the dresses *are* the same; they are airmailed from stop to stop. And the speech which sounds so fresh, spontaneous and sincere to the crowds is to the reporters just the same old speech.

The boredom of the reporters must be allowed for when assessing any campaign report—including this one. A drama critic, asked to review even the most interesting play, after having to sit through it 100 times hand running, would probably come up with some pretty jaundiced opinions. And the reporters were not only bored. They were frustrated. The editors back home expected a new story every day, and it is frustrating to try to write a new story every day about the same speech. The frustration of the reporters would not be worth remarking, except that it tells something about Nixon the campaigner and Nixon the potential President.

The first thing it tells is that Nixon is a man who keeps his eyes firmly fixed on the main chance. As Adlai Stevenson discovered, reporters don't elect Presidents. Voters do. And well before the campaign began, Nixon and his advisers had made a careful and logical calculation of who the voters are who might be expected to take the "Vice" out of Nixon's title. Here, in broad outline, is the analysis on which they agreed.

The analysis starts with two demonstrable facts: First, especially in recent years, there has been an increasingly huge gap between the number of people who get out and vote when the Presidency is at stake and the number who vote in non-Presidential years. Second, in the last four elections the voters have handed Dwight D. Eisenhower a landslide in the Presidential years and turned right around to give the Democrats a big victory in the non-Presidential years.

Consider the simple statistics. In 1952 and 1956, more than 61,000,000 people voted. In non-Presidential 1954 and 1958, only about 42,000,000 people bothered to vote, and in both cases they voted heavily Democratic. This year, 1960, the vote will certainly top 62,000,000, and it may go a lot higher than that. Who, then, are these lazy voters, the people who only bother to vote in Presidential-election years?

Sen. Robert Taft used to claim that the lazy voters were conservatives, hankering to vote for a "real Republican," but reduced to indifference by "me-tooism." The Nixon and Company analysis is far shrewder and more convincing. It starts by establishing who the lazy voters are not.

They are not strong partisans of either party, for passionate partisans always vote. They are not the union members whom the labor leaders got to the polls in droves, especially in 1958, to defeat "right-to-work" legislation. They are not politically-minded people. They are not, for example, the readers of this article, since those willing to take the time to read a political article will usually also take the time to vote. Once you define who the 20,000,000 lazy voters are not, you have a pretty good idea who they are. They have no strong allegiance, no deep interest in politics. They read the sports pages or the comics rather than the editorial pages. They are politically unsophisticated. Because they are not deeply committed politically, their votes are, as the old pros say, "up for grabs."

President Eisenhower, as the statistics prove, grabbed a huge majority of these lazy voters. If he had not, Adlai Stevenson might be President. For among the forty-odd million who vote in non-Presidential years, the unions plus the much higher national Democratic registration give the Democrats a big built-in advantage. Thus, according to the Nixon and Company analysis, Nixon has just one chance to become President—by taking a comfortable majority of these 20,000,000 people who vote only in Presidential years, people who feel no strong party allegiance, who read the comic strips rather than the editorial pages.

But Nixon is not a great war hero. He lacks the easy Eisenhower charm. How can he do it? Part of the Nixon and Company answer to that question is to be found in the speech which so bored the reporters. For the basic speech which Nixon made at stop after stop—parts of which he also repeated verbatim in the television debates—was expertly and quite consciously tailored to those 20,000,000 politically unsophisticated voters.

"The speech," as it was known among the reporters, in almost audible quotes, would not rank with the great orations of Demosthenes, Lincoln or Churchill. But it unquestionably moved the crowds. It

NEXT WEEK

IN COLOR:

I CALL ON
PERRY COMO
By Pete Martin

An intimate portrait of the fabulous singing barber

A COLLEGE ADMISSIONS DIRECTOR TELLS:
WHY WE TURN THEM DOWN
By Edward T. Chamberlain Jr.
of Dartmouth College

"BIG DADDY" LIPSCOMB OF THE BALTIMORE COLTS TELLS HIS OWN STORY:
"I'M STILL SCARED"

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND:
A MORAL FOR AN AGE OF PLENTY
By Jacob Bronowski

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consisted of a number of "applause points," guaranteed on the basis of long experience to evoke applause and spaced through the speech to convey a mounting sense of enthusiasm. The number of applause points varied with the speech, which could be expanded or contracted like an accordion, and as the campaign progressed, some were discarded and others substituted. But here are seven which any reporter who covered Nixon could repeat in his sleep.

"The great issue of this campaign is to choose the men with the experience to keep the peace without surrender and extend freedom throughout the world."

"President Eisenhower ended one war, prevented other wars from starting, and we do have peace without surrender today."

"I hope the day will never come when any President of the United States will need to apologize or express regret for defending the security of the United States."

"It would be presumptuous of me to speak of my own experience, but I can speak of the experience of my running mate, Henry Cabot Lodge."

"That's not Jack's money they want to spend—it's your money."

"Khrushchev won't catch us in seven years or seventy, provided we remain true to the principles that have made America great."

"What makes this country great is not what the Government does, but what 180,000,000 free individual American citizens do."

Though much of this is true, none of it is profound. It was not meant to be. "The speech" was designed for those who think of the issues in simple, black-and-white terms—which is one reason why the reporters, who are by reason of their profession politically sophisticated, disliked "the speech." It was also, as one Nixon aide remarked, "all couched in Presidential terms"—it was designed for the Presidential-year voter. And, although Nixon remarked that he favored such things as good schools and security for the aged, "the important thing," he repeated always, "is to be around to enjoy these things." Thus "the speech" was keyed to the one universal issue—peace.

Much as many reporters were bored by "the speech," the more sensible recognized and reported how effective it was. "Mr. Nixon invariably leaves his audiences happy," wrote Russell Baker of *The New York Times*, early in the campaign. "And although the repetitious talk becomes as maddening to his traveling companions as saturation television commercials, it sounds fresh and cheerful at each new stop as he stumps across the continent."

"The speech" was, of course, by no means the sum total of the Nixon strategy. From the start he planned the more weighty and serious pronouncements on foreign and defense policy, which began with the foreign-policy speech in California in mid-October. From the start he also planned to take an increasingly aggressive political line—the crack about "that's not Jack's money" was the first shot in this second phase.

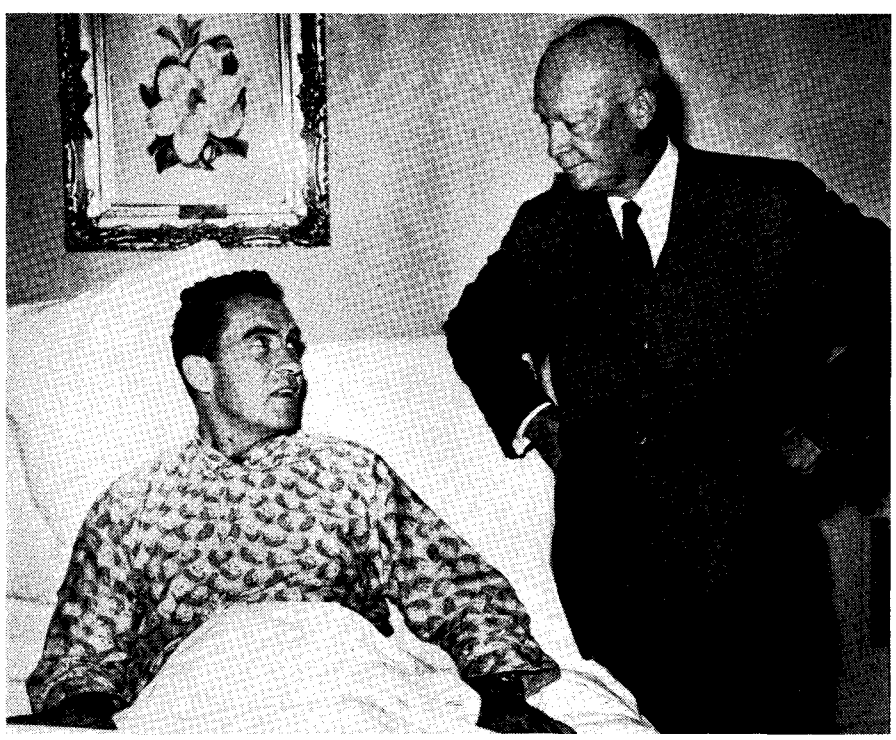
On certain subjects, moreover, like farm policy, education, housing, and the like, Nixon either made long and rather specific speeches outlining his views or he issued comparatively detailed "position papers." And, of course, he neglected no major voting group. Even the overwhelmingly Democratic eggheads were catered to through "Scholars for Nixon." But from the start Nixon's main thrust was for the votes of those 20,000,000 people, for the most part pro-Eisenhower rather than pro-Republican, who go to the polls only in a Presidential-election year. And, although the television debates may have had more actual impact on the voters, "the speech" was the symbol and summary of this Nixon strategy.

"Pat for First Lady" girls greet the Nixons at Binghamton, N.Y. Neither Kennedy nor Nixon neglects appeals to the largest bloc of potential voters — the women.

The campaign which was built around the Nixon strategy has been an impressive political operation. "We can win," Nixon told a passionately Republican audience in Peoria, Illinois, "provided we take nothing for granted and concede nothing to the opposition." Taking nothing for granted is a Nixon habit—indeed, a compulsion. Except for the absence of loud and frightening noises, a political campaign has much in common with a military campaign. If Nixon were a general, his army would unquestionably be a miracle of efficiency and discipline.

On the campaign trail, as in the army, no one has much time to think. It is an up-at-daybreak, to-bed-after-midnight proposition, with perpetual motion—mostly in the air—in between. In most political campaigns there is the familiar army atmosphere of hurry-up-and-wait, the confusion, the delay, the fog of battle. Not in Nixon's campaign. In Nixon's campaign even the schedule actually means what it says. I discovered this unprecedented fact soon after I joined the Nixon retinue. With the confidence of an old campaign hand, I sauntered down to catch the press bus a mere quarter of an hour late. I made it to the airfield in time to catch the Nixon plane thanks only to the most dashing taxi driver I have ever encountered.

At the Nixon rallies the smallest detail is provided for in advance, from those dresses for the carefully selected "Nixon girls" to the stencils for the WELCOME, DICK AND PAT signs. Sometimes the signs read WELCOME, PAT AND DICK, but otherwise every rally is a carbon copy of every other rally. This makes dull copy for the reporters, but the fact remains that the whole Nixon campaign has been a technical miracle of forethought and efficiency. And although Nixon had very able lieutenants with him, there was never any doubt about who was running the show—Richard M. Nixon.



Nixon, briefly hospitalized in August with a hurt knee, had this distinguished caller. Commenting on this picture, one little girl wrote, "Oh, Mr. Vice President, those pajamas!"

What, then, has the Nixon campaign told about Nixon the man and Nixon the potential President?

It has told certainly decidedly reassuring things about Nixon, as all but the most passionate partisans would admit. For one thing, there is that aura of effectiveness which surrounds Nixon. Even the reporters who most disliked his campaign methods recognized it. "If this guy is elected," one of them said, "we may go to hell in a hack, but it will be a well-run hack." Nixon is a bit like the sort of college boy who ends up running almost everything, not because he is personally very popular, but because everybody knows he will do the job and do it well (and Nixon was, in fact, precisely that sort of boy). A government headed by Nixon will be an efficient government, an effective government; and this is certainly reassuring.

Second, when Nixon talked seriously about domestic issues, he quite often gave thoughtful and forceful expression to what passes these days for middle-of-the-road conservative views. Only a few years ago Nixon's stand on such issues as farm policy, medical aid to the aged and Federal aid to education would have placed him in the left wing of the New Deal. This leftward drift was also in part a reflection of the Nixon strategy, its purpose being to force Kennedy over onto the left shoulder of the road. As a result, one suspects, both candidates have talked to the left of themselves. But there are quite genuine differences between Nixon and Kennedy on such matters as taxation and the nature of the Federal responsibility, and Nixon has given articulate expression to these differences.

Third, there are the people around Nixon, the aides who accompanied him on his campaign travels—people like campaign director Robert Finch, press secretary Herbert Klein, adviser Charles McWhorter, Jack Drown, probably Nixon's closest personal friend (who will replace the perennial George Allen as Presidential relaxer-in-chief if Nixon is elected) and able, thirty-two-year-old Robert Haldeman, captain of the eighteen efficient advance men. These people have certain qualities in common. They tend to mouse-colored hair—in contrast to their black-a-vised chief—and a certain blandness of manner. They are all able people, people who get things done. They are also, as the most virulent anti-Nixonites on the campaign trail agreed, nice men and goodhearted men. The slick, conscienceless, ruthless, empty man the passionate anti-Nixonites like to portray would not have such men as friends.

Before going on to consider what seem to this reporter the minuses of the Nixon campaign, let us have a look at this horrid creature of the anti-Nixonite imagination. The horrid creature's most complete expression is to be found in *Kennedy or Nixon?*, a campaign tract by the historian, Arthur Schlesinger Jr. As one example of the total irrationality Nixon-hating produces among otherwise respected intellectuals, consider the use Schlesinger makes of a single phrase in a rather routine newspaper feature. Early in the campaign Warren Rogers Jr. of the New York *Herald Tribune* wrote a feature—known in the trade as a "thumb-sucker"—speculating that Nixon "would like [his manner] to be described as Lincolnesque" (as what Republican politician wouldn't?).

Nixon, of course, did not ask Rogers or anyone else to describe his manner

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as "Lincolnesque"—whatever else Nixon is, he is not fatuous. But consider the conclusions which Schlesinger draws from the phrase. "Can one think of any President," he asks rhetorically, "who began his campaign . . . by entreating that his personality be described as Lincolnesque?" (Well, no, one can't; but, of course, Nixon didn't either.) "This is surely the act of a man," Schlesinger continues, "in desperate quest of identity—a quest so desperate that it shoulders aside all public issues." (The fact that the "man" did not in fact commit the "act" is blithely disregarded.) "Nothing else seems much to preoccupy him, neither America's decline in the world, nor the problems generated by our population boom at home, nor the plight of the Negroes or of the farmers; only Pat-and-I . . . and how the Nixon image compares with the Kennedy image."

Thus a demonstrably false interpretation of one phrase in a newspaper feature is used by a deservedly admired historian to justify the conclusion that this man who may be our next President is a sort of bloodless and narcissistic monster, indifferent to all the great issues of our time. The monster is, of course, a creature of the heated campaign-time imagination. The fact is that Nixon is a man of flesh and blood, even as you and I. Moreover, he is a man of great ability and, as he demonstrated on the television debates, he has a more detailed mastery of the great domestic and international issues of our time than any but a handful of his political contemporaries.

And it is precisely this which suggests why, to this reporter at least, Nixon's campaign up to the moment of writing has been deeply disappointing. For Nixon has been, in a sense, a prisoner of his own shrewd analysis of his own political situation.

The logic of that analysis was that, in order to "communicate" with the politically unsophisticated, Nixon must oversimplify the issues, even the great and complex issues on which hang the fate of the world. One example of oversimplification was Nixon's stand on the issue of the Chinese offshore islands. Nixon portrayed the issue in black-and-white terms, suggesting that any attempt to persuade Chiang Kai-shek to withdraw from the islands would be wooly-headed appeasement. In fact, as first reported in this magazine (THE STORY BEHIND QUEMOY, by this writer, December 13, 1958), President Eisenhower himself in 1955 made an all-out attempt to pressure Chiang into withdrawing his troops from Quemoy and Matsu. For that purpose, the President sent Admiral Arthur Radford and Assistant Secretary of State Walter Robertson to Formosa with a personal letter to Chiang urging a troop withdrawal from the offshore islands.

Another example of oversimplification was what became known among the reporters as the "football turn." Nixon introduced the football turn shortly after a U.N. vote on the Congo, from which the Communists abstained. In an enthusiastic football town—Kansas City, Kansas, say, or Jackson, Mississippi—he would refer to some local gridiron triumph in the following terms.

"Folks, I hear that (local college) beat (another college) a few days ago by (score). Now, folks, you know it's the score that counts. A few days ago, there was a vote in the United Nations, and the Communists were on one side, and the United States was on the other side. And you know what the score was? It was seventy to nothing. That is my answer to those who sell America short, who say that America's prestige is slipping."

The football turn always drew loud applause. But is this sort of thing a sufficiently serious comment on a most serious subject in very serious times, by a man who would be President? All politicians oversimplify or use simple analogies to drive home their points. But Nixon, in his desire to "communicate" with those crucial 20,000,000, too often oversimplified to a degree which, if he is to be President, could make a terribly difficult task even more difficult. For a

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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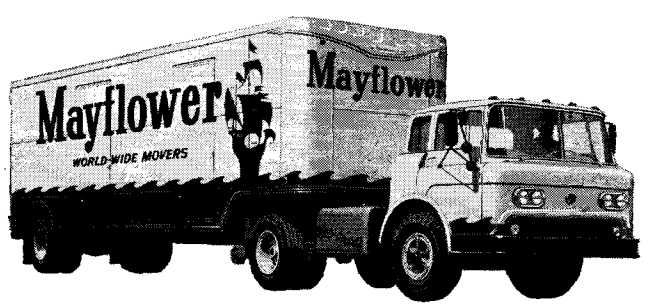

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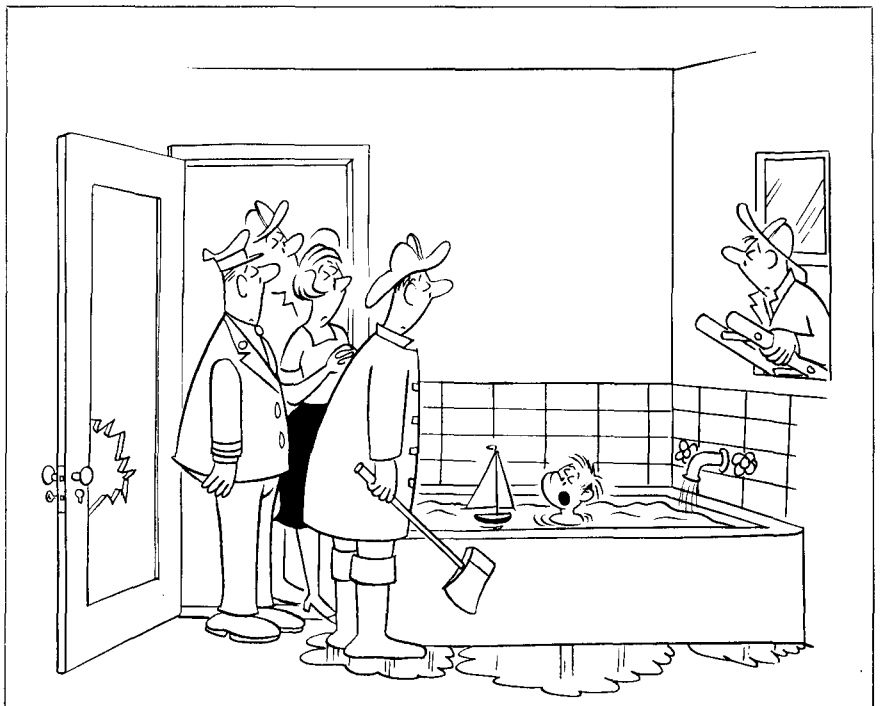
man who aspires to the Presidency, Nixon fed the voters too thin an intellectual diet, at least in the first two thirds of his campaign.

It was also too sweet a diet. Nixon is in some ways a rather conventional politician. Like the late Senator Taft, he considers it the function of the politician out of power to attack, of the politician in power to defend. Thus, whereas in the Truman days he was the young, aggressive district attorney, viewing with alarm, in this campaign he has been the attorney for the defense of the Eisenhower Administration, pointing with pride.

Pointing with pride is, again, a reflection of the basic Nixon strategy. President Eisenhower, as he proved twice at the polls, is enormously popular with those 20,000,000 Presidential-year voters who are Nixon's central target. The President is therefore a great asset to candidate Nixon, perhaps his greatest asset.

After the famous Fifth Avenue compact with Nelson Rockefeller, there were those who expected Nixon to adopt the Rockefeller line, in effect repudiating large chunks of the Eisenhower defense and foreign-policy record. Instead, Nixon enfolded the President in a passionate political embrace. The record of the Eisenhower Administration was "magnificent," he said, and he more than once suggested that those who criticized it were "selling America short," or were "merchants of gloom and doom." "America," he told his audiences every time, "is the strongest nation in the world—militarily, economically and spiritually."

It would be silly to expect Nixon to criticize the President or his record. But too often, in his anxiety to identify himself with Eisenhower, Nixon seemed to feed complacency, to tell people what they wanted to hear. "'Buck up, old cheese,' he tells you, 'everything's approximately wonderful,'" James Reston wrote early in the campaign. "The only trouble is that his basic theme adds up to a picture of the world that no well-informed man would consider seriously for a moment."



"Where's all the excitement?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You've got to be a politician before you can be a statesman," Nixon once remarked to me in an interview for *The Saturday Evening Post* [NIXON ON NIXON, July 12, 1958]. True enough. But in a campaign for the Presidency it is more foresighted, and can even be better politics, to sound more like a statesman, even at the price of talking above the heads of some of your audience. Nixon could have pointed with pride to the real accomplishments of the Eisenhower Administration while at the same time warning the voters in convincing terms that everything is very far from "approximately wonderful." If he is elected, the day may come soon when he will wish that he had done so. And, incidentally, to have done so would have cut the ground right out from under Kennedy's main campaign theme.

Despite these strictures, the Nixon campaign has been an immensely effective and impressive political operation. It may well be that the citizens of our "affluent society"—to borrow a phrase from another Nixon enemy, John Kenneth Galbraith—are not eager for change, or not, at least, for the sort of deep-cutting change for which Senator Kennedy seems to stand. Most people doubtless prefer to be pointed at with pride rather than viewed with alarm, which is why an incumbent administration is so hard to beat. It may very well be, in short, that our next President will be Richard M. Nixon.

In that case, our next President will be a tough-minded man of tireless energy, with great if not strikingly original intelligence, a remarkable capacity for organization, and—perhaps most important—an ability to remain cool under stress. This much the campaign, plus Nixon's whole career, has certainly proved.

One question will then remain to be answered. Is Nixon, as his more moderate critics insist, an able and even brilliant man in his way, but a man incapable of profound conviction and deep emotion—in a word, a man without heart? Or is he like the Tin Woodsman in *The Wizard of Oz*, who at last found that he had a heart, and a big one? If Nixon wins, the answer will rather soon be clear, for there is no test of a man's inner nature and true quality like the Presidency—not even a long, tough, close Presidential campaign.

Let's Stop Being So Practical (Continued from Page 31)

his eyes to stinking slums, scrofulous hobos, homosexuality and tomcat mating habits. He does feel that there just possibly may be something more to life, something else worth thinking or writing about. He clings stubbornly to the old-fashioned notion that painters should paint pictures you want to live with, that composers should produce music rather than mathematical experiments, that writers should write because they have something of value to impart to their fellow humans. If dreariness, misery and defeatism are writers' only stock in trade, we can only say God help them and turn to something else.

But to get back to the word "sentiment." Eating, sleeping, drinking and the other physical activities are functions necessary to survival, procreation and sensual satisfaction. The cow in the pasture or the pig in the sty is as adept at these arts as we are, if not more so. It is when someone like Tennyson plucks a flower from a stone wall and writes a poem about it that we have sentiment. Let's just take a look at that poem, reading it slowly, as some actor on the radio might do it, with soft organ music in the background.

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

The materialist says, "So what does that stuff get you?" This is a loaded question. On the answer to it hinges, perhaps, the future of our whole culture, if not our survival. What does it get you, indeed? Certainly nothing as tangible as medium-rare steaks, dry Martinis or split-level houses. On the other hand—well, let's look at another example.

We'll take one more painting—a Renaissance Madonna and Child. Since it doesn't show anyone standing up in a boat, it can't be classified as stupid per se. But the materialist can still stare at it coldly and evaluate it from his dreary viewpoint. He sees it as nothing more than a sheet of canvas smeared with various pigments—all worth approximately two dollars. It is known further that the man who applied the paint didn't bathe and loved greasy sausages.

Or we might consider a piece of music—the prelude to *Tristan und Isolde*, for example. The materialist, hearing those soaring strings, reminds himself that violin music is produced by scraping resined horsehair across a string of sheep intestine. This much is beyond contradiction. As for the man who composed the music, I'm afraid Richard Wagner was at least as reprehensible as the guy who painted the Madonna and Child.

Of course, all these art forms are admittedly outmoded. The true measure of our culture might better be gained from a look at our current art form, television, and its mainstay, the Western. As a little boy, every Saturday afternoon I used to attend the local movies (the Orpheum—admission fifteen cents), where the *pièce de résistance* was the Western serial (known to us then as the "chapter"), featuring Tom Mix, Hoot Gibson or Jack Hoxie. In that primitive stage of the art, Westerns were as formalized as the Japanese theater and governed by strict ground rules. For instance, all Mexicans without exception were evil, Indians were either very bad or very noble (invariably winding up dead in either case), and the good guys could easily be identified by their white sombreros and unbeatable speed on the draw. Little did we dream what nuances, what refinements, would one day transfigure this crude medium. Where our heroes were armed exclusively with six-shooters, the modern TV good guys use rifles, shotguns, bowie knives and walking sticks and even go unarmed altogether—an unthinkable situation in the early classics. I have it on good authority that there is even in the works a series to be called *Plumber of Pecos*, in which the hero has the fastest Stillson wrench in the West. In some of our latest works, indeed, instead of a gun duel we have a climax involving sibling rivalry or the Oedipus complex.

There is, of course, a ready answer to this. The Western, we are told, is itself pure romance, in that it ignores reality and deals with the fantasy of a West that never was. But this is the fatal error of the materialist—to label as romantic everything unrealistic. To return to our original definition: Romanticism consists of sentiment, imagination and idealism. Whereas Westerns, like the "funnies," are simply nonsense, pandering to the infantile taste for violence and contrived suspense.

But again we belabor the obvious. By this time everybody must know that television programing is simply the end product—materialism carried to its ultimate insanity. They want Westerns? By gosh, we'll give them Westerns till hell won't have it! And it has not so far occurred to anyone in the trade—or at least they haven't admitted it—that the same philosophy might justify the wholesale distribution of heroin or prostitutes.

Romanticism, to return to the tiresome word, in its broadest sense is not easy to define. It is not optimism, although it may be generally optimistic. Neither is it necessarily impractical. And while it may be related to intelligence, it doesn't have a monopoly on that maligned commodity; some of the scurviest rogues in our society are intelligent. The essence of romanticism lies rather in the placing of emphasis. The romantic is well aware that Washington didn't stand up in the boat—he knows it simply makes for better composition and is, therefore, artistically justified. He is also aware that even Lincoln had his shortcomings, that Tennyson's flower in the cranny was a common wallflower (*Cheiranthus cheiri*), that the Renaissance painter was something of a bum and that Richard Wagner was utterly selfish and obnoxious. He is aware, but he doesn't give a damn, because these facts are altogether irrelevant.

He knows that the painter's greatness springs only from his paintings, Wagner's only from his music. He knows that Washington was a great man, false teeth and all, because of what he represents. He sees Lincoln in the frame of a heroic and heartbreaking period in our history. Without the agony of the Civil War, Lincoln might have been as boring and inept as some of our later Presidents. But the challenge was there, the flint of the Civil War to strike immortal sparks from his steel. His name conjures up the whole picture—the Old South, the Victorian quaintness juxtaposed with the fantastic carnage of Shiloh and Cold Harbor, a dark pantheon of half-legendary figures and irreconcilable ideas. Even our bloody twentieth century is gruesomely fascinated by (*Continued on Page 66*)

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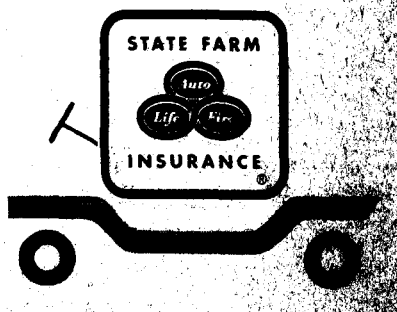

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(*Continued from Page 64*) the picture of stuffy, mutton-chopped generals ordering an attack with muzzle-loaders at point-blank range, the close-order marching into murderous fire. Even after experiencing the Battle of the Bulge, we are appalled today to discover Grant coolly figuring to himself: *We lost twenty thousand men apiece; that's forty per cent of their strength and only twenty-five per cent of ours, so we wind up ahead of the game. Attack!*

Is it really so preposterous to feel the immediacy of the flower in the cranny? Can't we admit the bare possibility that, as Tennyson said, if we could understand, we really would know what God and man is? In the Madonna and Child the romantic finds a tangible link with all the tumultuous awakening and peculiar sweetness of the fifteenth century. And when he listens to the violin—incredible as it may seem to the materialistic—the scraping of horsehair on sheep intestine can produce enchantment; it may bring to mind one golden morning when he watched the treetops moving against the sky, or the ineffable sadness of parting from an old love. In Westminster Abbey, coming across a simple inscription in the stone, O RARE BEN JOHNSON, you may pause a moment and, with the inner ear of imagination, hear a single violin play *Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes*—if you are a romantic, that is.

Hold on a minute, I hear the practical voices cry—what you're talking about is escapism. We got over that years ago. That stuff doesn't put a buck in your pocket or a steak on the table.

Granted. The romantic does not suggest that we stop eating. Obviously the senses are a prerequisite to the enjoyment of beauty, and the senses are a function of being alive, which in turn depends upon eating. The romantic has no monkish abhorrence of the physical satisfactions. On the contrary, he enjoys them all the more because his imagination gives them a spiritual depth beyond the mere titillation of nerves and the sating of appetite. He will go even further and agree with whoever it was who said that the greatest symphony ever composed can't compete with the dinner bell.

But having eaten his dinner, the human being can turn to these other things. And the other things are precisely the things that distinguish man from the brute animals. Unlike the animals, he is capable of feeling an emotional response to the sight of mountains with the sun rising behind them. In such a moment he might recall the 121st Psalm: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills," thereby giving both the scene and the psalm more vivid meaning. The romantic submits that it is better to lift up our eyes unto the hills than to scrabble in the contents of the garbage can at our feet. Although the miracles born of man's genius have been transformed with nightmare perversity into H-bombs and fighter planes and pudgy commercialism, the eternal verities remain. As some lesser poet said, speaking through the mouth of a Notre Dame Cathedral gargoyle: "Six hundred weary years I've watched . . . and I've seen no new ways to sin, no new ways to repent."

The romantic believes in heroes—Washington and Lincoln, and the more remote ones like Achilles and King Leonidas of Sparta, and Ulysses and Sir Lancelot. Without heroes there can be no tragedy and no drama, because drama and indeed all art, comes from contrast—loudness and softness, joy and sorrow, pride and humility. The death of a cow is not a tragedy. It is only an incident, probably even to the cow involved. It would be most difficult to conceive of an *Iliad* or a *King Lear* based on a second vice president's demotion to third vice president. We must start with a hero if we are to be moved by his downfall.

The materialist will call this viewpoint infantile. But who's calling whom infantile? Let us examine the obverse side of the coin—the hardheaded, sensible, down-to-earth side. Our materialist, not beguiled by all this spiritual nonsense—which obviously must include standards of conduct—happily grabs the payola, hires ghost writers to do his doctoral thesis, sells out the trust reposed in him by the electorate. An expert opportunist, he piously justifies his rascality by saying that it doesn't really hurt anyone and that if he didn't do it, someone else would. A cat, the greatest opportunist of all, will jump on the table to gnaw at the steak as soon as your back is turned. We romantics expect higher standards in people.

If the materialists were truly realistic, there might at least be some argument for their creed. But alas, materialism pushed to its logical conclusion is the most unreal thing imaginable, forever killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. From the beginning, science has been split into the two camps of pragmatism and pure research. The materialist always strove to develop the oxcart to its ultimate perfection, while the dreamer, the pure researcher, puttered with steam, electricity, nuclear fission and such other nonsense. By now it is too obvious for argument that pure research of no practical value whatever leads eventually to bigger and better things. It gave us the steam engine, electricity and radio—and in time it will take us to Mars. Pure research is essentially romantic, looking always toward breaking horizons rather than merely preserving our poor little *status quo*.

Romanticism in its deepest sense is the conviction that man is fundamentally higher than the other mammals because he has a soul—"Man does not live by bread alone." Christianity is not unique in this insistence on spiritual values; many religions identify man with God. It isn't even essential to put spirituality on a religious basis at all. Many an agnostic is spiritual; he may prefer the term "ethics"—but he's still expressing the human aspiration to be a cut above the cow in the field.

In our own times we have seen the ultimate expression of materialism—the corporate state. We have had an opportunity to study at firsthand the sinister coin of Communism and Fascism—two sides of the same cynical philosophy, reaching the same ends through their common reliance on materialism. We have seen Communism, the more orthodox faith of the two, emerge triumphant and threaten our very existence. Communism is not really new. It merely systematized and perfected the full-belly worship of our earliest ancestors. We shouldn't be surprised at its apparent success. As Nero tossed bread and circuses to the Roman rabble, Communism baits its traps with material blessings—food for empty bellies, pomp and pageantry for the defeated. Sternly practical, it also provides beatings for the dissenters, prison camps for the surplusage.

Democracy, on the other hand, is purely romantic. Trusting in the human spirit, it insists that every man has individual dignity and acts accordingly. We have come many a cropper from this philosophy and will come many another, but we will stick with it. The totalitarians lay out vast and detailed blueprints for world conquest, including the liquidation of unwanted populations and the transportation of whole races. We democracies, with all our shortcomings, muddle through somehow—and, incidentally, win all the wars too. There can be only one explanation for this triumph of sloppiness over efficiency—that the human spirit is, after all, stronger than any system that denies it.

But let us not forget that here is where our real strength lies—in the indestructible human spirit that rises above all the waves of totalitarianism's transitory triumphs. All great civilizations have been based on strength of spirit. When the spirit weakens, when corruption replaces ideals, the barbarians sweep down from the hills and take over. And every time we sink to expediency, every time we laugh over a crooked politico and forget it, every time we abandon an ideal, we chip another stone out of the citadel of our strength. The romantic doesn't wander around with a lily in his hand reciting poetry. He simply has faith in sentiment, imagination and idealism, all of which are anathema to the totalitarians. He's the stupid guy who volunteers, the guy who falls on the grenade to save his buddies, the guy who thinks there may be something more important than his own skin.

Mankind has spent millions of years climbing out of the primeval ooze where all that mattered was the satisfaction of appetite—in other words, materialism. For long centuries religion, philosophy and education have struggled with the job of making man realize his capabilities. It hasn't been an easy job, because we still have enough of the brute in us to yearn for the cud-chewing in the pasture, whether expressed in terms of unlimited fodder or loads of easy money. Our ancestor from the ooze would say that King Leonidas was stupid to die at Thermopylae when he could have escaped, that Schubert was stupid to starve to death when he could have made a good living instead of writing unsalable symphonies. But the romantic says that these individuals, these free souls, are the ones who made us proud to be human. Without such people, we human beings have no claim to fame. If we are dedicated only to materialism, we may as well let the Communists, those masters of the art, teach us how to do it right.

The romantic, convinced of the validity of the human spirit, believes a full belly is only the beginning and not the end. He therefore hates Communism, Fascism and every other system that denies the spirit and captures converts with the obvious messes of pottage.

In our own country he would find the payola boys, the thesis buyers and the amoral politicians merely pathetic, except that their grubby machinations tend to drag us all back to the caves, to cancel out all the centuries of striving toward godhead, to weaken our stand against Communism by undermining our only real strength. The ethical man sees this much; the romantic goes beyond ethics—romanticism is the icing on the cake of the human spirit. He feels that even living ethically and observing higher standards than the brutes is not enough. The complete human being must also savor the beauties of the world in terms of the spirit, consider the violet as well as the sirloin steak. Any dog can enjoy a steak. It is only man who can enjoy a violet.

Here we rest our case. THE END

"Well, they probably cooked it about the way you pronounced it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Botts at Sea (Continued from Page 35)

picking up and bringing along an obnoxious little man named Beasley who is the Behemoth salesman—and also an ardent fisherman.

The next I knew the three of us were in my Earthworm-powered boat and Mr. Montgomery was shouting orders as I steered down the bay and out into the Gulf of Mexico. An Earthworm boat steers easily, and for a while I got along fine. But before long a heavy wind came up. The boat began heaving and wallowing about, and I found myself so seasick I could no longer think clearly.

To make things worse, Mr. Montgomery kept using words like port, starboard, aft, and some that I don't even know how to spell, like "gunnel." Mr. Beasley seemed to understand all these terms, but I had to guess. Somewhere I had heard that port and starboard referred to the two sides of the boat, but I could not remember which was which. So, when Mr. Montgomery would yell something like "Hard to starboard!" I would turn in one direction, and if he quieted down I would know I had done it right. If he kept on yelling, I would turn in the other direction.

After a while Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Beasley each got out a heavy fish pole with a long string that went around a reel mounted on the handle. The other end of the string had a sort of a shoehorn and a fishhook on it. They sat down in a couple of swivel chairs on the back of the boat and let the hooks drag in the water.

From their conversation I gathered they were after something called kingfish. Pretty soon Mr. Montgomery got a bite and yelled at me something that sounded like "Throw the boy over the transom!"

I tried to be helpful. I yelled, "Aye, aye, sir." And I began throwing various objects here and there, hoping I would accidentally hit on the right thing. But Mr. Montgomery only yelled louder and louder. Finally he ordered me to come and hold his fish pole or rod or whatever he called it while he did whatever it was he wanted done. And this was where he made a mistake.

By the time I reached the swivel chair, the boat had got sort of sidewise in the waves. It was rolling hideously. I was slipping and sliding on the wet boards. And when I took hold of the big fish pole, it jumped right out of my hands and disappeared in the water.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I'm just too seasick to do anything."

Mr. Montgomery looked me over. "You go and lie down," he said. "I'll take the wheel and we'll get back to port."

When we reached dry land and I had somewhat recovered, that slimy toad, Mr. Beasley of the Behemoth Company, attempted some dirty work. Turning to Mr. Montgomery, he said, "I want to tell you again how impressed I was by a remark you made to me yesterday. You said that honesty and truthfulness are the most important qualities you look for in anyone with whom you are doing business."

"That's right," said Mr. Montgomery. "Any time I find out a man is a liar I am through with him forever."

"It is a splendid principle. And I could not help thinking about it this afternoon during our delightful fishing trip—delightful, that is, except for the unfortunate loss of your beautiful rod. As I remember it, Mr. Montgomery, you told me that you are an ardent fisherman. I told you that I am an ardent fisherman. And I think we have both proved our statements."

"We sure have."

"From the way you took hold of things, Mr. Montgomery, I could tell that you are a fisherman of great experience and great skill."

"And I could say the same of you, Mr. Beasley."

At this point I decided that Mr. Beasley's little game had gone far enough. "If you are insinuating that I was dishonest and untruthful when I said I was an ardent fisherman ——"

"Mr. Botts, you surprise me," said Mr. Beasley. "I never insinuated any such thing. I wasn't even thinking about you. Of course, now that you have brought the matter up, it is possible that Mr. Montgomery here may have acquired a slightly unfavorable opinion of you ——"

Mr. Montgomery spoke up, "As a matter of fact, I have been a little disappointed in you, Mr. Botts."

"I don't blame you," I said. "I'm sorry I lost that fish pole. If you'll tell me how much it cost, I'll be glad to pay for it."

"It was not a fish pole, Mr. Botts. It was a rod. And it cost about five hundred dollars. But that is not what is bothering me. When you told me you are an ardent fisherman, I had hoped you would be a kindred soul—like Mr. Beasley here. I had hoped you would show a little more familiarity—a little more skill ——"

"Mr. Montgomery," I said, "this is all a misunderstanding—a very natural one, but still a misunderstanding. When I said I was an ardent fisherman, I did not mean that I was experienced, or skillful, or that I knew anything about it."

"Then what did you mean?"

"I was using the word ardent in its more basic sense—burning with zeal, glowing with enthusiasm."

Mr. Beasley interrupted, "If you're so glowing with enthusiasm for fishing, Mr. Botts, how come you never learned anything about it?"

"That," I said, "is one of the tragedies of my life. I was born and raised in abject poverty in a small town in Iowa. We were far from the sea. There were no lakes nearby."

"No fishing at all?" asked Mr. Montgomery.

"There were a few pitifully small streams. But my parents were too poor to buy me any real fishing tackle. I had to be content with a willow pole, a length of cheap string, a bent pin and a worm."

"And I suppose," said Mr. Beasley sarcastically, "that you caught a lot of fish?"

"No. In practice I was a miserable failure. But I could always daydream. And in my dreams I pictured myself as the world's greatest fisherman—extending my activities from mountain streams and crystal lakes to the farthest reaches of the seven seas ——"

"But after you grew up," Mr. Beasley said, "you never did anything about it?"

"I have always been too busy selling tractors. But I never forgot my boyish ambitions. And when Mr. Montgomery here suggested a fishing trip, it seemed to me that at last my great opportunity had come. I could learn the art of fishing from a past master. At once I found myself burning with zeal, glowing with enthusiasm—in other words, ardent."

Mr. Montgomery looked me over doubtfully, and then came to a decision. "Mr. Botts," he said, "perhaps I have been doing you an injustice. If you really want to learn some of the fine points of fishing, I would not want to deny you the privilege."

"That is very kind of you," I said.

"It's too late to do anything more this afternoon. But in the morning we'll all go to the outer beach on the far side of this island where we can do some fly casting with our feet on good old terra firma—thus avoiding all chances of seasickness."

"Splendid," I said. "And now, while we still have a little daylight left, I would

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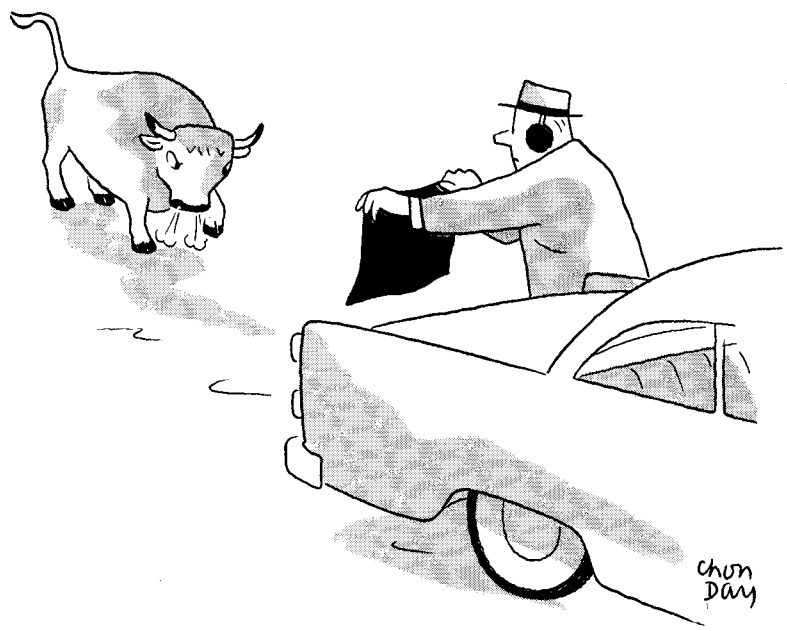

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like to put on a demonstration to show you how the Earthworm is far superior to all its competitors."

"I'm too busy right now," said Mr. Montgomery. "But I will be happy to watch a demonstration tomorrow afternoon after we get back from our fishing trip."

Mr. Beasley spoke to Mr. Montgomery, "I don't see why you want to see an Earthworm demonstration. You have already signed an order for twelve Behemoths, haven't you?"

"Yes. But I've told my secretary to hold it until five o'clock tomorrow afternoon. I want to see how an Earthworm performs."

"I would advise against any delay," said Beasley. "The Behemoth Company, because of the steel strike, has been forced to curtail production. We are running short of tractors. Unless you send in your order at once, you may have to wait a long time for delivery."

"I'll take a chance," said Mr. Montgomery. "Mr. Botts, you have until five o'clock tomorrow afternoon to prove your claims. Otherwise, the Behemoth order goes in."

That seemed to end the conversation. So I came over here to the hotel where I have been writing this report. It is unfortunate that I followed your advice, Henderson, and pretended I am a fisherman. But you will have to admit that through my mastery of the English language and my knowledge of the precise meaning of the word ardent, I was able to talk my way out of an embarrassing situation. Tomorrow I will follow my own advice, and I trust the results may be much better.

Most sincerely,
ALEXANDER BOTTS

EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
NOVEMBER 20, 1959

ALEXANDER BOTTS
MOTT'S LANDING, FLORIDA

REGARDLESS OF YOUR HAIR-SPLITTING DEFINITION, THE WORD ARDENT IS TAKEN BY MOST PEOPLE TO MEAN ONE WHO IS EXPERIENCED AND SKILLFUL. SO DON'T BLAME ME IF YOU GOT INTO TROUBLE. I MERELY SUGGESTED THAT YOU TAKE MR. MONTGOMERY ON A FISHING TRIP. I NEVER TOLD YOU TO SAY YOU ARE AN ARDENT FISHERMAN. FURTHERMORE, I DO NOT APPROVE OF YOUR TALKING YOURSELF OUT OF YOUR DIFFICULTIES BY CLAIMING YOU WERE RAISED IN ABJECT POVERTY IN IOWA. EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT IOWA IS A PROSPEROUS STATE WHERE ABJECT POVERTY IS PRACTICALLY UNKNOWN. BESIDES, I HAVE HEARD YOU BOAST THAT YOUR FATHER WAS ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL FARMERS IN THE REGION. FROM NOW ON YOU WILL CONDUCT THE BUSINESS OF THE EARTHWORM COMPANY WITH COMPLETE HONESTY AND WITH DIGNITY.

GILBERT HENDERSON, PRESIDENT
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY

Mott's Landing, Florida
Friday, November 20, 1959

Dear Henderson: Your telegram is here. Your criticism is justified. I am ready to admit that even though I have not been guilty of flagrant dishonesty, I have at times been a little careless in my statements. But I have learned my lesson. And you will be glad to know that for the last three days I have followed your recommendation that I conduct the business of the Earthworm Company with complete honesty. Unfortunately, it has not been possible for me to proceed with dignity.

On Wednesday morning—the day after my previous letter to you—I took Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Beasley in my boat to the outer beach for the promised fishing lesson. This time the gulf was calm. I did not get seasick. Following Mr. Montgomery's orders, I anchored the boat about fifty yards out on what I think he called the breaker bar. He issued us boots and fishing tackle, and we waded across the swash channel—if that's what you call it—to a narrow beach between the gulf and a dense mangrove swamp. Here he explained that he would show me how to fish for snook with something that I think he called a small drone spoon on a spinning rod using a four-pound-test monofilament line. But I will not go into that any further, because I never did understand what he was talking about, and I never did learn to handle all this complicated gear.

We all three did a lot of walking up and down the beach following the silly fish. At times we got completely separated—which gave me several chances to sit down and rest myself without giving Mr. Montgomery the idea that I was bored with all this foolishness. On one of these occasions, when Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Beasley were out of sight, I waded out to the boat to sample one of the ham sandwiches we had brought along. As I climbed aboard my eye chanced to rest on the fuel gauge. It stood at zero. I took the cap off the fuel tank and measured with a stick. The tank was empty.

Before I had recovered from the shock of this discovery, I noticed the repulsive Mr. Beasley approaching along the beach.

... ...

Delaying Action

By May Richstone

The list that really
Makes me pensive
Isn't of tasks
Which are extensive;
It's the list of things
I find to do
Before I start
What I'm scheduled to!

... ...

I waded ashore. "Mr. Beasley," I said, "we are in deep trouble."

"How so?"

"We have run out of fuel for the boat. I thought I had checked the tank before we left, but I must have been in a hurry or something."

"Don't you carry a reserve supply?"

"No. So we are stuck. We are marooned. We've got to figure some way to get back to town."

"What do you mean, *we?* You got us into this, Mr. Botts. It's up to you to get us out."

"I know," I said. "But maybe you could help. You know the country around here. You can tell me how far we are from the town of Mott's Landing."

"It's on this same island, and it's about half a mile away—straight back through this mangrove swamp."

"Is there any way I can walk back to town?"

"I doubt it. That swamp is very soft and very sticky. You'd probably sink right out of sight."

"Listen," I said, "I've got to get Mr. Montgomery back to town for a tractor demonstration."

"And you expect me to help you?"

"Why not?"

Mr. Beasley laughed in my face—as insulting and disgusting a laugh as I have ever heard. "Mr. Botts," he said, "you have got yourself into a real hole. By your own incredible stupidity in neglecting to check the fuel in your boat, you have made it impossible to put on your demonstration this afternoon. When five o'clock arrives and nothing has happened, Mr. Montgomery's secretary will mail in the order for twelve Behemoth tractors. The deal will be closed. And you will be out in the cold."

"I won't stand for this," I said. "That swamp may be too soft to walk through, but I don't think it's too soft for an Earthworm tractor. I'm going to have my operator drive his machine right over here through the swamp and take us back to town. Incidentally, that ought to be a good enough demonstration for anybody—especially when you know very well you would not dare take your clumsy Behemoth into all that mud."

"My Behemoth can go anywhere an Earthworm can go," he said. "I would be glad to tell my operator to accompany your Earthworm with my Behemoth. But your whole proposition is nonsense."

"What do you mean?"

"You can't get word to your man. I can't get word to my man. So all your boasting is pure hogwash." Once more this repulsive creature gave way to a burst of insulting laughter. "I think I will go and find Mr. Montgomery," he said. "When I tell him how you have been making a fool of yourself, I am sure he will get as good a laugh out of it as I do."

"There must be something I can do."

"Certainly," said Mr. Beasley. "You can go sit on a tack." He turned and walked up the beach.

I must admit I was frustrated. But not for long. I have the type of mind which works most effectively in times of adversity. On this occasion my mental processes began following a procedure known to students of psychology as the association of ideas.

At first these associations seemed almost aimless. As I meditated on Mr. Beasley's childish insult, "Go sit on a tack," I was reminded of my own childhood in Iowa. And I reflected that you, Henderson, would be totally unable to understand my somewhat erudite use of the word abject—which is taken from the Latin *abjectus*, meaning thrown away. Thus abject poverty means poverty which has been got rid of and has been replaced by prosperity.

Still dwelling on my childhood, I next remembered that sometimes instead of saying, "Go sit on a tack," we had used the expression, "Go fly a kite." This in turn reminded me of the great John Roebling who flew a kite over the Niagara River to carry a string that took over the cable for his great suspension bridge. At once I jumped in the air and gave three cheers. This was the eureka moment. The wretched Mr. Beasley had unsuspectingly suggested the answer to all my difficulties.

I got to work at once. I checked the wind; it was blowing from the gulf toward the land. I looked about for materials. There was nothing on the beach that I could use. I waded out to the boat. And here I found everything I needed.

I wrote a letter addressed to my operator over at Mott's Landing. Above the address I wrote a promise of a reward of ten dollars to anyone who would deliver the letter. I told my operator to tell the Behemoth operator that Mr. Beasley had agreed to a competitive demonstration—provided I could get word to my operator this afternoon. I explained that both tractors were to drive across the mangrove swamp to the outer beach. They were to start right away.

Next I scouted around the cabin, and found some extra fishing tackle which Mr. Montgomery had brought along. There were two fish poles—each in a metal container. They looked rather light and cheap, and I decided they were exactly what I needed.

I took them on deck and chopped a piece off each pole with a hatchet. I tied the two pieces together to make a framework in the form of a cross. And I covered this with pieces of very light plastic material which I cut from several raincoats. There was plenty of the kind of string or line which Mr. Montgomery referred to as monofilament, so I was able to tie and sew everything together very securely. I attached a tail, to which I fastened the letter.

Then I took the kite ashore, along with several reels of this monofilament stuff. The kite flew very well. After all, in my childhood in Iowa I was not only an ardent builder and flyer of kites; I was also skillful and experienced. By attaching and paying out one reel of line after another I was finally able to get the kite just about over a wisp of smoke which I decided must be coming from a chimney in the town of Mott's Landing. I then cut the line and watched the kite descend.

I sat down and waited. Hours went by. Nothing happened. Five o'clock arrived. I began to despair. Finally Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Beasley came walking along the beach. Mr. Montgomery greeted me. I apologized for being so stupid as to run out of fuel for the boat.

"Never mind about that," he said. "Several of my friends in town know that we planned to come to this beach. If we don't get back by suppertime, they will send out a rescue expedition. And in the meantime we can get in some unusually fine fishing. So far we have been using rather crude equipment. But out in the boat I have a couple of rods which are real collector's items. I think it is about time we used them."

He waded out to the boat. Mr. Beasley and I followed. As we climbed aboard I was getting more and more apprehensive.

"Mr. Montgomery," I said, "did I understand you to say that the rods you left here on the boat are collector's items?"

"Absolutely. They were made especially to my order in Italy by a master craftsman who has since died. This means that they are irreplaceable. There is nothing like them in the entire world, and there never will be any more. They have an indescribable feel to them—a flexibility, a perfect balance."

He opened the two containers. They were empty. He registered astonishment, disbelief and finally anger. "Somebody has stolen my two precious rods," he said. "And I know who it was."

"Just a minute," I said.

"Keep quiet," he said. "I am not talking to you, Mr. Botts. You are so ignorant you could not even have guessed at the value of this imported tackle. You would have no motive for stealing it. But Mr. Beasley here ——"

"I didn't do it," said Beasley.

"It is useless for you to protest," said Mr. Montgomery. "You are a connoisseur, Mr. Beasley. You must have recognized the delicate workmanship and the beautiful construction of these two rods. You must have experienced an almost irresistible urge to own them. You were tempted. You fell. You stole the rods and you have undoubtedly hidden them someplace along the beach where you can come back later and pick them up. I will not be hard on you, Mr. Beasley. All you have to do is bring them back, and I will take no action against you."

There was a brief silence, during which I had an opportunity to make an agonizing reappraisal of the situation. I was naturally pleased that Mr. Montgomery was accusing Mr. Beasley instead of me. On the other hand, I did not know how long this happy state of affairs would last. By this time it was probably known all over Mott's Landing that a kite, constructed partly of fishing tackle and bearing a letter from me, had descended on the town. Mr. Montgomery would hear about it. And, if I kept quiet in the meantime, I would be worse off than ever. I

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decided therefore that, in this case, honesty would be the best policy.

"Mr. Montgomery," I said, "when I found we were marooned over here, I decided it was imperative to get a message to my operator in Mott's Landing. I decided to make a kite, fasten a letter to it and fly it over to the town."

"Very interesting," he said.

"Unfortunately, as you have just said, I know nothing about fishing tackle. I did not realize the value of your two imported rods, so I chopped them up and used them in building my kite."

Mr. Montgomery became almost speechless with rage. "What!" he gasped. "You chopped up my irreplaceable rods to make a kite?"

Once more my mind reverted to my childhood. Almost automatically I repeated some words from a story in one of my school readers. "I cannot tell a lie," I said. "I did it with my little hatchet."

At this Mr. Montgomery became completely speechless, and for the first time I took note of a deep, roaring noise which had been gradually increasing. I glanced over toward the beach. An Earthworm tractor had burst through the growth of mangrove. It was towing a very muddy Behemoth tractor.

I leaped off the boat. I splashed ashore. My operator reported that he had received my letter. He and the Behemoth man had both started across the swamp. The Behemoth had become hopelessly stuck in the mud, and he had pulled it out. By this time Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Beasley had joined me, and I began to hope that Mr. Montgomery would be deeply impressed by this demonstration of the superiority of the Earthworm over the Behemoth in going through a swamp.

Unfortunately Mr. Montgomery was not impressed at all. "I do not intend to use my tractors in swamps," he said. "So this swamp demonstration means nothing to me. What does concern me, when I buy machinery, is the caliber of the men behind it. And I must say that you two men have put on a very interesting demonstration. As I told you yesterday, honesty and truthfulness are the most important qualities I look for in anyone with whom I do business."

"Which means," said Beasley, "that you refuse to do business with a man like Mr. Botts who steals fishing tackle?"

"There were several other points," said Mr. Montgomery. "I was a bit doubtful of Mr. Botts yesterday when he said he was an ardent fisherman. But he more-or-less cleared that up when he explained that a man could be ardent without being skillful or experienced. Then I was a bit doubtful about you, Mr. Beasley, when you tried to hurry up your order by claiming the Behemoth Company was short of steel."

"What was the matter with that?"

"I had just read an item in the *Wall Street Journal* that said the Behemoth Company has plenty of steel."

"The *Wall Street Journal* could be wrong," said Beasley in a whining tone.

"Maybe so. But I have a lot more to go on. Today, when you thought I was out of sight up the beach, I was actually hidden among the mangrove trees—surreptitiously watching everything you people did. I saw you, Mr. Beasley, when you took a rubber tube and siphoned all the fuel into the water, where it floated away with the current. I suppose you did that to delay us until five o'clock. Apparently you thought that was the time my secretary would send off those Behemoth orders."

"You told me she was going to mail them at five, didn't you?"

"Sure. But I just said that to see if it would tempt you to pull off some dirty work. Actually, I told her to hold them indefinitely. I got a kick out of the way you rose to the bait, Mr. Beasley. I also got a kick out of watching Mr. Botts chopping up that cheap fishing tackle."

"Cheap?" I said. "I thought you told me they were collectors' items?"

"I just said that to see if I could tempt you to lie out of it. And I am pleased with the results. Although you, Mr. Botts, sometimes skirt the edge of deception, I feel you are basically an honest man. And although you, Mr. Beasley, sometimes tell the truth, I feel you are basically a liar. So I am going to do business with Mr. Botts. Now let's get out of here."

We refueled the boat from the Earthworm tractor and sailed back to Mott's Landing. The Earthworm tractor towed the Behemoth tractor through the swamp back to town. Mr. Montgomery has signed up for no less than twenty-four Earthworm tractors and one boat. For the past two days I have been sitting around in the sun and resting myself after my somewhat arduous labors. This morning I asked Mr. Montgomery what I thought was a good question, and I received a good reply.

"Mr. Montgomery," I said, "considering your claim that truth and honesty are such important factors in business, how come you have practiced all these deceptions—such as telling me that your fishing tackle was so valuable?"

"That's easy," he said. "I don't mind telling lies myself. I just don't like other people to lie to me."

And with that interesting thought I will now sign off.

Yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS

THE END

Florida West Coast... one of Florida's nine vacation regions

Michelangelo's "David" graces a Florida garden

One of Florida's imposing attractions; the Ringling group at Sarasota consists of the Museum of Art, the 18th Century Asolo Theatre and residence, and Museum of the Circus.

Take time on your visit to see the unusual interests of West Coast resorts

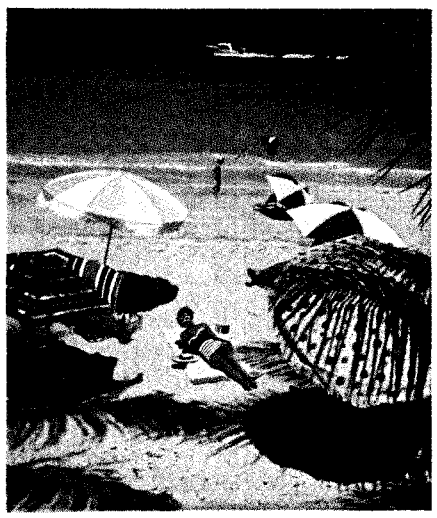
Followers of the arts see some of the world's great treasures in the Ringling Museum at Sarasota.

A magnificent bronze *David* by Michelangelo graces its formal gardens. A famed Peter Paul Rubens collection and important work of many masters are exhibited in this elaborate museum.

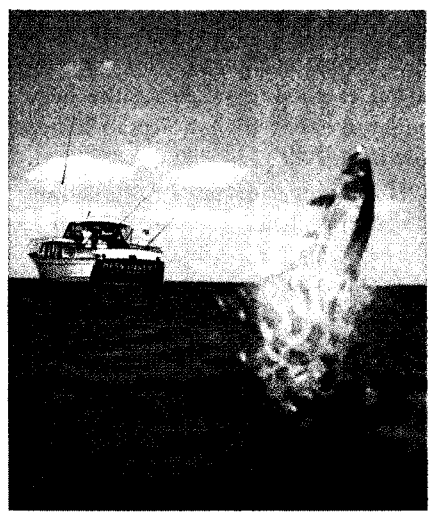
Florida West Coast resorts have always appealed to people with a penchant for unusual interests. The sponge fleet at Tarpon Springs delights camera fans. Shell hunters on Sanibel Island find collector's specimens in fantastic array. Tampa's Gasparilla Pirate Festival rings with jolly buccaneer lore.

The splendid Gulf of Mexico beaches are celebrated. But less known are the haunts of naturalists in the Glades east of Fort Myers and Naples.

Many unique attractions add to West Coast vacation pleasures. Plan to take them all in while tanning a bronze far more golden than *David's*. The *Guide to Florida Vacations* tells all about them. Send for your free copy today.



St. Petersburg's Holiday Isles are typical of West Coast beaches. Their soft, white sands and clear, gentle surf are irresistible.



Gulf of Mexico waters are the home of the silver tarpon. Their frenzied acrobatics make for one of fishing's greatest thrills.

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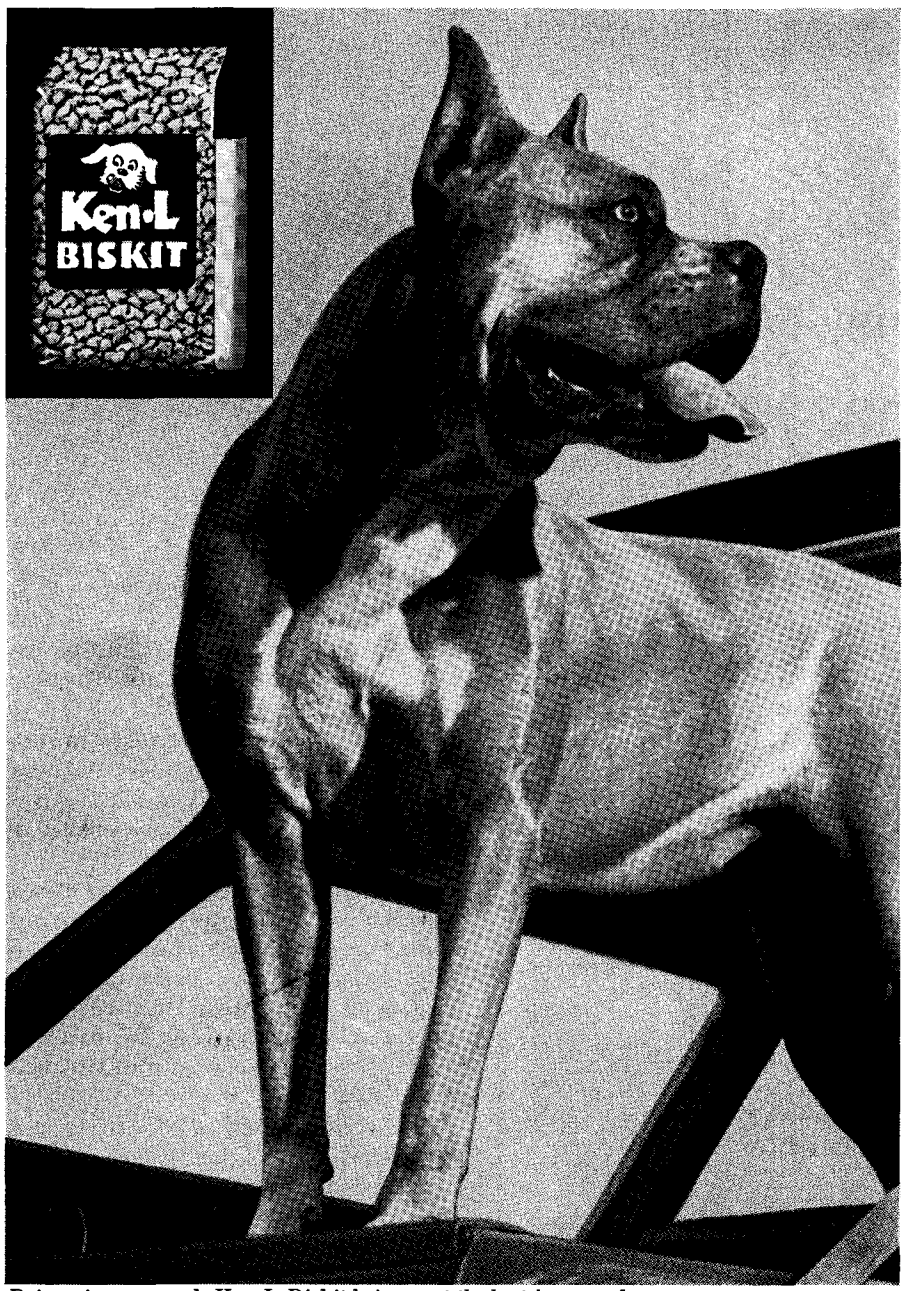
Diet of Champions



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KEN-L-BISKIT

Official food at more American Kennel Club Shows than all other dog foods combined

Now available at your favorite food store.

Two-Dollar Dress (Continued from Page 30)

skin. He rocked on his heels for a moment, squared his shoulders impulsively and went inside the store.

Doyle Willard came up to him with a smile that was tired but tried hard not to be. "Hello, Fate," he said. "What's for you?"

"That dress in the window," Fate said, turning his thumb in the right direction with great nonchalance. "The green one. How much on that one, Doyle?"

"It'd look good on Madee, wouldn't it?" Doyle Willard said, his interest quickening.

"How much?"

"Just a dollar-ninety-eight. It's a darned good price for a dress like that."

"It would be," Fate grinned, "if I had a dollar-ninety-eight."

A look of weary caution crept over Doyle Willard's thin face. "Fate," he said, "I know what you're working up to. For heaven's sake, don't ask me."

"No credit?" Fate had to work at his grin.

Doyle Willard sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. "I told you not to ask." He seemed as embarrassed as Fate was. "I had to stop putting out credit, Fate. I know you'd be good for it even if it took you a year; that's about how long it'd take you, too, the way work is right now. No, it'd have to be cash. I'm between a rock and a hard place myself."

"Sure," Fate said, a deep flush taking the place of his grin. "Well, it didn't cost anything to ask. I wouldn't have, either, except day after tomorrow is Madee's birthday. The dress just looks like her somehow."

"I wish," Doyle Willard said truthfully, "that I could afford to help you out."

"Look, Doyle," Fate said, fishing in his pocket, "I've got fifty-three cents. How about ——"

Doyle Willard shook his head quickly. "I could put it in lay-away for you, Fate."

"No," Fate said slowly, "I guess not." He turned to go, then turned back. "Would you just hold it for me until day after tomorrow? Give me a chance to get back in?"

"Fate," Doyle said with great certainty, "if a man came in here with the cash, I'd sell him the shirt off my back in the next thirty seconds. Business is that bad!"

Men stood along the sidewalk or sat about on car fenders, looking somehow hopeful yet hopeless, and Fate spoke to them as he moved along Main Street. He had stood about in their groups most of the day, passing the time and looking up quickly with the rest of them when some car slowed promisingly or when a contractor they knew walked toward them. They stood on the streets, these men, day in and day out, displaying their wares, which consisted of strong backs and eager, willing hands. But takers were few; employment was a flirtatious will-o'-the-wisp.

He paused in front of the courthouse, reluctant to give up for the day but intensely weary of the town. He checked a mental list of the oil-company offices and the smaller contractors he had visited during the day. He'd even checked the service stations and the lumber yards, hoping that they might have need of a man for an hour or two. He thought of the green dress for Madee again. He wished he hadn't.

His gait perked up, though, as he trekked the twelve blocks home. Fate Johnson was an incurable optimist, believing implicitly that a good man could not be kept down forever. *Tomorrow*, he thought, *I will get that dress for Madee. I will catch a day's work and I will get that green dress for Madee.*

Home was a faded white house on the corner of Honeysuckle Lane and Twelfth Avenue. It was in a shabby neighborhood that was getting shabbier, but Fate had grown accustomed to it and did not have his mind on social status at all as he cut across the lot toward the kitchen door.

Madee always seemed to know when he was coming home. Fate had never figured out how she knew, but she was always there at the door to meet him. He opened the screen door and gave her the grin that had brought them together fourteen years before. Then he held her at arm's length and gave her a critical, thoughtful stare that caused her to smile uncertainly. "Fate," she said, "have you had a beer or two?"

"If wishing would get a beer," he said candidly, "I would be higher than a kite right this minute."

"Fate," she said nervously, still smiling, "you are acting mighty strange."

"I'm thinking that you get prettier every day," he said. He gave her a wicked look. "Sexier too."

She laughed, flustered but pleased, her dark eyes going soft. "You would be a sure-fire salesman of soft soap!"

"I wouldn't trade you for a Model A Ford with a full tank of gas," Fate whispered fiercely, pulling her against him until she gasped.

She pushed against his chest with her hands, leaning back in the circle of his arms. "That's a powerful statement," she said, "for a man who has been afoot for the last year."

Fate sniffed appreciatively, the odoriferousness of supper strong in the room. "Supper about ready?"

"Just about. Are you hungry?" She leaned forward and kissed him on the mouth.

"I could eat a horse," Fate admitted, nibbling on her ear.

"Then I'd better get the biscuits on," she said, squirming inside his grasp, but not insistently. "And you can step down the street and call the kids. Bud's over on Hitson's lot playing ball, and Dorothy's supposed to be watching."

"In a minute," he said, sneaking in a light pinch just to hear her yelp. "I want to sit down and rest my feet before I take another single, solitary step."

He dropped down in a kitchen chair and removed his work boots, flexing his feet once they were free. He stared at the soles of the boots and wondered if they could stand repairing again. He rubbed his aching feet and sighed without having the least intention of sighing.

Madee turned to him with a smudged spot of flour on one cheek. She was grave again. "Did you find anything today?"

"No," he said, leaning back in the chair and propping himself against the wall. "Everything's at a standstill. I asked everybody I know—and I know a bunch of people."

Her back turned to him, her voice sounding muffled, she said, "Mr. Harris came by again today."

"What did he have to say?" Fate asked, frowning.

"He acted pretty nice, considering everything. He just said he'd like for us to catch up on the rent if we could. Said if we couldn't do that, just one month's would help. I told him he wouldn't like it any better than we would!"

"I hate owing the old man," Fate said wearily. "One thing, though: he knows he'll get his money one of these days. If he was to kick us out, he'd just have to rent the place to someone else who couldn't pay him either."

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Fate, propped back in the kitchen chair, felt drowsy in the heat of the room. He watched Madee put the biscuits in the pan and admired the way her hair curled just so on the back of her neck. He watched her peek into the pot of simmering beans and congratulated himself for marrying a woman who could be so softly round and yet so shapely. He leaned there in his chair and knew a contentment that he had not known all during the push of the day.

And then he frowned. The dress Madee wore—it was a hand-me-down from her sister. Madee had done a nice job of altering it, but it was still a hand-me-down. A woman, Fate reasoned, would never feel just right in a secondhand dress. Madee, he decided once and for all, would have the new green dress in Doyle Willard's show window.

His contentment was suddenly gone, its place taken by restlessness. He dropped the chair back on all four legs and went outside to call his children, his mind working furiously on the problem of turning fifty-three cents into a dollar-ninety-eight.

Fate waked the next morning with a strange excitement working inside him. He lay very still in the quietness of the hour and wondered what was happening to him. He had not had such a good feeling in a long time.

Turning carefully, he looked at Madee and saw that she was still asleep. She looked beautiful to him, her hair soft and careless and her lips almost smiling. *She'll be thirty years old tomorrow*, he thought, *and she still looks like a girl. Tomorrow she will be thirty years old and she'll be pleased and surprised when she gets her new green dress. She'll fuss at my extravagance, but she'll be pleased.*

The excitement became stronger; he slipped out of the bed and picked up his clothes as he passed through the doorway into the kitchen. He whistled almost soundlessly to himself as the coffee perked. He had the feeling that this was to be his day.

By nine o'clock Fate had made his rounds of the oil-company offices, and by nine o'clock desperation was sitting on his shoulder and laughing at him.

Disconsolately he walked down the street to join the group of men in front of the Tower Hotel. They were discussing with some fervor the better qualities of rattlesnakes and Republicans.

"Boys," Fate said, interrupting before the argument had a chance to wear itself out, "I'm not much of a gambler, but I've got four bits that says I can roll high dice." Fate was not kidding about his ability as a gambler, which is a pretty good indication of the mood he was in.

"Ha," said Diver Jones, whose name is a story in itself, "I wouldn't be bragging about having four bits if I was you. For four bits I'd roll *you*."

Fate looked at the others one by one. Some of them grinned and some shrugged; some just gave him an envious look. "Come on," Fate said derisively. "Some of you got to have a little change."

"If I had four bits," said a wistful voice, "I wouldn't take a chance on losing it—I'd spend it for beer."

"Man," Fate said glumly, "you're a sport!"

"Why don't you buy a round, Fate?" the man with the thirst suggested hopefully. "I'd buy a round if I had four bits."

"Yes, you would!" offered a sarcastic voice. "You'd buy a round for ol' Number One."

"There ain't a stingy bone in my body," protested the thirsty man.

"You ain't got any bones," said the man who was in a bad humor. "You're just a big belly with a throat leadin' to it."

"Is that so?" said the thirsty man. "Why, I remember ——"

Fate stood there, rocking a bit on his feet to take the strain off his legs, and listened to the same argument that he had heard a hundred times before. Actually he didn't listen; he heard the sounds of their voices and thought about the green dress. Tormentingly, he could see the green dress in Doyle's show window from where he stood. He turned his back to keep from looking at it.

That green dress suddenly loomed up as the symbol of his failure as a man and as a provider for his family. He had turned his back, but he could still see the green dress in his mind.

Deep in thought that was morose and gloomy, he was bewildered for a moment when he looked up to see Sam Springer giving him a secretive, come-hither motion. Sam looked nervous. Fate turned his head to see if maybe Sam was motioning to someone else. There was no one else staring Sam's way, so Fate ambled over to him. He could not imagine what Sam was acting so funny about.

"What do you say, Sam?" Fate asked warily.

Sam Springer backed hastily around the corner of the hotel, nodding urgently for Fate to follow. Sudden insight prompted Fate to halt. Sam wanted to borrow his four bits. *Well, damn Sam! Sam ought to know he shouldn't ask a man to lend his last four bits.* He started not to go on around the corner of the building, but Sam stuck his head out again and gave Fate a hurry-up look of impatience.

"Fate," said Sam Springer, taking Fate by the arm and tugging him a little farther out of the group's hearing, "didn't I hear you say you had four bits? You wasn't just spoofing?"

"I got four bits, all right," Fate admitted, his face turning stubborn. "But I ain't goin' to loan it to you, if that's what you're thinkin'."

Sam kept looking behind Fate. He was nervous and excited. "Hell, Fate," he said in what was almost a whisper, "I ain't wantin' to borry your money. I got a proposition for you!"

"Such as?"

"Listen," Sam muttered, getting more excited, "I have a car. You ain't got no car. I ain't got no gas for my jalopy. You got four bits. I thought we might work out a deal."

"Well," said Fate, starting to turn away, "you just think again."

"Wait, Fate," Sam said quickly, looking distressed, "you didn't hear my proposition!"

"I've heard some of your propositions before," Fate told him. "I never did hear one that was any good yet."

"All right, then," Sam Springer said indignantly, "forget about it! I just happen to know where two men can get a job is all."

"You what?" Fate said quickly, turning back.

"Forget about it," Sam Springer said coyly. "I'll find somebody else who's got some gas money."

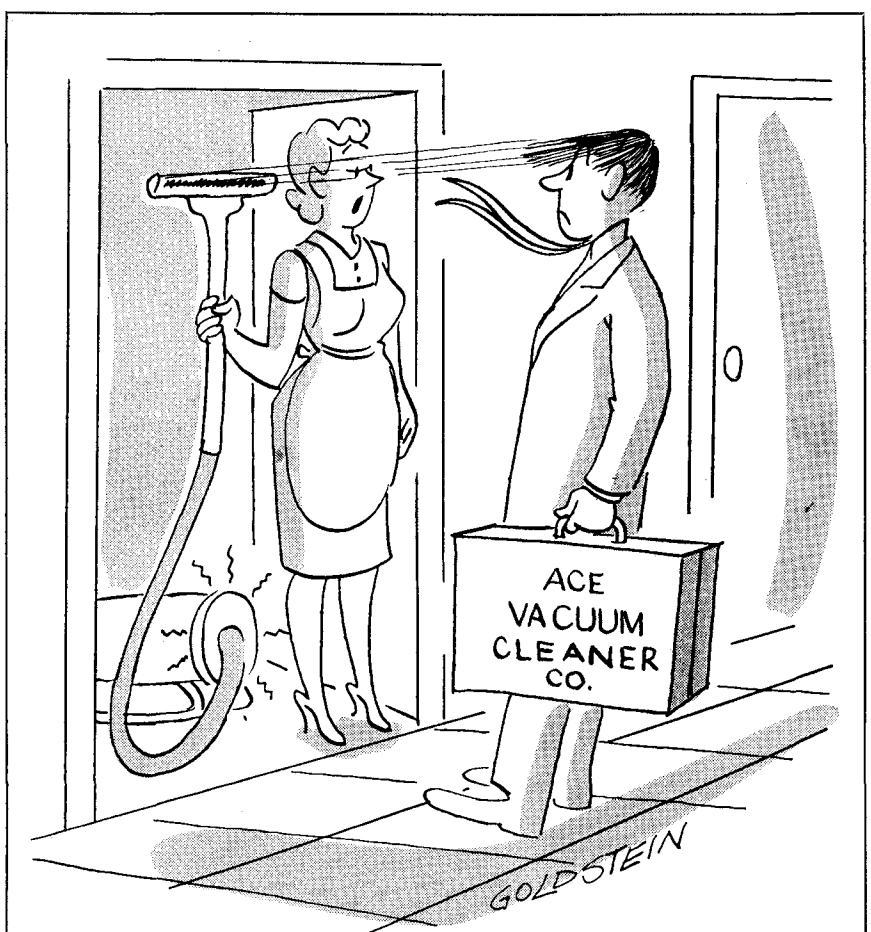
"How come," asked Fate, ignoring the other's threat, "you decided to cut me in on this?"

"Listen," Sam said, seeing that he had practically brought Fate around, "the last time I got wind of a job I made the mistake of saying something about it in front of a bunch. It turned out that half a dozen men went along in my car, and everybody got a job but me. I ain't takin' any chances this time! I just need somebody to buy the gas for my jalopy, or I wouldn't even tell you."

"Where is this job?" Fate asked suspiciously, feeling of the half dollar and the three pennies that lay warmly in his pocket.

Sam Springer looked around carefully. He leaned closer to Fate. Sam had had an onion with his breakfast eggs. "Out south of town in the Harkrite Field. The Hi-Press Oil Company's takin' up a pipeline. Old man Wickers is contractin' the job for them."

"What makes you think he needs a couple of hands?" Fate asked, barely daring to hope. "He had a full crew when I hit him up the other day."



"I said, 'My old one still works O.K.'!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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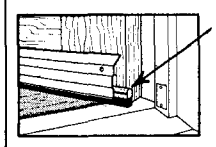
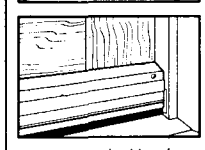


THIS HIDDEN BUTTON is released when door opens – automatically *raising* the door bottom to clear rug.



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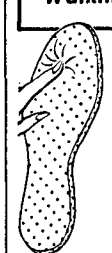

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"Two of my wife's brothers were workin' out there," Sam said triumphantly. "They got food poisoning off somethin' they had in their lunches yesterday. They're too sick to go to work this mornin'—and they've been meetin' the gang on the job!"

"I don't know," Fate said slowly, knowing that the green dress was farther away than ever if he wasted the four bits.

Sam looked at him expectantly. Coaxingly, he said, "They had at least a day's work left, Fate. They're payin' forty-five cents an hour. You'd most get your four bits back the first hour!"

Fate thought about it for a minute, almost dazzled by the prospect. He punched a hard, thick finger against Sam Springer's chest. "Sam," he said, "I know how crazy you are about drivin' that old Ford of yours. You'd rather drive that old Ford than eat. If this is just a scheme of yours to get joy-ridin' money, I'll pinch your head off and feed it to the pigs a bit at a time."

"Now, listen, Fate," Sam said nervously, "I'm levelin' with you about this. It's supposed to be true, but I can't guarantee you nothin'. You know that. We might get out there and they wouldn't need a soul. But, one thing sure, we won't know until we get out there."

"All right," Fate said slowly. "I'll take a chance on you." They would have time, maybe, to get in seven or eight hours if Sam was telling the truth and they could hire out. He felt good again suddenly. The fire—the enthusiasm—was back. It looked as though he might get Madee the green dress for her birthday after all.

"Let's go, then," Sam said with a big sigh of relief. "Don't worry about a lunch, because I packed enough for two this morning. I figured I'd find someone with a little gas money."

The three cents felt very lonesome in Fate's pocket. He felt almost insecure without the comforting weight of the four-bit piece. He looked across the car seat at Sam Springer, frowning doubtfully as he studied the look of ecstasy on Sam's face. Sam would just about tell a lie to his grandmother to get gas money for his old Ford. Sam was a nut about driving a car.

Even now he was hunched over the wheel with a smile of idiotic delight on his face, sticking his head out the window from time to time just so the wind could whip his hair. Something else belonging to Sam will take a whipping, Fate thought with angry misgivings, if he's lied to me just to get gas money.

Fate Johnson did not relax until he had given old man Wickers his Social Security number and had his hands on the business end of a set of pipe tongs. He felt even better as the first sweat answered the call of labor and sunshine that bore down with a heat that was almost ferocious.

It was an experienced gang of men, and the work went smoothly with a precision that was almost beauty. Four men to the hoist that straddled the ditch and raised the rusty, reluctant pipe from its bed; man with the "growler board" sliding his board up quickly to take the weight of the pipe so the panting men on the hoist could move on down the line for another bite; man with a jack to elevate the open end of the pipe so that the joint broke out easily without binding, and moving with a haste that could not make waste. Three sets of tongs and three men to each set, lifting and bending in a rhythmic dance to the music of the "collar pounder" as he beat on the pipe with a ball-peen hammer; each knock and each rap having a significance that meant for a certain man or group to do a certain thing at that instant and that man or that group understanding the command of the hammer and heaving instantly to do its bidding.

Men panted and groaned with effort and cursed as they turned to snatch a drink of tepid water and met old man Wickers' frowning stare. Fate Johnson panted with the rest of them; he cursed with them, too, but the feel of the steel in his grip was a pleasure for all that, and with each downward, pistonlike thrust of the tongs he knew an instant of satisfaction. He sweated and he cursed and he felt great. The beat of the collar-pounder's hammer began singing a song to him. Over and over it said, "Madee gets her dress—Madee gets her dress—Madee gets ——"

"Well, boys," said old man Wickers, looking at his watch with satisfaction and checking it with the sun, "that was a good day's work. You'll sleep good tonight, I'll bet you."

"It's a good thing for you," said Sam Springer, "that you're payin' us by the hour and not for our sweat. Why, I reckon if you was to pay me for all the sweat that run off me today the Hi-Press Oil Company would go completely broke."

"It's a good thing for you," retorted old man Wickers, "that I ain't payin' you for the amount of work *you* done."

"Well," Fate said, getting up tiredly, "if you'll just give me my check I'll be ready to start for the house."

Old man Wickers turned a startled head Fate's way. "Why, Fate," he said, "I can't pay you today. I thought you understood that."

"What!" Fate said, his heart sinking fast. "How come?"

"Fate, you know I operate on a damned shoestring," Al Wickers said testily. "You know I can't pay you boys until I get paid by the company. I ain't much more than a glorified foreman!"

Fate sat back down on the tail gate of the pickup, feeling as though the breath had been knocked out of him. He had felt too good about everything all day long. He should have known that nothing ever went the way it was supposed to! What about Madee's dress? What about the green dress? He frowned. "Any chance of gettin' paid tomorrow?"

"They pay me on the first of the month," old man Wickers said with great finality. "That's when I'll pay you."

"Well, hell!" Fate said disgustedly. He got up and started for Sam Springer's old Ford. He went out to Sam's old Ford because he felt like breaking somebody's neck. Anybody's neck, for that matter. He had lost the whole day, and now he didn't have any chance at all of getting Madee the green dress.

"Do you want me to run you home?" Sam asked, breaking the strained silence once they were back inside the city limits.

"No."

"Better let me take you home," Sam offered. "It's just about dark."

"No," Fate said irritably, thinking that he could have at least used the four bits as a deposit on the dress; he could have given Madee the lay-away check as a birthday present. At least she'd have known he'd thought of her. "No, I'll get out downtown."

When Sam had clattered off in the old Ford, Fate stood in front of Doyle Willard's store, feeling lonely and discouraged. He stood there in the gathering gloom and wondered why he hadn't gone on home. He was greasy and dusty, his clothes stiff with the salt of dried perspiration, and he should have gone on home. He stared at the green dress in the lighted show window. It mocked him. He hated the glass that stretched between him and the green dress. He drew back his arm and clenched his fist.

But he didn't swing that fist. Instead he started cursing. He stood before the green dress and cursed for a good three minutes, and he never said one word out loud. He cursed Republicans and Wall Street speculators and dress manufacturers; he cursed oil companies and people who owned automobiles and he cursed a stray cur that slunk off before his outraged stare.

He cursed until he started laughing about how ridiculous it was to stand before a lighted store window and curse all by himself. He laughed aloud, and a man and a woman who were window-shopping looked at him quickly in alarmed curiosity and moved on with hastened steps. Fate laughed again, knowing a sudden, foolish exuberance, and started down the street with the old springy bounce once more in his walk.

He got inside the Corner Variety Store just before the manager of the place could lock the door. The manager looked at Fate's greasy clothes and dirty face and gave him a frown of disapproval. "We were just closing," he said pointedly.

"Well," Fate said, "I'm not going to keep you very long. It doesn't take very long to spend a penny."

Fate made his purchase quickly and looked at the disgusted manager with all the arrogance of a cash customer. "I'd like to buy a two-cent stamp off you, too, and borrow your pencil for just a second."

Fate stayed home the next morning. He got Bud and Dorothy out of bed with conspiratorial gaiety, and together they made the coffee and baked the biscuits and fried the eggs sunny side up. They took the coffee and the biscuits and the eggs fried sunny side up into the bedroom where Madee pretended to be still asleep. The tray looked fairly nice, considering everything, and Madee rewarded them with the proper exclamations of surprise while she hugged first one and then the other, while they juggled the tray from hand to hand.

Madee had always thought it was more trouble to eat in bed than to eat in the kitchen, but she sat up against the pillows and ate the eggs that were a little too soft and the biscuits that were a little too hard and drank the coffee that was almost perfect. Then she sat about the living room feeling useless and very much blessed, while Fate and Bud and Dorothy cleaned up the kitchen and broke the last plate of the set of dishes she had started housekeeping with fourteen years before.

Then Bud and Dorothy left the house in a flying run to find a summer day's entertainment, while Fate sat in the big easy chair with a foolish grin on his face and drummed his fingers. He looked up expectantly when the postman stepped up on the porch about ten o'clock with a small white envelope addressed to Madee Johnson.

Madee recognized Fate's big scrawl, of course, and she got a misty look to her eye when she saw the birthday card. It was just a funny little card—it seemed that you couldn't buy a serious card for a penny—but on the back there was a note to the effect that the card was redeemable for one green dress from Doyle Willard's as soon as Fate got the money. The card made it plain that it was a special dress for a special woman. In spite of the tears, Fate knew that he had somehow pleased Madee.

The truth of the matter is, Madee never did get her green dress. It seemed that there were groceries to buy when Fate got his check from old man Wickers. He caught other days, but there was the house rent to catch up on and school clothes for Bud and Dorothy and—there was always something.

A year or two later Fate landed a fairly steady job and he never had to give Madee a penny birthday card again. She *was* a special woman, and he always tried to give her a special gift. But he never gave her anything she liked any better than she did that foolish little card that had so much thought behind it. She kept it in one corner of her dresser drawer for years and years, and it always gave her a tender, loving feeling when she looked at it.

On those occasions when she looked at it, she always fixed a special supper for Fate. She gave him a special kiss too. And Fate? Fate had forgotten all about that card. He didn't know the reason for those special kisses. He didn't care either. He just took them and thanked his lucky stars.

THE END

"I'm quite eager to hear about your trip abroad."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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WILLIAM S. MILLER
is insured through the Insurance *Department of the Block Realty* Company, Little Rock, Arkansas. A partner in the law firm of Eichenbaum, Scott and Miller, Mr. Miller is also active in the Rotary, his church and the State Bar Association. For relaxation he likes fishing. Sketch by internationally famed artist, Stan Galli.

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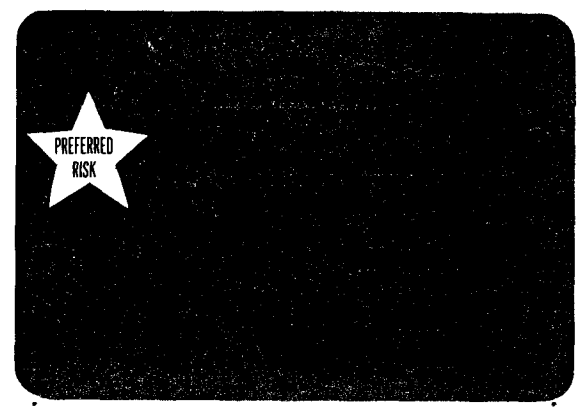

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The Soldier (Continued from Page 22)

Back of the lizard-shaped head was forty miles of outstretched neck, and then the massive body swelled out for a hundred miles until the island began narrowing to a stumpy tail. From head to tail it was spiked with mountains that marched down to the southern coast.

Down there, hanging like a leech on the underjaw, was Port Solo, assuming that the morning Jap raid hadn't flicked it off. All the other usable parts of Zoanga were Jap—East Harbor at the eye, thirty miles from Port Solo; the broad northern plains with their rice fields and population of Malay and Melanesian stock; the former Dutch port of Balikovo midway along the northern coast, with its deep-water harbor that could hold all the world's navies, and its oil wells that could keep them fueled.

Farralon was on his way to Port Solo, and he couldn't think of a more appropriate assignment for anybody with his record. Port Solo was the headquarters of the Lower Pacific Command, a war orphan that the Joint Chiefs of Staff probably wished they could forget. The LPC had come into being almost by chance. The eight months since Pearl Harbor had brought a series of Jap hammer blows—Wake Island, the Philippines, Malaya, southern Burma, Dutch East Indies, Gilbert Islands, Borneo, New Guinea, the Solomons. Under each blow the Allied perimeter had sagged. Enormous watery salients opened up. One of them chopped down like a big ax head between the Southwest Pacific Area under MacArthur and the Central Pacific Area under Nimitz. Its point crunched into Zoanga, where a small United States task force at Port Solo was trying to protect the line of communications from Hawaii to New Zealand and Australia.

Port Solo was too far from Brisbane and Honolulu for effective control by MacArthur or Nimitz. So the Joint Chiefs of Staff created the Lower Pacific Command—not a theater, not an area, just a command—and gave it to Maj. Gen. Harley McGuire, who had been a hard-riding cavalry lieutenant in the days when Pershing was chasing Pancho Villa. Unfortunately Japs were much easier to find than Villa had been. According to a comment Farralon had heard in the War Department, the Lower Pacific Command did not have much of a future.

From a seat behind Farralon the radio operator called, "Message from Solo, lieutenant."

The pilot yanked down his earphones. "Charlie George to Red Three," he said, the throat mike picking up the vibrations from his larynx. "I read you. Over. . . . I got you, Red Three. The poop is Baker One. This is Charlie George. Over and out." He called to the navigator, "Solo says come in, come in, wherever you are. We use approach pattern Baker One. . . . Well, colonel," he said to Farralon, "I guess you better go on back. Joe's got to move in here and help me louse up our approach. Nice to have had your company."

"Thanks," Farralon said. "I enjoyed it." He opened the door to the cargo compartment and went on through. The fat body of the C-47 was heavy with stenciled crates, and only seven of the bucket seats were filled. In two of them the crew chief and a corporal sat, glaring at each other over tight fans of playing cards. The five other seats were occupied by the most unlikely reinforcements you would expect to find going to a forward combat zone—a lieutenant and four enlisted members of the new Women's Army Corps.

The WAC lieutenant—what was her name? Peters? Packer?—was a slim, straight-backed girl, sitting almost at attention in her bucket seat, feet and knees close together, shoulders squared, head erect. Before he went forward to the flight deck, Farralon had noticed that she never spoke unless he spoke first.

"We're making our approach," he said. "Ought to be landing in fifteen minutes or so."

The five heads jerked toward him as if on strings. One of the enlisted WAC's said in a rush, "Are we all right? Because a while back we made a sharp turn, and ——"

"Olson," the lieutenant said mildly.

"Sorry, ma'am," the girl said.

"We made that sharp turn to get into a cloud bank," Farralon said. "The pilot spotted a plane that might have been a Jap. But don't worry. There's no danger."

The WAC lieutenant tilted up her chin, and the emblem of Pallas Athena on her collar glittered. "Colonel," she said, "perhaps I should make one thing clear. We did not come out here to worry about danger."

"No, of course not," he said, trying to make an apology. "But the war can be as hard on women as on men. If I may say so, it surprises me to find your group heading to Port Solo."

She said, almost as if quoting from a General Order, "The Women's Army Corps can only prove its right to exist by taking on jobs that release men for combat duty. Port Solo is, after all, the headquarters of a major command, and I don't know why it should be surprising for us to be sent there."

Farralon nodded. He could fill in the rest of the picture. The WAC's were eager to prove themselves. Probably there were no large detachments ready to go overseas yet, so a small group had been picked as a spearhead. It would be logical to send the first detachment to an obscure command where, if they fouled up, few people would hear about it.

"Well, I'm sure you'll do a fine job," Farralon said, trying to retreat in good order.

"Thank you," she said coolly.

The radio operator poked his head back into the cabin. "We're coming in," he said. "No smoking. Fasten seat belts."

Farralon reached for his own seat belt and adjusted it so that there was enough slack to let him twist around and peer out of the small window. When the plane banked and the wing tilted down, Port Solo slid into view. At first sight the small harbor looked like a pond around which people had been having an untidy picnic. Actually, however, that rusty triangle poking above water was not an old box, but the bow of a sunken ship. The round objects weren't empties from a beer party, but ship funnels lifting from the water.

The plane was coming in now for the landing, shuddering as the flaps clawed the air and the wheels touched down. Outside the window the skeleton of a plane flickered past. Then another—and another and another. A jeep carrying a FOLLOW ME sign scooted out, racing to get ahead of them. They turned off the airstrip and curved around revetments and finally crawled into an empty one.

The crew chief and corporal got up, unbolted the cargo hatch and swung it outward. Almost immediately Farralon felt the heat blotting up the cool air they had brought down.

"I'll unload your stuff, colonel," the corporal said. "That foot locker and duffel bag, right?"

"Fine, thanks," Farralon said. He watched the corporal hand down his stuff to the crew chief, and waited for them to return to help the WAC's. But the corporal merely waved and vanished.

The WAC lieutenant said to her group, "I think our duffel bags are back of those boxes. If two of us get on each box, we can move them."

"I'll give you a hand," Farralon said.

"Thank you, sir," she said, "but we can manage."

He climbed down the ladder into sunlight that fell in molten chunks through a camouflage net over the revetment. Waiting outside was a personnel carrier. His foot locker and duffel bag were already in it, and he swung in beside the driver. Presently the five WAC's trudged up, each carrying her duffel bag, and put them in the vehicle and climbed onto the metal benches. The driver didn't turn to look at them; he merely watched in his rear-view mirror. And when they were aboard, he jammed the vehicle into gear and started off.

"Got to drop you at operations, colonel," the driver said. "They'll get transportation for you into Solo."

"Fine." Farralon lowered his voice. "What's the feeling about the WAC's coming here?"

The driver gave him a sidelong glance. "That's what we really need out here," he said. "A bunch of heroines."

Operations center for the airfield was a Quonset hut banked with dirt and palm logs. The operations officer, a captain with a face yellowed by Atabrine, said that a jeep would be along soon for Colonel Farralon and a truck for the WAC's. Farralon went outside hunting for a latrine and found a row of little huts, each labeled to fit the Army caste system. The first one carried a sign saying ENLISTED PERSONNEL. The next was tagged COMPANY-GRADE OFFICERS. Then came FIELD-GRADE OFFICERS. Finally GENERAL OFFICERS.

In spite of the fact that he had been brought up in the caste system, there were times when its elaborations annoyed him.

When he returned to operations he sat down and waited for his jeep. The five WAC's sat on a bench across from him, and he began to notice that some of them seemed very tense and jumpy. For a few moments he couldn't understand it. Then a small earthy suspicion popped into his thoughts, and he smiled. It would not, however, be amusing to the people most directly concerned.

He sauntered to the desk of the operations officer and leaned over and whispered, "Have the WAC's had a chance to—uh, wash up?"

The captain's face went red under the Atabrine yellow. "No, sir," he muttered. "Their lieutenant asked, but I had to tell her we didn't have any facilities for them."

"They might be damned uncomfortable."

"Yes, sir," the captain said miserably. "But I don't know what I can do."

"Let's see what we can work out," Farralon said. "Come on outside." He picked up the inkwell from the desk and walked out to the line of huts back of the Quonset. The sign on each hut dangled from a couple of hooks. He lifted off the sign that said GENERAL OFFICERS and turned it over and dipped his fountain pen in the inkwell and began lettering. "This should do," he said.

The captain said, "My gosh, sir, what are you doing?"

"Making this command safe for WAC's."

"But, colonel, that latrine is for general officers. If one should come along and ——"

"I'm taking full responsibility. Look—when they leave, just turn the sign around and you'll be back in business. Now go in and tell that WAC lieutenant you just got some facilities arranged for them."

The captain gulped and headed back to the Quonset. Farralon went around the other way, taking his time.

When he entered the Quonset, the bench was empty, and the young captain gave him a haunted look and bent over his paperwork. Ten minutes later the line of WAC's marched back into the room, fresh and jaunty and groomed as if turning out for inspection. Farralon smiled wryly. He had carried out a mission with complete success, and at least it had produced one reward. For the first time in months he had forgotten his own troubles.

In peacetime, Port Solo had been a town of less than three hundred people. The Lower (Continued on Page 76)

What's Going On Here?

Dissatisfied because a Presidential election goes against them, citizens of one of the foremost states invite fellow Americans sharing their views to a convention to consider "the practicability, probability and expediency of a separation between the free and slave states." Thousands of persons in a dozen or more states rally to their support. A chief spokesman for the movement replies bluntly to critics, "You call us traitors and fanatics. That is what we came here to be." What convention, and what spokesman?

Olney Rhode

(*See page 78 for answer*)

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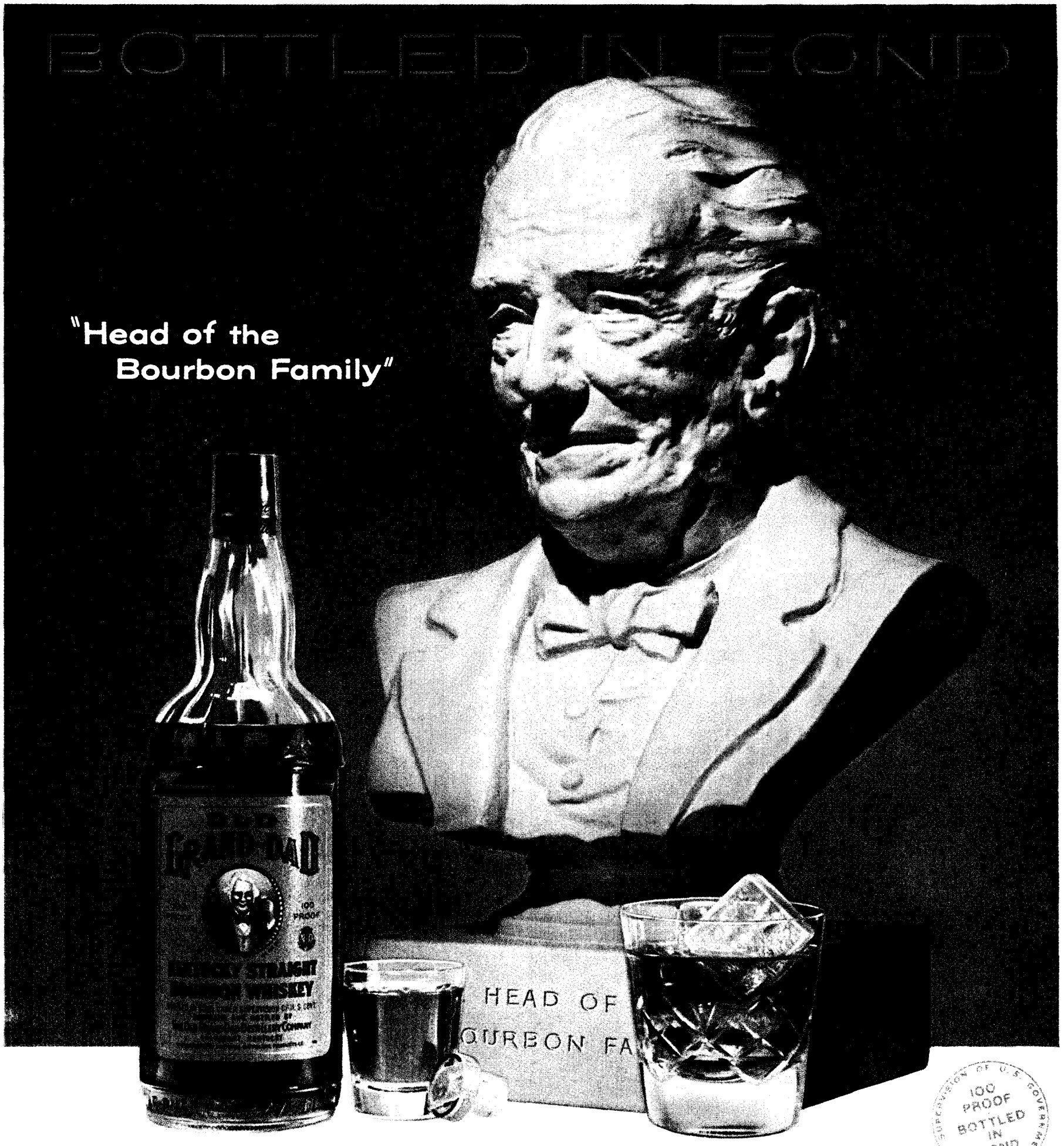

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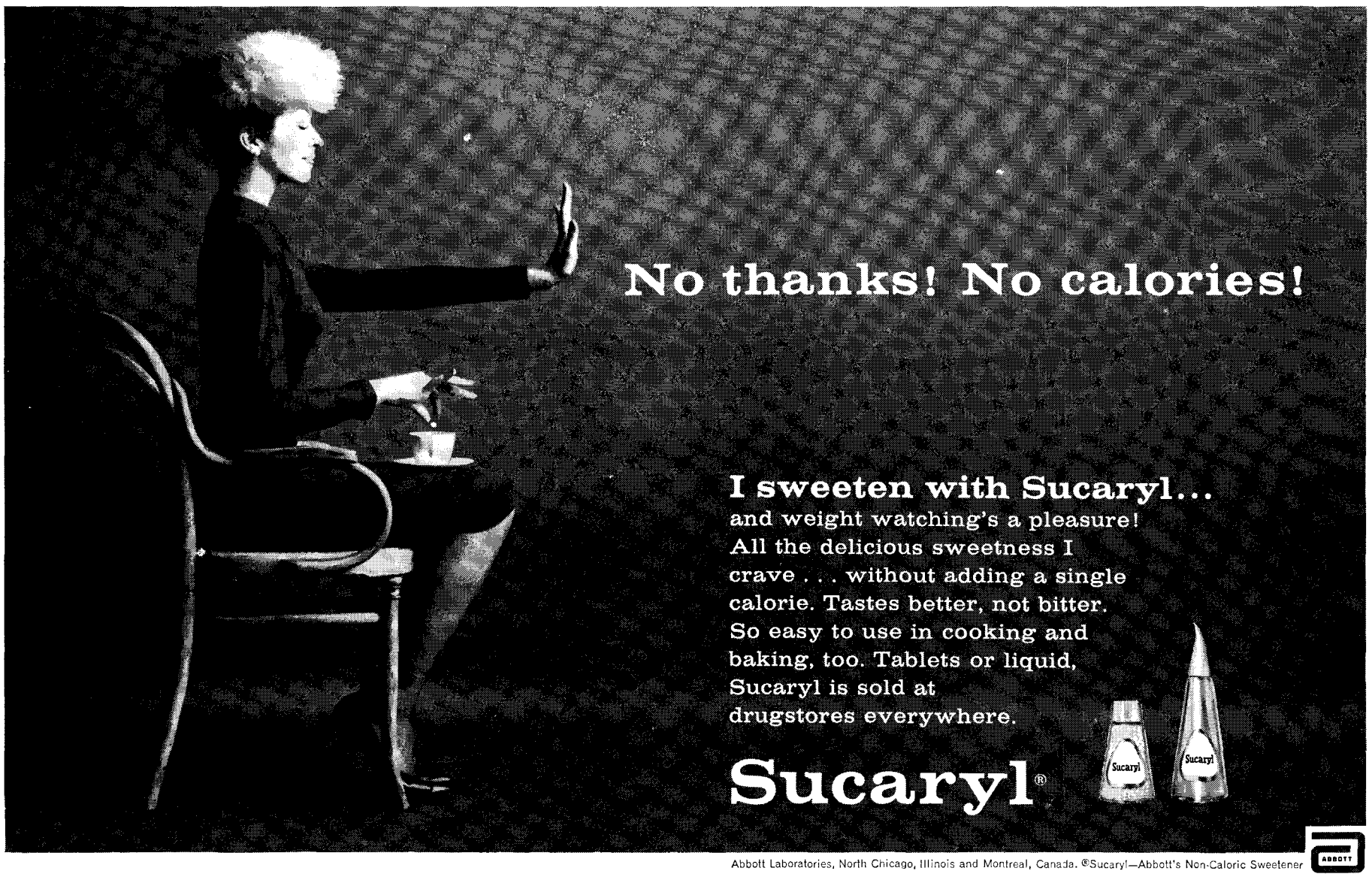
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(*Continued from Page 74*) Pacific Command had taken over the only sizable place in town—the warehouse—as its headquarters.

Farralon got out of the jeep when it stopped at the warehouse. Although the building was the biggest target in Port Solo, it showed no signs of bomb damage. It looked as if the Japanese were willing to keep General McGuire and his staff on the job.

He entered the building and located the adjutant general's office and presented his orders. The A.G. was a lieutenant colonel who liked to make sure that new officers noticed the heavy West Point ring on his finger. He looked to see if Farralon wore one and then frowned, trying to identify Farralon's ring.

"It's from S.M.I.," Farralon said.

"What? Oh. Yes. Yes, I see now," the A.G. said. "The rings are quite similar, aren't they?" He spoke a bit stiffly. Saratoga Military Institute was in upper New York State and, while it had never beaten the Point in football, it had twice produced chiefs of staff of the United States Army. Some West Pointers would rather have lost the football games.

Farralon said, "We try to copy all that's best at the Point."

"What class were you at S.M.I.?"

"Nineteen twenty-four."

"I was Class of 'Twenty-six at the Point."

Farralon nodded. "You've moved ahead fast," he said. Let the guy have his fun.

"Just lucky. Nice to have met you, colonel. The headquarters commandant is in a shed in back, and you can check with him about quarters and all that. G-2 is right down the hall."

"Thanks. By the way, I came in on the plane with five WAC's. Surprised me to find them coming here."

The A.G. gave a short laugh. "I hope they'll be going back soon. Meanwhile, I suppose I'll have to set them up as a sort of stenographic pool. No reason why they can't learn to type, if they don't happen to know."

"They must have been trained for something."

"Yes, of course. I think to operate the code room of a message center. Ridiculous, isn't it? The chief signal officer wouldn't hear of it, especially not after General McGuire blew his top. Well, let me know if you people in G-2 need some typing done, and I'll have the WAC's try to handle it."

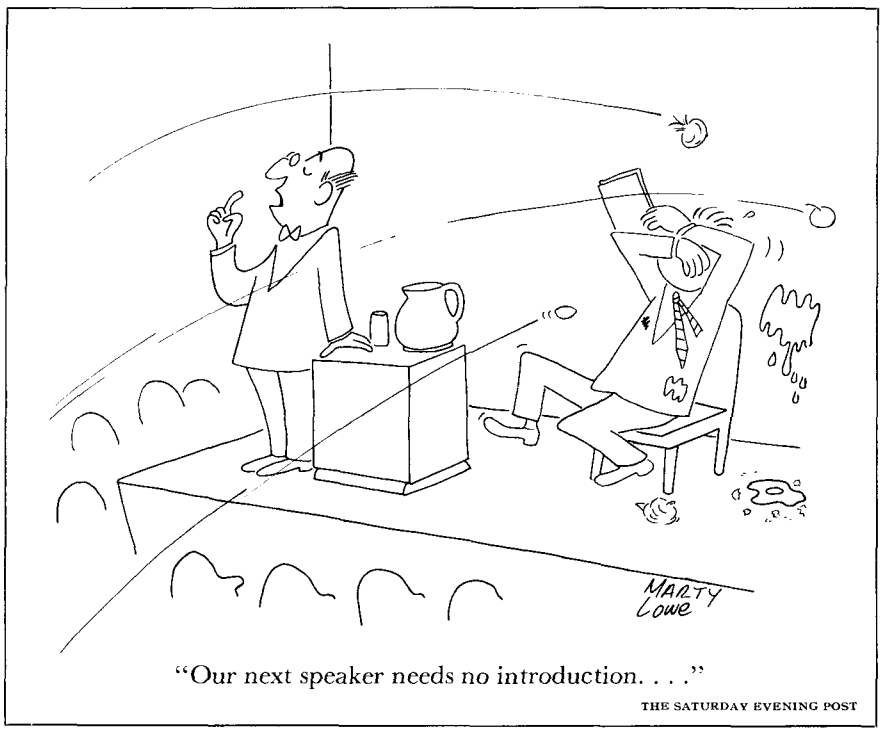
"I forgot to ask," Farralon said. "Who is your G-2? I'd better know his name before I report to him."

"Oh, yes. You'll like him. Graduated from the Point in Nineteen eighteen. His name is Baylor—Colonel Ralph E. Baylor."

"Thanks," Farralon said and walked out on unsteady legs.

So Reb Baylor was here and was going to be his C.O. The cable from the Lower Pacific Command to Army Ground Forces hadn't carried Baylor's name.

It might seem to be an unlikely coincidence for him to come under Baylor's command, but it was merely an unhappy one. In the Army it wasn't strange to find your past waiting for you in the future. He could think of parts of his past, however, that he would rather have found waiting for him in the Lower Pacific Command.



"Our next speaker needs no introduction. . . ."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The time had been September of 1940. The place—Louisiana. Over in Europe France had fallen, and the air campaign known as the Battle of Britain was raging. In the United States, for the first time in many years, the War Department had a big-enough appropriation and enough troops to hold full-scale maneuvers. Maj. William A. Farralon, fresh from the Command and General Staff School, had been assigned to the war games as an umpire.

He sat in a staff car pulled off to the side of a country road and watched the 315th Armored Regiment churn by, moving without lights.

He told the driver, "Cut in whenever there's an opening. I want to find regimental headquarters. It should be at a bridge eight miles farther."

Headquarters of the 315th was just beyond the little bridge. A command car had pulled off the road into a clearing, and a group of officers crouched beside it, checking maps with hooded flashlights. Farralon went up and saluted and introduced himself.

The officer in the center of the group came up from a squat as if his legs were steel springs. "Bill!" he cried. "Bill Farralon! Long time no see."

Farralon grinned. Reb Baylor didn't look a day older than he had six years ago, when he dropped in unexpectedly at Farralon's wedding reception. In fact, he hadn't really changed since the time back in the early 'Twenties when he taught equitation at S.M.I.—still the same lean piratical face, gleaming white teeth, rakish black mustache. Only one thing about

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Reb Baylor was different—he had eagles now.

"It's swell to see you, colonel," he said. "You look fine."

"Did you know I was here, Bill? Did you know I had the regiment?"

"Yes, sir. Congratulations."

"Best armored regiment in the Army. You in a rush to get anywhere else?"

"No, sir. I'm sticking with you."

"Heard what's up, huh? Must be fun being an umpire and knowing what's developing. I ought to be able to relax, with a good friend as an umpire."

Farralon said in a worried tone, "Colonel, I wouldn't count on that."

A big hand slapped his back. "I'm kidding, Bill. I know you. You'd pull the rulebook on your own mother." He gripped Farralon's arm and led him a few steps away from the group.

"Listen," Baylor said, lowering his voice. "It's not official, see, but I've had hints. One of these days they'll be activating a couple more armored divisions. There's a good chance I'll get one of them."

"That's a long way from equitation class at Saratoga."

"Isn't it, though? Hey—I'm talking too much about me. Congrats on the gold leaves. I saw your name on the last promotion list. Where you been lately?"

"I just finished at Command and General Staff School."

"Oh, no. Don't pull too much of that Leavenworth book stuff on us, Bill. Hey, how's your wife?"

"She's . . . fine," Farralon said, hoping that the slight hesitation wasn't evident.

"How'd she like Leavenworth? Damned dull for the women, with their men in class all day and cramming half the night."

"Well, Fran stayed in Washington."

"Oh?"

"You see, her father moved up to chairman of one of his committees in the Senate and he has that big house and does a lot of entertaining and he hasn't been too well, so Fran ——" He didn't know how to complete the sentence, so he let his voice trail off. It ought to have been completed: "So Fran felt she had to stay to take care of him." It was probably true, but he wasn't so certain of it as he would have liked to be.

"Oh, sure, sure," Baylor said easily. "Big healthy guy like you, you can get along without her awhile. Now, I'd better get back on the job. Do you want to check the situation map?"

"Yes, sir, I'd like to."

He crouched beside the command car, studying the map in the glow of a flashlight. The Blue Army was attacking, with the 315th Armored Regiment as the spearhead.

"What security measures have you taken?"

"We have scout cars covering the perimeter of the assembly area—where you see these little symbols. Back at that crossroads we have a weapons carrier. To guard this bridge I have a light tank out here and a half-track out there."

Farralon looked at his watch. The time was 0300. Within the next hour he would see how good the bridge security was. The Red Army wasn't asleep. Among other things, Red G.H.Q. had notified the umpires that, between 0300 and 0400, engineers trained in demolition work would attempt to blow the bridge that Baylor was guarding. One of Farralon's jobs was to check on the results.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "Please go on with your work and don't worry about me. I'll stick around and try not to get in the way."

He wished later that he could have been anywhere else when the raid was successful. In spite of Baylor's angry protests Farralon had to rule that the bridge was destroyed. To make matters worse, Farralon was forced to rule that the loss of the bridge and the resulting traffic jam under heavy artillery fire ended Baylor's spearhead attack.

"Oh, for Pete's sake, you can't rule that!" Baylor cried.

"I'm sorry, sir. But the games don't mean anything unless you follow the rules."

"You and the damned rules. Got any more of them?"

Farralon took a deep breath. "I'm ruling you caught thirty per cent casualties."

"Thirty per cent!"

"And I'm ruling that another fifty per cent of your regiment is jammed up along the road. I'm ruling that they can't get past the vehicles knocked out by shellfire and past this blown-up bridge until noon."

"You're leaving me only twenty per cent of my regiment at the assembly area!"

"That's right, sir."

"How do you think I can blitz my way between two enemy divisions with twenty per cent of my regiment?"

"I don't see how you can, sir."

"Bill," Baylor said, moving closer and lowering his voice, "do you know what this is going to do to me?"

"I wish I didn't."

"I won't get that armored division, Bill. Maybe I won't even get to keep the 315th. I could do a job in the war that's coming on. It won't be a game."

"Sorry, colonel. I have to go by the book."

Baylor squared his shoulders. "O.K., Farralon. You do that. Maybe someday they'll throw it at you."

Now, two years later, Farralon was going to be under Baylor's command. Because postponing it wouldn't do any good, he walked down the hall to a closed door that had a sign announcing: G-2. AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY.

When he knocked on the door, a sergeant opened it part way and said, "Yes, sir?"

"My name is Farralon," he said. "I'm reporting for duty."

The sergeant's face couldn't have looked any blanker. "May I see your A.G. card, sir?" he asked. "And a copy of your orders?"

Farralon brought out the A.G. card and handed over a mimeographed copy of his orders. The sergeant checked them and announced to somebody in the room, "Sir, in accordance with War Department Special Order Number Thirty-one, dated six August nineteen-forty-two, Lieutenant Colonel William A. Farralon, 0-021411, Field Artillery, United States Army, is reporting for duty as assistant G-2 of the Lower Pacific Command."

Within the room a familiar deep voice said, "Thank you, Johnson. You might spend the next hour in operations, checking reports. Send in Colonel Farralon as you leave."

"Yes, sir," the sergeant said. . . . "Please go in, colonel."

Farralon went in and saw Baylor at a desk near the window. Baylor's face had changed. Harsh grooves marked his cheeks, and the skin under his eyes looked puffy. The rakish black mustache was still there, but under it the white teeth no longer gleamed in a smile.

Farralon saluted and said in a voice as toneless as he could make it, "Reporting for duty, sir."

Baylor yanked a hand from a pocket to return the salute. "I see you haven't forgotten the book," he said. "You may not believe it, Farralon, but I'm glad to see you."

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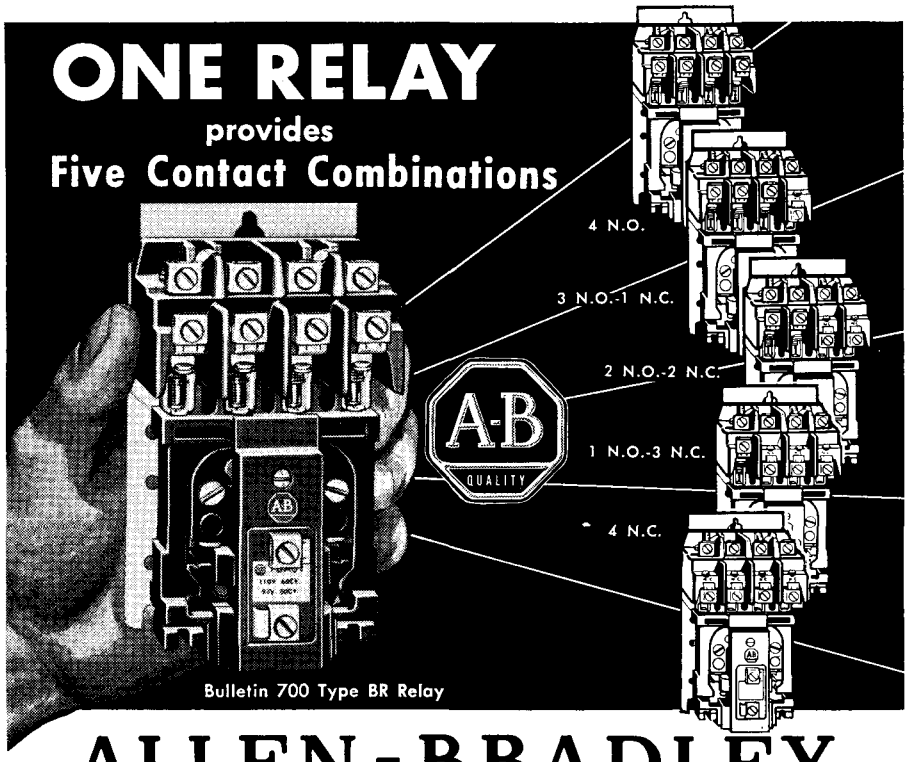

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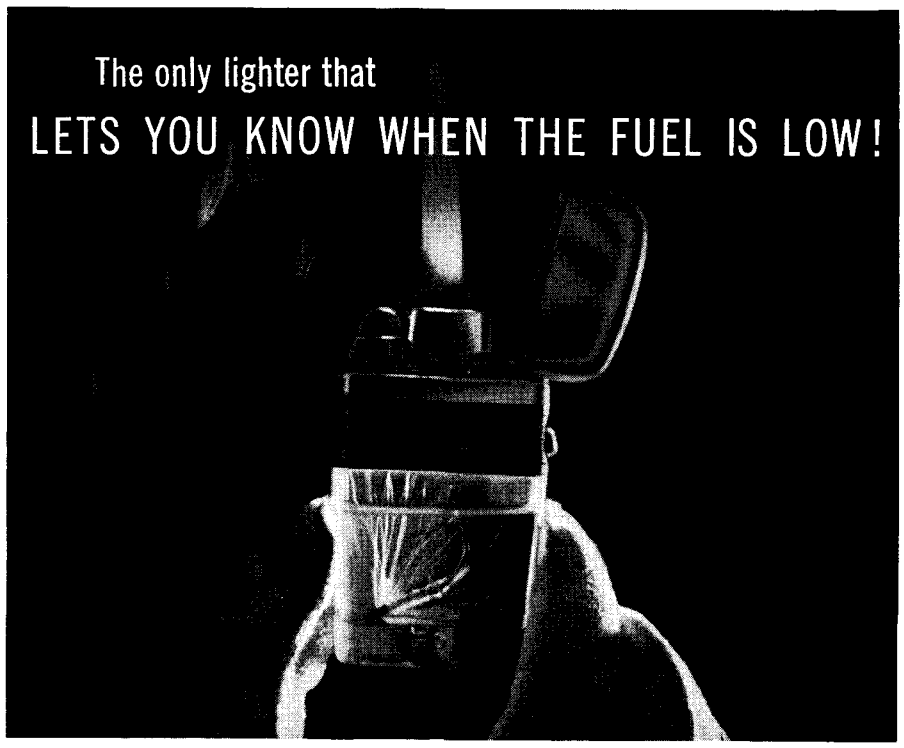

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"That's very generous of you, sir."

"No, it's not generous. Getting you here gives me a reason for living."

Farralon stood quietly, without replying. "Sit down, damn it," Baylor said. "Note the security precautions. Note the lock on the door, the triple combination on our filing case, the curtain drawn over the situation map. Does it meet with your approval?"

"Yes, sir."

"Farralon, you're slipping. You should have noted that we're on the first floor of a ramshackle building. A guy outside with a crowbar could bust in here in fifteen seconds."

"I assume there's a security detail outside."

"Don't assume things like that. We had a security detail last week, but he caught scrub typhus. By the way, you will wear side arms at all times. And have you ever thought about those rulings you made? The rulings that gave me the old one-two?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"How do you feel about them now?"

Farralon said grimly, "I don't plan to tell you, sir."

Baylor let out a laugh as flat as mess tins rattling together. "Good for you," he said. "If you'd said you were sorry and had made a mistake, I'd have wanted to tear you to bits. When did you first learn I'd be your C.O.?"

"Just before leaving the A.G."

"So you came right here. No putting off the evil moment. I guess you haven't gone downhill all the way. Maybe we can make the rest of the trip together."

Only a few hours ago, Farralon thought, he would have taken that. Something had put a little more stiffening in him. "If you plan to make that trip, sir," he said, "you'll have to do it alone."

"Oh, come on now, Farralon," Baylor said jeeringly. "Here we are, a couple of foulups in a fouled-up command. You are a foulup, aren't you? I've heard about what happened on Anchor Island last December. Maybe you'd like to give me your side of the story?"

"It wouldn't sound any better the way I tell it."

"Well, any time you feel like telling me the story and weeping on my shoulder, go right ahead. I'm looking forward to it. Meanwhile, you'd better check in with the headquarters commandant and get settled."

"What time do you want me back, sir?"

"No rush. Your problem isn't going to be trying to do a good job. It's going to be trying to find a job to do."

"I'm not sure what you mean."

"All I mean is that we have nothing to do. But you'll find out. However, out of the goodness of my heart, I'm going to give you a special duty of your very own. Do you remember what line officers used to say about intelligence?"

"Yes, sir. They used to say that when you couldn't trust an officer with troops, you put him in intelligence, and if you couldn't trust an officer in intelligence, you put him in public relations."

"In this command," Baylor said, "G-2 also has the responsibility for censorship and public relations." He paused and smiled. "Farralon," he said, "in addition to your other duties I hereby appoint you public-relations officer."

The Lower Pacific Command had camped untidily in Port Solo, using every building whose walls did not lean too dangerously and whose roofs did not have too many holes. Repairs and improvements had been made only where the occupant had enough rank to requisition them or enough skill to do the work himself.

As a lieutenant colonel, Farralon rated a room in what had been a small private house—a cot with mosquito bar, and a camp chair. Two other lieutenant colonels and four majors were quartered in the house, and in deference to this amount of rank, the bathroom plumbing had been put in working order. Several natives of Zoanga had also moved into the house. A major quartered in the house told Farralon that the natives slept on the floor in the kitchen. If you took out a cigarette, one of them was there to light it. You could hardly climb out of your cot before one of them was straightening it. So they were handy to have around and, the major explained, it was a nice idea to cadge a case of rations now and then for their benefit.

Farralon started unpacking his duffel bag and foot locker. Immediately a smiling Zoangese woman materialized beside him, examining his clothes and putting things that needed washing or ironing into separate piles. Farralon had served in the Philippines and was familiar with this sort of operation. To natives like the Zoangese woman, staking a claim on a white household was as good as inheriting a nipa hut and several carabaos. You moved into the household, smiling and making yourself useful in many ways. You allowed no one else to steal from it, and you yourself only took things to which you were really entitled—a floor to sleep on, a modest amount of food, worn-out clothes—plus various small items that would not be missed. So Farralon smiled at the woman and went out to lunch at the officers' mess.

After lunch, remembering that he had been ordered to wear side arms, he made

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 74)

Not the South Carolina secession convention held after Lincoln's election in 1860, but the so-called State Disunion Convention at Worcester, Massachusetts, sparked by Massachusetts abolitionists after James Buchanan was elected President in 1856. Seeing "four more years of pro-slavery government" ahead, the extreme antislavery element called for "a dissolution of this bloodstained Union." When criticized by both Northern and Southern moderates, the secessionists, through the Rev. Thomas W. Higginson, a fiery Unitarian abolitionist descended from a noted Puritan preacher, readily accepted the label of "traitors and fanatics." Thousands in New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois and other states supported a plan to hold a big secession convention at Cleveland in the fall of 1857. Then the financial panic that year left them stranded at home without cash, and the convention never met.

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another trip to the headquarters commandant to draw a .45 automatic and several clips of cartridges. As he neared the commandant's shed, the sound of voices stopped him. Two people were arguing. The high-pitched voice had to be that of the headquarters commandant, a plump young captain. The other voice was that of the WAC lieutenant, Peters or Packer or whatever her name was.

"It's simply ridiculous, captain," she was saying. "Five of us come out here to take jobs that will release men for combat duty, and what do you do? You throw barbed wire around that house you assigned to us. You detail one guard to the place from 0800 to 1600, two guards from 1600 to midnight, and two more from midnight to 0800. Five soldiers to guard us!"

"That's the way it's gonna be, lieutenant."

"Sir," she said, "if you insist, put one guard on duty from 2200 to 0600. We can take care of ourselves the rest of the time. And issue us rations, and we'll set up our own mess. Then we'll only be taking one soldier away from duty."

"Why argue, lieutenant? This is how it's gonna be."

"Very well, sir," she said. "I intend to carry an official protest as high as General McGuire if I have to."

"You go right ahead and do that. You know what the general said? He said, those damned WAC's are gonna cost us more trouble than a platoon of Japs, on account of we can shoot the Japs, but we can't shoot the WAC's. And he said, make sure you keep 'em sealed off so they can't get in any extra trouble. And finally he said, damn it, maybe they'll get the idea and go home. All right, lieutenant, you asked for it. There it is, laid on the line."

For a moment there was no sound from within the shed. Then she said quietly, "I see."

"No other complaints, lieutenant? Quarters all right?"

"Things are . . . fine," she said.

She came out of the shed, blinking her eyes, and walked past Farralon without seeing him. She was not a pretty girl, he thought, but at the moment she had dignity and beauty. She walked the way a princess ought to walk on her way to a scaffold.

He felt a surge of anger at the way the Army was setting out, typically callous, typically slow, to crush this girl and the upsetting new idea that she represented. Of course, it wasn't his business. He wished he could make it his though.

He walked into the shed and found the headquarters commandant leaning back in his chair. "Hello, captain," Farralon said. "I couldn't help overhearing your talk with the WAC. I must say you handled it well."

"Why, thanks, colonel. In a job like this a man gets a lot of practice handling people."

"That was quite a crack the general got off about the WAC's. Did he really put it that strongly?"

"Yes, sir. I got it straight from the exec of the chief of staff."

"Well, if the Old Man wants them run out of the command, I guess they could save trouble by not unpacking. But I wouldn't think that merely putting a bunch of guards around their quarters would do the trick."

The captain smiled. "There just might be a few things wrong with their quarters and their chow. I can't do the whole job of running them home, but I'm getting in a little artistic touch here and there."

"I see," Farralon said. "Well, captain, I don't want to take up a lot of your time. Colonel Baylor wants me to wear side arms, and I wondered if you'd give me a requisition on your supply sergeant for a forty-five and the rest of it."

"Oh, sure thing." The captain scribbled on a requisition pad, tore off the sheet and handed it to Farralon. "Anything we got is yours, colonel. You fixed up all right at your quarters? Can I send over anything? Field desk? Maybe a case or two of rations?"

"Mighty nice of you," Farralon said. "If you can spare them, a desk and rations would be fine."

"Consider it done, colonel."

Farralon left the shed and picked up his .45 and web belt and holster and clips from the supply sergeant, and found out by a casual question where the WAC quarters were located.

He found the WAC quarters a few blocks from the warehouse, identifying it by the barbed wire and guard. It was a one-story house with a corrugated-iron roof and it leaned its tired framework against a gumbo limbo tree. The guard at the gate in the barbed wire thought of challenging him, took a second look at Farralon's silver leaves and decided to give him a rifle salute and keep his mouth shut. Farralon returned the salute and went up to the house and knocked on the door. Inside, a skirl of voices faded, and one of the WAC's opened the door.

"Hello," Farralon said. "I just stopped by to see how you're getting along."

The WAC was the thin dark one, Moretti, and her eyes looked red from crying. She stared at him almost tearfully, and turned and called, "Ma'am! It's the colonel from the plane."

The WAC lieutenant came to the door while Moretti moved aside but stayed near, peeking over her shoulder. Two other heads also bobbed up back of the lieutenant. "Yes, colonel?" the lieutenant said. She had recovered her poise, and her eyes were clear and calm.

"Just a friendly visit," he said. "I wondered how you were getting along."

The lieutenant didn't open the door any wider. "Very well, sir, thank you."

From the shadows behind her, a small voice protested, "Oh, ma'am!"

"Please," the lieutenant said over her shoulder.

"Is there anything I can do to help?" Farralon asked. "Often things are in a mess the first day or so in a combat zone."

"Thank you, colonel. We're doing fine."

Behind her another voice wailed, "Ma'am!"

"Please!" the lieutenant said more sharply.

"I don't care!" a third voice cried. "It's awful, just awful. There are great big holes in the roof and ——"

"Smith!" the lieutenant cried, wheeling to face the room.

For once her voice had lost its authority. A small mutiny was under way, and tearful voices washed through and over the lieutenant's words. "The windows are just big holes! . . . I saw rats! . . . The bathroom doesn't work, and we're supposed to dig a l-latrine right out in the open! . . . Nobody could eat that horrible food they sent over! . . . They gave us five cots, but they fall down, and the canvas is torn and. . . . There are places where you can go right through the floor! . . . Oh, please, ma'am, ask the colonel to do something if he can!"

The WAC lieutenant turned back to Farralon and stepped outside and closed the door on the wailing voices. "I apologize for the conduct of my girls," she said. "They're under a little strain because things are so new and different. I'd appreciate it if you'll forget what you heard."

"No complaints, huh?"

"None, colonel."

"Not about the day-and-night guards? Not about the assignment to a stenographic pool rather than a message center?"

She studied him carefully and not with any sign of pleasure. "Excuse me for asking, colonel," she said, "but what is your assignment at GHQ?"

"Assistant G-2."

"Colonel, I appreciate your interest, but we have no connection with G-2. If I had any comments to make about our situation here, I would make them through the proper channels. Now I hope you'll excuse me. We have some busy hours ahead of us." She turned and went into the house. There was silence from inside after she closed the door. Apparently the small mutiny had collapsed.

The guard at the gate was pretending he had heard nothing. Farralon paused and grinned at the man and said, "I got told off, didn't I?"

The guard looked at him, startled but pleased. "Damned if you didn't, sir."

"They're in a mess, aren't they?"

"It's enough to make a guy sick, colonel. Nice (*Continued on Page 81*)

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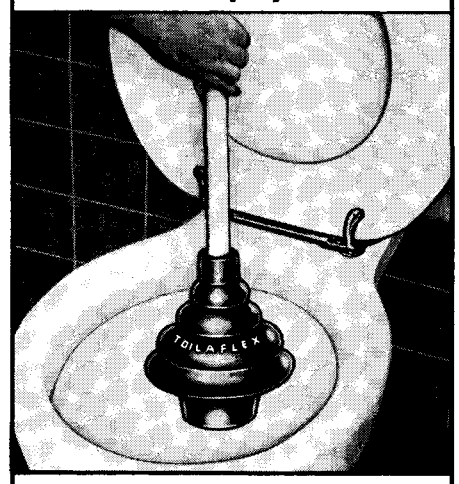

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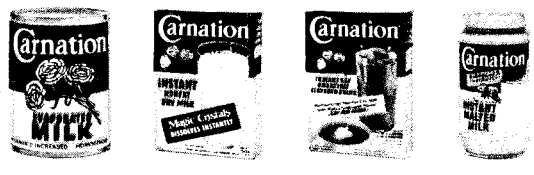

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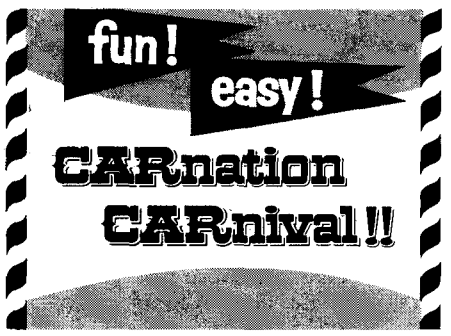

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(*Continued from Page 79*)

kids like them, they don't deserve it. If you can help them out, don't let that high-nosed lieutenant stop you."

"I'll see what I can do," Farralon said, going on his way.

In theory, of course, there was nothing he could or ought to do. The WAC lieutenant was right; it was out of channels for him to try to take any action. He was asking for trouble if he did anything. When you moved out of channels in the Army, you could step on a lot of toes and in return the toes would try to kick hell out of you. But he had one advantage. His career was shot anyway, and he didn't have to give a hang.

He went back to his quarters and found that the field desk and two cases of C rations had already been delivered. One of the Zoangese men was sitting cross-legged on the floor by the cases of rations, guarding them.

Farralon said, "Do you speak English?"

"Speak?" the man said, puzzled. "Speak?"

Somewhere Farralon had read that, in addition to their own language, the Zoangese spoke the pidgin English developed by traders. Pidgin was a simple language with a small vocabulary. He had studied it once, because you never knew when a language might come in handy. He had forgotten most of the words, but they might come back.

"Me savvy pidgin talk-talk," he said. "Spos you savvy pidgin, mifella talkim."

The native grinned happily. "Me savvy pidgin talk-talk."

Farralon tapped one of the cases of rations, and asked, "In pidgin talk-talk, what name belong dis?"

"Name belong dis bokis got *kai kai.*"

He got the word for box. "Me no savvy *kai kai,*" he said.

The native made eating gestures. "Spos belly he empty, belly likim *kai kai.*"

Of course. *Kai kai* meant food. He said, "Me givim youfella one bokis got *kai kai.* Me keepim one bokis got *kai kai.*"

The native said, "A-a-ah," and scooped up a box and hurried away.

As Farralon sat down at the field desk to consider the problem of the WAC's, there was a rustle beside him, and a slim brown hand placed a glass of some kind of liquid on the field desk. He turned too late to see anything but the edge of a Zoangese garment fluttering out through the doorway. He picked up the glass and took a sip. It was limeade. Not only was it made from fresh limes and sweetened just enough to leave the right thirst-quenching tartness, but also it was iced. Ice, in the Lower Pacific Command! Where the devil did the Zoangese find ice?

He went back with new energy to consider how he could help the WAC's. Obviously his first task was to do a thorough intelligence job. The headquarters commandant had said he received his orders about treatment of the WAC's from the executive officer of the chief of staff. Farralon dropped in to introduce himself to the exec. The latter was a nice young major named Le Moy who had picked up two fast wartime promotions and was still having trouble trying not to think and act like a first lieutenant. Farralon chatted casually with him, managed to bring up the subject of the WAC's, and heard what the chief of staff had told the exec about them.

After that, Farralon paid his respects to the chief of staff, Colonel Clement. Under careful prodding he commented on the arrival of the WAC's and reported what General McGuire's aide had told him the Old Man said about the WAC's.

The general's aide was a very young captain who was going at war like a puppy worrying a bone. Farralon had a nice talk with him and discussed the WAC's and heard exactly what the general said about them.

General McGuire was out inspecting the main line of resistance, so Farralon couldn't pay a call on him. He didn't have to, however. He had already collected a textbook example of the way orders could be distorted when passed by word of mouth down a chain of command. His textbook example was as follows.

THE GENERAL'S AIDE—"The general was kind of unhappy about the whole thing. He said to me, 'The War Department has asked us to take a unit of WAC's. I wish we didn't have to, but I guess we do. Well, don't let 'em get in my hair, keep 'em out of trouble and make sure they have enough training so they won't louse up our message center.'"

THE CHIEF OF STAFF—"The general was upset as hell about the War Department twisting his arm to make him accept that WAC unit. He figured they were going to get in his hair, and I sent down word that anything we could do to keep them out of his hair would be worth while. The general thought there might be trouble if we didn't provide a little security at their quarters and he didn't think they could be trusted with message-center work."

EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF C. OF S.—"The Old Man really blew his top about the War Department forcing us to accept those damned WAC's. He said he already had all the trouble he wanted from the Japs and he wouldn't bust out crying if the WAC's decided to ask for a transfer to some other area. He wanted their quarters guarded at all times, and he said keep them the hell away from the message center before they fouled up everything."

HEADQUARTERS COMMANDANT—"You know what the general said? He said, those damned WAC's are gonna cost us more trouble than a platoon of Japs, on account of we can shoot the Japs, but we can't shoot the WAC's. And he said, make sure you keep 'em sealed off so they can't get in any extra trouble. And finally he said, damn it, maybe they'll get the idea and go home."

Yes, a very interesting example for the textbooks. When orders were not clearly understood, each man in the chain of command added his own ideas, distorting the original order in one way or another. The same sort of thing could happen with an order to take Hill 273, or to launch a campaign or begin a war. Throughout history that sort of thing had lost battles and campaigns and wars.

All this was very instructive, but it did not solve the immediate problem. Nothing would be more useless than to go along the chain of command showing each officer how he had distorted General McGuire's wishes. They would deny it hotly. They would back up one another. They would raise hell with him and extra hell with the WAC's. They would turn into personal enemies rather than casual and impersonal ones. It wouldn't be a good idea to go directly to General McGuire either. In the first place, McGuire might not listen to an officer who was operating so far out of channels. And even if McGuire did listen and started banging a few heads together, every aching head would harbor angry thoughts about the WAC's.

If the operation was to succeed in destroying the enemy's ability to fight, it must also destroy his will to fight. Nothing else would do.

As assistant G-2, his capabilities were limited to the gathering of intelligence. But he was also public-relations officer. The troubles of the first WAC unit assigned to a forward combat zone might make a very interesting story, and one that would provide all the reinforcements he needed. But it would have to be handled very delicately.

TO BE CONTINUED

"Transmitting, thereby, electricity without wires. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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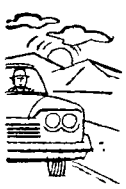
ARE YOU A GOOD DEFENSIVE DRIVER?

Check your habits against these tips

1 FOLLOW AT SAFE DISTANCES

Keep one car length behind the nearest car ahead for each 10 miles of speed. Example: 30 mph—3 car lengths *on good roads*. On slippery roads, allow an extra safety margin to avoid costly accidents.



2 TURN ON LIGHTS AT DUSK

At the first sign of darkness (in the evening, or in heavy rain, snow or fog), turn on your low-beam headlights so approaching drivers can see you.

3 MAINTAIN CAR IN SAFE CONDITION

Make sure windshield, mirror and lights are clean; lighting, braking and steering are in good working order. Get a Brake Safety Check every 5,000 miles. In the long run, you save money and avoid trouble.

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With Bendix Power Brakes you get safe, sure stops with *only one-fourth the pedal pressure*. Bendix Power Brakes can be installed on your present car in less than one hour! Other Bendix Quality Brake Products include: Brake Fluid, and New Lined Brake Shoes to restore "New Car Braking Performance" to your car.

ASK THE MAN WHO DOES YOUR BRAKE WORK

BENDIX PRODUCTS DIVISION SOUTH BEND IND.

THE Bendix CORPORATION

Who? Me? Move?

(Continued from Page 25)

or six scraps of notations, all of which will be invalidated by the single, stark message: "Throw out everything in the attic."

But the first thing you and your husband will discuss together, after the initial flurry of blind panic, is Telling the Children. This is one of the few things about being transferred that is easier than you think it will be, if your children are waist-high and under. My husband and I moved suddenly one time from the East Coast to Oklahoma, and feared that this would be hard for the children to accept. So we armed ourselves with maps, pictures of Indians, working models of oil wells and the reiterated assurance of our love. Tremulously I said that their father "had something to tell them." Quietly he delivered an emotional talk on the wonders of this broad land of ours, the adventures that awaited us and the care we would take to have each child be a part of this new world. "So," he finished throbbingly, "we're going to Oklahoma."

"Tonight?" said the four-year-old with leaping joy.

"How many horses do you think we'll need," the six-year-old said practically, "besides the one you'll ride to work?"

"Gee, dad," the eight-year-old began plaintively, and his father and I sat forward, ready with comfort. "Gee. Mom said it was something *important*. Moving's nothing."

Cling to that thought. Stand at bay in your own living room in the days to come, thigh-high in cardboard boxes, tugging curtains down, your latest list between your teeth for ready reference, and smile fondly at the funny way he said it. "Moving's nothing." Then ungrit your teeth and get on with it. There's work to be done.

Your husband, of course, will fly on ahead, to start his job and "look around for a place." He will use that easy phrase in the manner of a man finding a good spot for a picnic. In any case, he will surely be too busy to come back and escort you and the children and the dog and the parakeet in your sloppy hegira across the country. Well, given a choice, would you come back?

That will mean that you and the children will remain alone for a time so that, as your husband will say jauntily when you see him off at the airport, "You can tie up the loose ends." Choke back the first answer that comes to your mind as he says this. Kiss him fondly, wish him well and go back to the house. There are some things no man should see. The ten-day period before moving day is one of them.

The first thing you will notice in the days that follow is that you seem to be surrounded by strange men who keep walking in and out of your house making really laughable demands. The gas-company man, for example, will ask for the receipt for the deposit you paid on the water heater a year and a half ago. Smile at him vaguely but warmly. A man from some city office you never heard of will drop by to find out the exact valuation of house and grounds "as of the last assessment period." Shoo him away with a charming, helpless wave of your hands. The real-estate man will explain that the front porch must be painted immediately so as to make a good impression on buyers; but he will add sternly that you must not *on any account* put any more money into the house, since the price is already too high what with the market the way it's been. Nod wearily at him and paint the porch yourself some evening. The telephone company will inquire what exact day and hour you want service stopped. Tell them to keep right on calling until they don't get an answer someday, and then stop the service. This will probably leave you without a phone for the last few days, since you'll be in and out a lot, but who cares, because by that time the moving men will be there and you wouldn't have time to answer the phone.

But you must take time, before the movers arrive, to get yourself psychologically prepared for the manners of moving men, or you may go all to pieces, and you can't afford to do that. The thing about moving men is that they all have this funny habit—they smile. *All the time.* They grin as you explain about your grandmother's china; they chuckle as they pack the toaster in with the Christmas decorations; and they laugh right out loud as they crate the box of icebox leftovers you put out to take across to your neighbor. Just grin, chuckle and laugh right back at them. It is impossible to get any intelligible message across the void that separates moving men from the rest of us. Leave them to their strange humors.

Brace yourself, too, during this period, against crippling attacks of acute tenderness. Your husband's voice, stretching across the telephone wires, will slice so deeply into your heart that you will start sentences you cannot finish and lean against the wall after you have both said good-by, missing him with a terrible, sharp sorrow. Your children's earnest efforts to help will catch at your throat, even though the packed carton they show you so proudly will contain one ice skate, your husband's camera, a pile of old magazines and your only cashmere sweater that they put in "to make it all fit good and tight." And your friends will keep doing thoughtful and courageous things like bringing iced tea and cookies in the middle of the afternoon, or picking up your son's gym clothes from his locker at school. You will find that your thanks to them mix untidily with futile efforts to say good-by until all you can do is stand and look at each other and say that you will *certainly* write.

Without warning then—since the storm of penciled lists has cut you off entirely from sight of the outside world—the actual moving day will be upon you and a burst of numb efficiency will appear to carry you through. It is in this period of cold, machinelike competence that you should do the final terrible things—throw the goldfish down the drain; cover the stain in back of the stove with a wavering strip of black paint; and tell the real-estate man to take $1000 off the asking price. These are painful acts that must be done. Your present anesthetized state is the only time you will be able to do them. Say good-by to friends—and close the door for the last time. You'll feel no pain on that day.

This numb efficiency will carry you through your journey and the first week or so after you arrive. That whole period, in any case, is always mercifully erased from any woman's memory. She may think she recalls the struggles of that time, but all she truly can remember is the merest top surface of the confusion she lived through so capably. So put yourself on automatic pilot and stay there as you start to settle the new house—doing breakfast toast in the oven, since the toaster never did turn up (you'll find it when you unpack the decorations for your Christmas tree); discovering that the bureau will simply not fit into the new bedroom unless you move the bed out; and losing the receipt for the deposit you paid on the new water heater.

But one day, very suddenly, that numbness will slip away, and you will be yourself again. Your head no longer clatters every time you nod, and your voice leaves the flat, high register in which it seemed permanently fixed. And you will look up from the crate you are unpacking and see the world again. You will remember that the woman who brought welcome cookies from across the street had a cheerful and engaging face, and that the couple in back seems friendly. You'll notice that the flowers in your yard are excitingly different from those that grew back home, and you'll find that you can remember the names of your children's new friends. And on that day you will realize suddenly that it's all over. You've been transferred, and you've lived through it—and, if necessary, you'll live through it again. Probably. THE END

"He's kind of disgruntled. He's been feeling the public pulse all day."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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They'll Never Tame the Everglades

(Continued from Page 41)

"That attention went to his head," Christensen, a dedicated nature lover, told me. "It got so that whenever we talked to a group here, George tried to get into the act. He'd splash and roar, or chase the other gators. Sometimes he would waddle majestically along the shore in front of the crowd. What a ham!"

Then one Sunday afternoon George outdid himself. Christensen became aware that he had lost his listeners' interest; they were staring goggle-eyed at something behind him. The naturalist turned to see George rising from the slough, carrying a large, highly indignant Florida terrapin in his jaws. It appeared that the alligator had bitten off considerably more and harder-shelled turtle than he could chew, but George calmly selected a level stretch of lawn and proceeded to give a blood-curdling demonstration of his skill in the alligator business. He placed his lower jaw firmly on the ground and slowly arched his body, using his tail for leverage. Then he suddenly brought his weight down on his jaws with a powerful crunching effect. The turtle's shell began to crack. Some of the women in the audience paled as crunch followed crunch and one begged Christensen to "save that poor, harmless turtle." The naturalist refused this plea because National Park Service policy prohibits interference with natural habits of animals, so long as they aren't dangerous to humans. Indeed, even poisonous snakes such as diamondback rattlesnake, pygmy rattlesnake, cottonmouth moccasin and coral snakes are protected, although park rangers carefully keep them away from the public areas. But to get back to George, he held his audience for half an hour while he shucked the terrapin and ate it.

A married man is one who doesn't speak from experience.

CY N. PEACE

You won't find old George at Royal Palm any more. He slithered out into the Glades as usual during the rainy season, when the vast saw-grass plain is flooded, and failed to come back. Possibly his self-confidence led him to put on a show for an alligator poacher.

All of which backs up a guidebook claim that Everglades National Park is a "zoo without cages, where you can get close to nature." However, the huge park, about the same size as the state of Delaware, is considerably more than a collection of unusual birds and beasts. It also is an awesome primeval landscape. Once when a paleobotanist—a specialist in fossil plants—visited these subtropical marshes, he exclaimed, "Why, this is still in the coal age! I can imagine seeing dinosaurs here." South Floridians put a similar thought in less scholarly terms, saying, "A bullfrog would knock out his brains trying to cross those Glades." It is true that until recent times the Everglades were a virtually impassable, inhospitable frontier.

Nowadays it is easy to cross part of the Everglades and to penetrate many faces of this once-mysterious landscape. The casual auto tourist can enter the park on the land side near Homestead or Florida City and can drive southwestward for thirty-nine miles over an excellent new highway to the park's southern water gate at Flamingo on Florida Bay. Along the way he can easily sample the flora and fauna of the Glades by stopping at several hammocks, as the low, tree-covered islands are called, where the Park Service has laid out hard-surfaced, self-guiding trails. He can lean over the sloping guardrails to peer into shadowed pools, teeming with strange fish such as the long-snouted alligator gar. He can catch glimpses of brightly colored butterflies, or examine the patterns of unusual tree snails. He can watch diving birds, such as cormorant and needle-billed anhinga—also called the water turkey—swiftly swimming for their dinners. The anhinga is a spectacular performer which spears its victims, then surfaces to shake them loose. Because its feathers are oilless, the anhinga drapes itself on bushes to dry between dives.

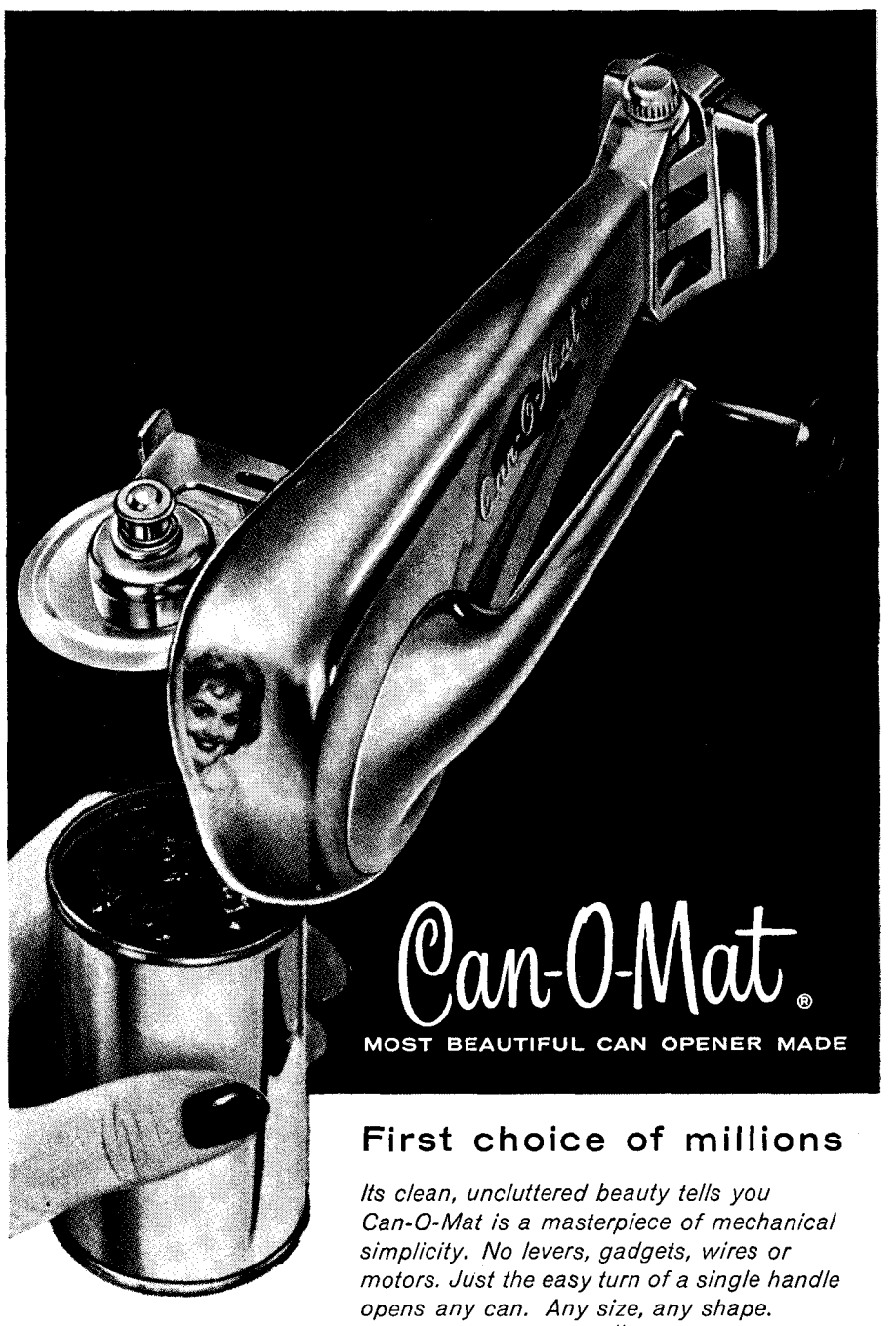
The tourist with an interest in plant life can get acquainted with many rare and remarkable kinds in the park, such as the forty or fifty varieties of wild orchids. He can inspect stands of huge mahogany trees, the reddish gumbo limbo—its tissue-papery bark, used as flavoring, gave the name "gumbo" to certain soups—and the strangler fig which, by twining its interconnecting tentacles around trees, even the great live oak tree, eventually crushes the life out of them. A few plants wear DON'T TOUCH signs, notably the gray-barked poisonwood tree and the even more ominous manchineel, or "tree of death," which looks something like a crab apple and is reputed to be the deadliest plant in the world. The Calusa Indians, who lived in the Everglades long before the white man came, used its sap to poison the tips of their arrows.

In all honesty it must be said that some visitors are let down when they first enter the park. There are no dazzling mountains, no roaring waterfalls, no hungry bears begging for handouts. There *are* black bears here, and the big lionlike cats called puma, and otter, bobcats, raccoon and deer, but these shy animals usually keep out of sight. Approached from the land side, the Glades scene at first seems flat and featureless, a horizon-marching plain, dotted with green-tree islands that seem to float above a sea of grass beneath a vast blue bowl of sky. But early-morning travelers may be rewarded by the sight of millions of dew-jeweled spiderwebs on the saw grass, flashing like a cold silver fire across the Glades as far as the eye can see.

You can probe the key secret of the Everglades, the thing that makes it one-thing-of-a-kind, simply by getting out of your car at a culvert and looking down. Softly rustling through the web-footed grass is a sheet of clear, fresh water on its way to the sea. This is Pa-Hay-O-Kee—the River of Grass—as the Seminole Indians called it, a shallow, vastly spreading drainage basin which supports the teeming cycle of life in this subtropical land. For the Glades are possible only because Southern Florida has the cross section of an almost-flattened pickle dish which slopes gradually, very gradually, toward the southwest at a few inches per mile. The bottom is something like a soft-rock sponge, composed of a relatively new, extremely porous limestone. Over this rock has drifted a thin skimming of marl soil and a layer of peat. The water comes from rainfall, most of it in summer, of around sixty inches a year, and from drainage from the north, notably from Lake Okeechobee. This sheet of water filters 100 miles or more to the Gulf of Mexico and Florida Bay.

The scene changes dramatically along the coast, where the drainage divides into hundreds of intricately carved channels. Here fresh water mixes with intruding salty tides from the sea; the saw grass fades out and salt-tolerating mangrove forests on stiltlike roots spraddle the land like spiders. Creeks become labyrinthine tunnels winding through the mangroves—reddish, tannin-stained waterways lighted by dancing flecks of sunlight, green and gold. This mysterious scene can be penetrated only by boat, by way of streams bearing such ominous names as Shark River, Lostmans River and Graveyard Creek. Here are dozens of interior bays and lakes. And beyond the shore line are tidal flats and keys and islands, including the Ten Thousand Islands, a huge green jigsaw puzzle carelessly brushed apart by a giant hand.

Flamingo, the bayside entrance to the park, was once a weather-beaten, mud-flat fishing village; but all that has changed. It now has been filled in, landscaped and built into an ultramodern visitors' center. This is a convenient headquarters for the tourist who plans



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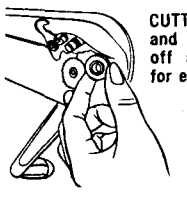

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to stay a couple of days or weeks for some Glades exploring, fishing, bird watching or, as one tired businessman told me, "just unwinding in this deep peace and quiet." For those who like motels there is Flamingo Lodge, offering sixty air-conditioned rooms, all looking out on the bay, and a swimming pool. For those who carry tents or tow house trailers, there is a fifty-four-unit campground, also with a fine view of the bay—no charge, just check in and take the assigned site. (Another fifty-nine-unit campground recently was finished on Long Pine Key, near the eastern entrance of the park.) For the increasing number who come by water there is a large new marina, with fifty-seven slips, which can handle anything from small runabouts to 100-foot yachts. There is a service station for cars and, for refueling the tourist himself, a grocery store, large dining room, coffee shop and lunch counter.

The visitor can gear his activities to his own inclinations—as long as he doesn't want jazzy night life, of which there is none. He can take trips on excursion boats into the interior waters or out into Florida Bay. Fishermen, photographers and picnickers can rent craft of various sizes, from fifteen-foot skiffs (outboard motor and gasoline included) for thirteen dollars a day up to large deep-sea charter boats (skipper included) for around sixty dollars a day for a party of four. For quiet bird-watching trips into shallow interior lakes, canoes with light motors are available for five dollars a day. Guides for any such boating expeditions can be hired for fifteen dollars a day. On Saturdays there is a "boat-a-cade"—a procession of private craft, led by a park patrol boat, which spends a day on a sixty-five-mile tour into some of the most remote waterways. Sometimes as many as forty or fifty boats show up at starting time, making a water parade two or three miles long.

Flamingo is particularly a stronghold of bird watchers, many of whom are Everglades repeaters, enthusiastic about the improvement in their scores as the bird life—more than 300 species—stages a comeback under park protection.

The fishermen, cleaning their catches at the dock under the hungry eyes of swarming sea gulls and a stately flotilla of brown pelicans, spoke more guardedly. "Not a big day today," one said, "but when the fishing is poor here, it's still better than anywhere else I know about—snook, sea trout, snapper, bonefish, tarpon. In the fresh-water lakes and ponds we have bass, bream, gar, golden shiner. You name it, we have it." No fishing license is required for salt-water sports fishing. Fresh-water fishing is restricted to certain ponds and lakes, marked with signs, and requires a Florida fishing license.

The popularity of the park has astonished even its most enthusiastic advocates—and has the Park Service humping. "Ten years ago we had ninety-four thousand visitors; last year there were over half a million," the present superintendent, Warren G. Hamilton, told me. "Most of the new development is being done under the Mission Sixty-six program—our plan to get the national parks ready for the load they are expected to have by 1966. For the Everglades that forecast is seven hundred thousand visitors—and we're likely to hit that mark in the next year or two. Our new campgrounds are filled to capacity right now; we've had to limit campers to a thirty-day stay."

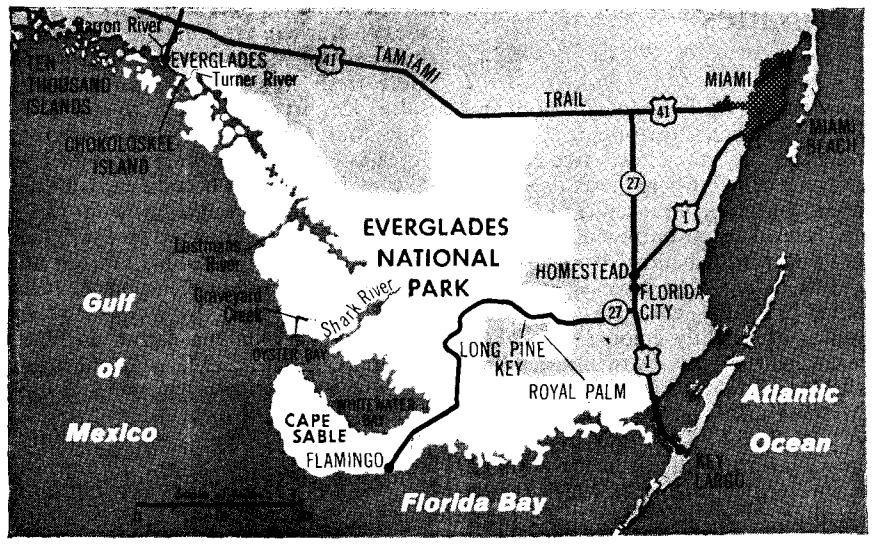
The new roads and facilities may give the impression that the Everglades have been subdued at last, but after spending a strenuous week exploring the area by land, water and air, I can testify that most of the landscape is untouched. And shaping the wild country into a park has been a tough, slow and at times dangerous assignment.

"Many of the natives around the Glades were opposed to the whole park idea," said Dan Beard, first superintendent of the park and now chief of interpretation of the National Park Service. "These people had their reasons. The Glades were still something of a frontier. If you wanted something in the Glades, you took it. The so-called Glades Cats considered the area their private hunting and fishing preserve. Then there were business interests who still thought the Glades should be drained and bulldozed into farmland, although land-use surveys show that for the long run hardly any of it is suited to agriculture. These folks kept fighting the park development—and they did succeed in getting the boundaries reduced." The legal birth year of the park is 1947, when Florida gave the Federal Government 800,000 acres of state-owned land along with a check for $2,000,000 to buy an additional 1,300,000 acres. But it wasn't until 1958 that the final boundaries of the park, embracing 1,337,000 acres instead of the originally planned 2,164,000 acres, were fixed by act of Congress.

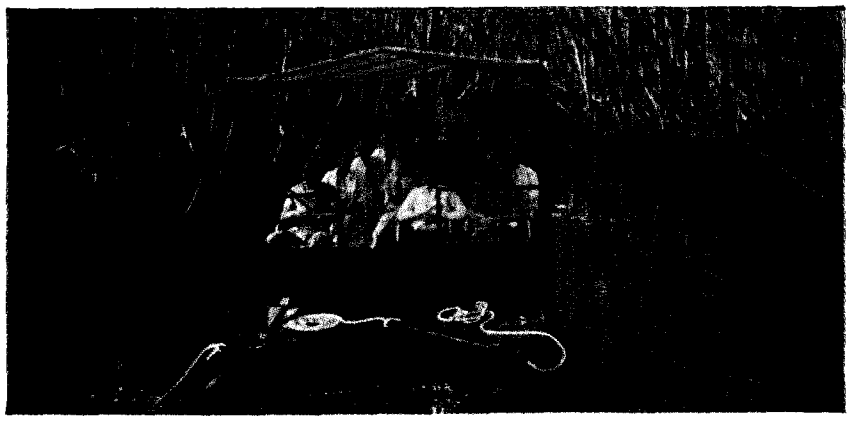
The tradition of the Glades as a sanctuary for the antisocial and lawless runs deep. Through their history these marshes have harbored embattled Indians, escaped slaves and a tidy assortment of squatters, illegal hunters, gunrunners, robbers and killers. During national prohibition remote creeks were the stronghold of large-scale moonshiners. That's how one waterway, Whisky Creek, got its name. Some squatters made their own brew, a concoction they called "aguardent" which, they claimed, "keeps the mosquitoes away, or at least makes you forget 'em." When the Park Service decided that Flamingo was a logical site for a marine base for the park, the rangers had to evict a number of irate individualists, known by such colorful names as "Barrelhead," "Cootie," "Sweet Tater" and "Blue Heron." The rangers were grateful that they had no similar problem with the Seminole Indians who, although they had hunted and fished in the low Glades included in the park, had never lived here, preferring higher, more fertile hammocks to the north.

Poachers were a challenge. "The trouble was that they knew the country, and we didn't," one ranger told me. "But we had to get them under control or the Glades wildlife would be gutted."

There was nothing old-fashioned about the poachers. They used the latest modern equipment, such as airboats, to harvest a remarkable number of wildlife items from the park. An airboat is a flat-bottomed boat, powered by an airplane engine and propeller, which can skim at high speeds across water only a couple of inches deep or even, say airboaters, "on grass wet with dew." Some poachers specialized in killing Glades deer, often scouting their victims with an airplane and radioing the location to hunters in airboats who then pursued and shot the animals at close range. Frog hunters also were airboat enthusiasts. They roared along at night, spears poised, playing a spotlight over the water to catch the gleam of the frogs' eyes. Alligator skinners ghosted their skiffs through backwater creeks, hypnotizing the big reptiles with bright lights. For quiet killing an ax was used, but most of the poachers were so contemptuous of the rangers that they used rifles. "We could hear them shooting out in the Glades," recalls District Ranger Ralph Maxwell, "but they would be gone by the time we (*Continued on Page 86*)



Everglades National Park, on Florida's southern tip, covers an area as big as the state of Delaware. Once a no man's land, its primitive beauty is now easily accessible to tourists who flock here by the thousands.



A mangrove forest deep in the Glades. These dense, spraddling trees, growing in an almost prehistoric setting, can be seen only from a boat.

Above: Rangers set this fire to burn away underbrush. But in dry months uncontrolled fires may rage for hours before fire fighters can reach them.

Ranger Pilot Ralph E. Miele. An ex-Navy flier, he patrols the 2000-square-mile park for "almost anything he can see"—including smugglers.

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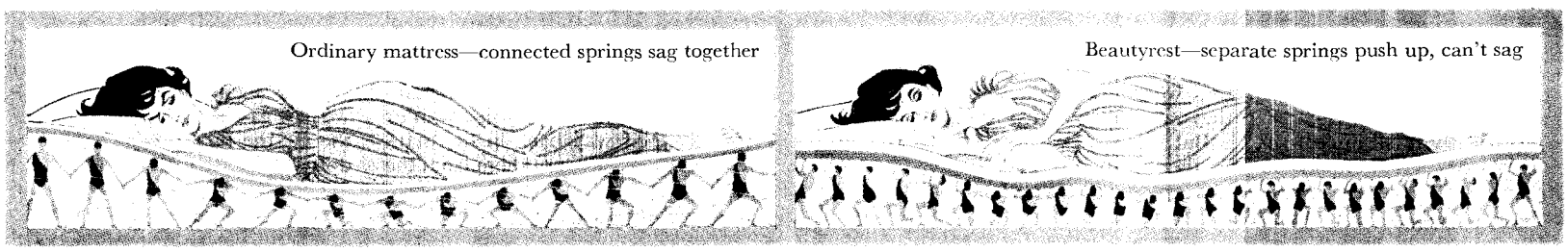

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(*Continued from Page 84*) could get there. We would find gator carcasses by the dozen, with just the valuable belly skin cut out."

Still the battle wasn't entirely one-sided. The rangers still talk about Barnie Parker, now retired, an old-time game warden and ranger with responsibility for more than 400 square miles along Lostmans River. Barnie had a trick of stretching an almost invisible black thread across the mouths of the creeks along his river route. When he found a thread broken he would race up that particular stream in his motorboat, often finding some suspected poachers trying to look innocent. It became rumored in the bars and fishing camps that old Barnie had some kind of mental radar.

Once a young, pink-cheeked assistant named Dave Bogart was sent to help Barnie, and the old ranger feared some of the poachers might underrate the new man, who happened to be a crack shot. So whenever Barnie had occasion to introduce Bogart to groups of natives, he would say, "Son, go get your gun." When Bogart returned, rifle in hand, Barnie would toss a silver dollar in the air and the young marksman would promptly shoot it down. Word soon got around that it wouldn't be wise to try any gun-slinging with him.

Invasions by gun-carrying poachers have declined as the park's patrol system has improved. Rangers now have powerful, specially designed, radio-equipped patrol boats and airboats that can outrun anything they may have to chase. Privately owned airboats are prohibited from entering the park and, if they do, leave a trail that is easy for the park's air patrol to see and follow. The park's position has been strengthened, too, by stiff fines and jail sentences meted out by the United States District Court to several well-known citizens of the area who were apprehended while shooting deer in the park.

Still, Chief Ranger Richard A. Nelson, a large, good-natured man, admits that he is losing some of his amiability where certain nature-wise sneak thieves are concerned. Two of the rarest features of the park are certain types of wild orchids and some of the unusual color forms of *Liguus* tree snails. "Our naturalists are trying to save and increase these nearly extinct things," Nelson told me. "But it's a constant struggle against smart poachers who sneak specimens out of the park and sell them to collectors."

So tense is the rare-orchid situation that the park naturalists try to keep a strict curtain of secrecy around the location of particularly prized varieties, such as the *Oncidium luridum*, or "mule ear" orchid, the *Epidendrum boothianum*, or "penny" orchid, which has a flat, round bulb resembling a copper penny, and the *Macradenia lutescens*—no common name—which is on the ragged edge of extinction. The park's orchid experts won't even talk about the poachers' methods, but it is no secret that in several cases rare plants, left to multiply on isolated, unmarked hammocks, were located by plant thieves who neatly lifted dozens of specimens. These probably brought twenty-five dollars or more apiece in the black market.

On the other hand, the park's self-taught specialist on tree snails loves to talk about them. He is Ranger Erwin Winte, a former Florida game warden, and a tough, deeply tanned, compactly built man with graying crew-cut hair. Winte believes *Liguus* are "the most beautiful land shells in the world," well worth the study he has given them for thirty years. The object of his admiration is a delicate shell, about two inches long, which comes in a variety of delicate patterns and colors, and is worn by a snail which feeds on fungi growing on certain varieties of trees, such as Jamaica dogwood and wild tamarind. From his stilt-supported ranger station on Key Largo and in his fast patrol boat the *Oceola*, Winte keeps an eye on the Florida Bay area of the park and also works in a long-range program to preserve various pure color forms of the snails by transplanting them on safe, isolated hammocks.

"The main enemy of the tree snail, outside of the park, is the bulldozer," he said. "As the Everglades were pushed back by land development, quite a few varieties were just about wiped out." He doesn't think that commercial poaching of *Liguus* in the park has been as much of a problem as the acquisitiveness of amateur collectors.

Obviously the rangers take seriously their mission to protect nature; so much so that some jittery people are inclined to believe the animals come first, people second, in the hearts of the men in the gray-green uniforms. However, the rangers point out that their basic mission, given them by Congress in 1916 is to "conserve the scenery and the wildlife therein . . . and provide for the enjoyment of the same by such means as will leave them unimpaired." They add that wildlife often has more to fear from humans than vice versa. For example: "Our new road is hell on snakes," said Chief Naturalist Christensen. "They think it's a fine place to lie in the sun—and people swerve their cars to run over them. I threw one old rattler off the road a half dozen times, but he kept coming back, so I had to take him way out in the Glades."

Statistics indicate that a visitor's chances of being bitten by a poisonous snake are roughly the same as being struck by a bolt of lightning. The only recent snake bite occurred last year when Saul Schiffman, a ranger-naturalist, hurriedly picked up a cottonmouth moccasin that had strayed into a path used by tourists. Schiffman was laid up for a while, but still admires snakes and continues to catch them as the occasion requires. You would have to go out of your way to get nipped by an alligator. "As a rule, alligators won't tackle anything bigger than they can swallow," Christensen puts it.

But there are exceptions, as indicated by the case of a gator who was so quiet and self-effacing—such a contrast to Gregarious George—that he gained the name Courteous Charley. He minded his manners perfectly until the day a tourist ignored the rules and brought a small, unleashed dog to the park. The dog glimpsed Charley's knoblike yellow eyes protruding from the water and excitedly swam to the attack. The alligator welcomed this self-delivering meal with open jaws. Seeing that his pet was about to be gobbled up, the excited owner jumped into the pool, and managed to snatch his dog away from Charley's teeth, whereupon the disappointed gator grabbed the man's arm. The man pulled loose and left the park without giving his name, declaring only that his next dog would have to be a lot smarter than this one.

The overriding threat to the Glades and its natural population, even to the land itself, is fire. In the dry winter season the creeping sheet of water sinks below the surface, except in the sloughs and gator holes. The carpet of saw grass turns a dry, rusty gold, ready to flame into a roaring prairie fire. When the underlying peat soil is dry, it too can burn stubbornly. One of the first things Superintendent Hamilton showed me was the park's specially built bright-red chemical tankers and pumpers, riding on high-clearance crawler tracks. "Sometimes we have to fight fire right on top of water," he said. "We have an effective fire-spotting system, but it has taken our fire crews as long as a day just to get to the location of a remote blaze."

My last day in the Everglades was spent riding as a passenger in the park's small plane while Ranger-pilot Ralph E. Miele zigzagged at low altitude around the extensive boundaries he patrols. Miele, a former Navy pilot and flying instructor and now a serious student of natural history, pointed out the four-wheeled, cradle-type landing gear of the plane as we rolled it out of the hangar near Homestead. "We could put down almost anywhere and still walk away from it," he said. Then he attached a plastic package, containing a self-inflating life preserver to my collar, adding, "And if we have to swim away, this will come in handy."

After we took off he explained that "we are looking for almost anything we can see. We watch for any sign of fire, of course. We keep track of boats. We make wildlife observations—right now we're making special counts of the bald eagle, great white heron and the blue heron. The bald eagle is still in a bad way, still declining. We also watch for signs of illegal hunting. We check on commercial fishing—it is allowed under permit which requires conservation methods. We watch the water levels. And the Cuban situation has us on the alert now. We co-operate with the Border Patrol and Coast Guard for any sign of illegal entry, gunrunning, things like that."

Our route took us to Florida Bay, between the mainland and keys, where Miele circled, counting boats and checking activity on several park-protected rookery islands where roseate spoonbills were nesting. We swooped low over some commercial fishing boats which were reeling in their nets, and I returned the waves of the fishermen—but on taking a second look discovered they weren't waving, but were shaking their fists. "They don't like us poking our noses in their business," Miele said with a grin.

As we headed back toward the mainland, I asked Miele about the hazard of getting lost in the Everglades. "We've had a few cases of lost parties," he said and showed me his large-scale map of the park, parts of it overlaid with a numbered grid. "When somebody in a boat or canoe loses their way back in the mangrove labyrinth and I spot them from the air, I can guide a patrol boat by radio to their location on the grid." He added that, strangely enough, most of the rescues so far have involved local people.

"Tourists are more cautious," he explained. "They stick to the marked routes and start home well before sunset. The locals think they know the area and get careless." The rangers go to considerable pains to keep track of visitors who go out in boats, asking them to file trip plans and to check in on their return.

This solicitude isn't always appreciated. Early one morning, for example, the rangers noticed a car and boat trailer left in the parking lot and concluded the owner must have lost his way. The boatman had neglected to file a trip plan, so, using the car license, the rangers located the owner's address, which happened to be Miami, and called his home. The boatman's relatives knew only that he had gone fishing. An air-sea search was launched, and after some time the missing boat was located, hidden behind a remote island. Meanwhile, the man's wife, now frantically worried about her missing spouse, had set out for the park. She arrived at the marina just as her husband's boat pulled in. Their reunion was marred by the fact that the boat had another passenger—a girl friend.

The patrol plane now was drifting over Cape Sable, southernmost point of land in the United States. Below us were miles of soft-shining beaches where, in season, giant loggerhead turtles crawl out of the sea to dig nests and lay their eggs. Miele told me that the park is trying to protect the nests from raiders, mainly a four-footed, black-masked kind, the raccoon. Suspecting that raccoons locate the buried eggs by scent, one of the park naturalists has sprayed portions of the nesting beach with a repellent chemical, the same kind used by home gardeners to keep dogs away from their shrubs. The experiment yielded promising results, although more tests are needed before definite conclusions can be drawn.

Now, as we circled over the great expanse of Whitewater Bay, and from a respectful, nondisturbing altitude, we looked over rookery islands that were almost solid white with nesting birds. High in the air we passed fast-flying formations of wood ibis, the black-headed American stork which the natives call "Ironhead." In brownish, translucent waters we saw large silver tarpon playing. In Oyster Bay the shadow of our wings set in flight flocks of coots and ducks, as many as 15,000 in some of the groups, Miele estimated.

At the mouth of the Turner River we saw many large mounds formed by the sea-food shells discarded by the long-gone Calusa Indians, a fierce people whose villages dotted this coast for several thousand years. We circled low over Chokoloskee Island, which supports a small fishing village and itself is a huge shell mound. Ahead of us scattered the green Ten Thousand Islands, and to the right, back from the shore on the Barron River, was the picturesque town of Everglades. This is the county seat of Collier County, which was largely assembled before and during the 1920's by Barron G. Collier, a multimillionaire advertising man. When the Everglades Park boundaries were being pushed inward by economic and political pressures, the Collier heirs helped redress the balance by giving the park 32,000 acres of scenic land along the coast, including most of the Ten Thousand Islands area. The Park Service now is planning to make this a western water gate to the park and is laying out a visitors' center near Everglades City.

After a late lunch in Everglades City we flew east over the open Glades. From the air the pattern of the river-of-grass, dotted with tree islands like leaves drifting on a lazy stream, was plain. We saw a dozen or more deer, standing to their knees in water as they browsed in the open. As we neared Homestead, our starting point, we saw a small plane circling to land on a small, grassy airstrip beside a road. "We'd better take a look," Miele said. "May be just a weekend flier, but there's this Cuban business." We dived down, but the other plane, instead of landing, swiftly banked away to the north and faded into the misty distance before we could get its number.

THE END

Autobiographobia

By Isabelle Bryans Longfellow

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The Legend of the Rose (Continued from Page 26)

seem a curious thing to forget, but given a proper leeway in time, anything is possible.

There were some prominent men over at Baddow Center a few years ago who wanted to start a Baddow Harvard Club. They found George Sarson's name in the records and came to solicit his membership, and he denied any acquaintance whatsoever with Harvard. When they tried to show him the printed roster of his class, which was 1900 or 1901 or somewhere along there, he yelled, "Go away!"

They did go away, and he shouted after them, "Do I look like a Harvard man?"

He didn't, of course. His uncut hair was shaggy white, his eyes were as red as those of a springer spaniel—no more and no less—and the intelligence in his face appeared remote, as if it were constantly wandering afar. Because he had never left East Baddow since his Harvard days, it couldn't wander much in place, and consequently had to wander in time.

The summer people knew Old George as a "character" and watched him curiously as he shuffled and meditated through the streets, rain or shine. He would look right through them, his gaze obviously coming out the other side, untroubled. In a sense, he was as good as they, for he lived on an income.

He entered the East Baddow National Bank one romantic June morning and asked to talk privately with Nathan Sprowell, the bank's president. Nathan couldn't say he was busy, because it was an hour and a half before mail time and he had nothing in the world to do. So there he sat at his roll-top desk, bulging into it with his abdomen, nervously rubbing his fingers over a flabby cheek and hoping Old George wouldn't stay long.

As usual, Old George was wearing a rusty coat, narrow-waisted, that had once been a sporty affair, and pants so baggy that his knees appeared to come immediately above his ankles. His shirt had survived long without laundering; he wore a brass collar button, but no collar or tie. He smelled like a long-closed woodshed.

"What's on your mind, Mr. Sarson?" asked Nathan Sprowell.

"Banking business good?" asked Old George.

"Oh, yes—yes indeed."

"Trial balances holding up—foreign exchange and all that—rediscount rate?" Mr. Sprowell tried to smile, but there was not a smile anywhere in his system. "Hear you've had a lot of overdrafts lately."

"Where'd you hear that?"

"Just gossip, no doubt," said Old George. He saw that he had annoyed Mr. Sprowell sufficiently. He hitched forward in his chair. Mr. Sprowell's nose puckered. "I hear Swain's icehouse has been sold to summer people."

"I understand that is correct," said Mr. Sprowell.

"Hah! They'll waste all that ice."

"I wouldn't call it a waste—the plan is to clear off the property and build a big summer home."

"Hundreds and hundreds of tons of ice," said Old George. "I was over there myself this morning. Do you know how long it's been since Swain had it emptied?"

"A good while, I suppose."

"Longer than that. The fall of 1903—the ice has never been all out of it since. You can look it up."

"I believe you," said Mr. Sprowell, "but this can hardly be what you came to see me about."

"You're wrong there. All that ice shouldn't be thrown out and melted. I want to buy it up as an investment and I need a slight loan."

"Why, Mr. Sarson, no one uses pond ice any more. Where'd you put it? What would you do with it? You'd be throwing your money away."

"It would be my money."

"The bank couldn't justify lending it to you for that purpose."

"Not even five hundred dollars? Not considering you have the handling of all my dividends?"

"I'm afraid not. As you know, your income has been, well, dwindling in recent years."

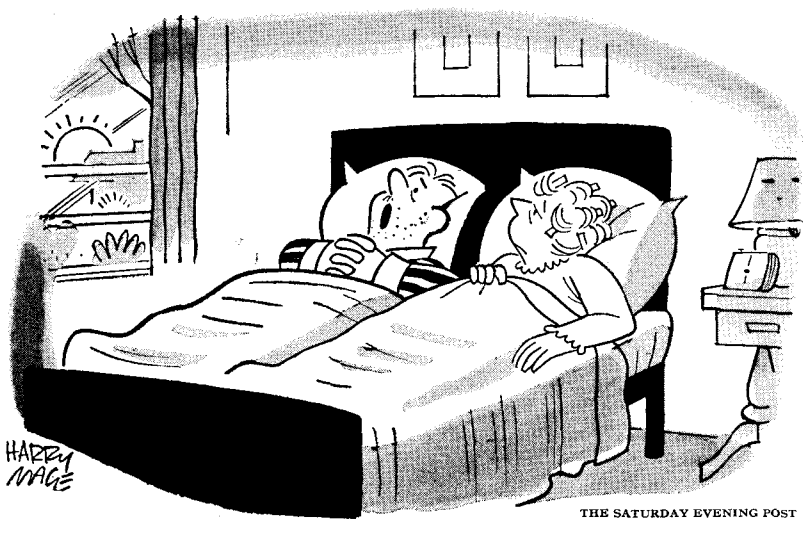
"I was afraid you'd say just what you've said. I knew you would. Well, I've got to buy the ice anyway. Do you recollect anything about Tammy Eldridge?"

"I guess I've heard his name."

"Not his—hers. Thamosin Eldridge. She was the most beautiful girl in East Baddow—still is. She was one of the skaters that got drowned when they dared one another to go out on the sea ice in November of 1903."

"I don't believe I understand you, Mr. Sarson. You say ——"

"I say she still is, and it's so. Her body never went out to sea in the tide along with those others. When I walked over to the beach at daybreak the next morning, she was lying on the sand like a princess—a princess in a fairy tale. The ocean does strange things, if it is the ocean. Maybe it's God. Her coat and part of her dress had been washed away, leaving her bosom



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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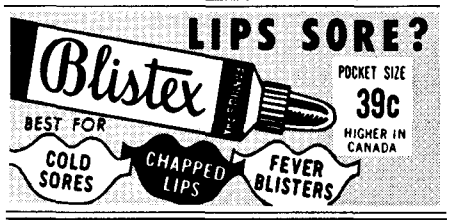

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bare as if she was to pose for a sculptor, but there wasn't a mark on her.

"Bitter cold as it was that morning, with the sun coming up pink and red, I sat on the beach for a while and talked to her, but it didn't do any good. Nothing could bring her back to life. I knew that, but I was a young fellow then, full of notions, and I was wild with grief. I couldn't allow Tammy, my Tammy, to be buried in the ground, beautiful as she still was. I picked her up and carried her over to the icehouse and hid her where it was darkest in the back part and I froze her in. Are you sick or something?"

"No," said Mr. Sprowell, though he had changed color around the gills.

"You look squeamish," said Old George. "Do you want me to tell you how I froze her in?"

"Never mind."

"She was as sweet and lovely as life, the way I left her, and I used plenty of straw and sawdust so they wouldn't notice her when they put in the new ice from the pond. It wasn't ten days afterward that Swain was out there with his crew, plowing and cutting. The winter was a good cold one, and he filled the house to overflowing, and there's never been a time since when it was emptied. Now you see why I've got to buy that ice. I put Tammy in and I'm going to take Tammy out."

The bank president couldn't distinguish between the eddying heat waves where the sunshine crossed his desk, and his own queasy giddiness. He would have liked to go to the window, but he couldn't bring himself to push past his visitor.

He said, "Mr. Sarson, the authorities should be notified ——"

"It's none of their business," said Old George. "What I say to my banker is in confidence, and if you should go around talking, I might say you were crazy and had imagined the whole thing. It wouldn't make a very good tell for the bank."

"Mr. Sarson, I think it had best be understood between us that you've never said a word to me about this—this unfortunate story. I can't bring myself to believe a word of it."

"Do I get the loan?"

"I suppose I can let you have five hundred dollars, but you'll have to assign your dividends to the bank until the amount is paid."

"I was expecting to," said Old George.

"I can't imagine what you're going to live on, meantime."

"I eat light. I eat lighter every year."

There was an unaccustomed stir in East Baddow when Old George went about hiring men to discharge the ice from Swain's house on the great pond. And when the first cakes of ice, glistening through the sawdust, went sliding into the pond to melt and mingle with it, there was agreement in town on only one thing—Old George was crazy.

But it was not to be expected that Nathan Sprowell would keep his thoughts to himself, especially after he began suffering from nightmares. The nightmares may have been due to indigestion, but the indigestion was due to Old George's story. Mr. Sprowell had a nervous stomach that could be bothered even by changes in the rediscount rate.

He remembered vaguely a story about a pair of young lovers who had gone climbing in the Alps. The girl had somehow lost her footing and slipped into a fissure in the glacier. Since the glacier moved forward a little each year, it was certain that sometime the girl would emerge in the ice front. When this happened, as Mr. Sprowell remembered the story, her lover, by then changed into a shrunken old man, was waiting for his bride, who was as young and fair as ever.

The parallel between the glacier and Swain's icehouse was not exact, but it was close enough. What could happen in a story could, probably, happen in real life. And what could happen in the Alps could even more certainly happen in East Baddow, where nature and fate delighted in all sorts of extravagances. Mr. Sprowell found himself not only believing Old George's story but regarding it with a morbid fascination, and since there was nothing else his cautious financial temperament permitted him to do, he talked.

The great pond where the ice had been cut in a bygone era stood just inside the ocean beach, cradled both in white sand and verdure, and on a summer day its surface lay serene and blue. Over yonder the surf rolled in, spread a wet sheen on the sand and sucked out again. Behind the weathered bulk of the icehouse, a kind of fortress of old New England, rose a grassy hillside, abloom here and there with wild roses and blackberry runners; and the rim of the pond, which formed a straight line along the beach, curved inland with scallops, bends and points, many of them screened by overhanging thickets in which red-winged blackbirds were nesting. Across the pond could be seen the authentic gentle green of Arcady.

High on the hillside, his post chosen to command a wide view and a clear philosophical atmosphere, Old George sat to watch the operations and wait for his appointment with his Tammy. As the top layers of ice were dislodged and sent spinning down the long slide, he checked off the backward turning pages of East Baddow history.

"Let's see," he said to himself. "Swain died in 1943 or about that. Pigheaded as he was, he kept cutting ice to the last; so I expect that top stuff don't date back too far."

For a day or two, except for himself and the men working, a rewarding solitude overspread the whole region, so that Old George could, in a manner of speaking, feel the gentle outer edges of eternity. He was having a grand time. Then the solitude was dispersed, at first by boys arriving on bicycles.

Old George himself always walked out from town, but the curious people who now stood around in whispering groups, some for hours at a time, came in automobiles. Sometimes there would be fifteen or twenty cars parked on the level area where the road ended. Occasionally the brassiest visitors climbed to Old George's post and tried to pump him.

"Who's paying you to clean out the old place?"

"That," said Old George, "is a question I had never considered."

"Wouldn't it be cheaper for those summer people to just take the roof off and let the ice melt?"

"If the ice melted, it would diminish, wouldn't it?" Old George countered.

"I suppose it would."

"Exactly. Did you ever hear of summer people acceding to the law of diminishing returns?"

"Well, that old ice is diminishing down there in the pond, isn't it?"

Old George held up a warning finger. "No," he declared. "It reveals and discloses by positive action."

Such questioners were agreed that Old George was crazy. On Sunday the Baptist minister preached against him, though by indirection and without mentioning his name, on mixed theological and philosophical grounds. The moral health of the world, the minister declared, required that time move forward, and he who was reckless enough to attempt to reverse it would take upon himself the risk of springing a gear tooth or a sprocket in the clock of God.

Ambrose Wollen, East Baddow chief of police, drove out to the great pond in the town cruiser, advanced in full uniform at an official gait and squatted on his haunches beside Old George.

"I got to ask you some questions," he said. "People been complaining that there's a body in that icehouse."

"Funny thing to complain about," said Old George. "Whose body do they say it is? One of theirs?"

"It's supposed to be the body of one Thamosin Eldridge. She was drowned in November, 1903. I looked it up."

"You shouldn't be wasting any time here," said Old George. "Your duty is clear as day."

"How so?"

"You should be asking the district attorney to open an investigation into the circumstances surrounding the death by drowning of Thamosin Eldridge."

"In 1903? He'd say I was crazy."

"You have to expect that. People say I'm crazy. After a while you get so you enjoy it."

"On the level, is she really in the icehouse?"

"It's a matter of opinion," said Old George. "We shall see what we shall see. Prepare yourself for great wonders, the Bible says, for to see that for which you are not prepared shall be denied unto you."

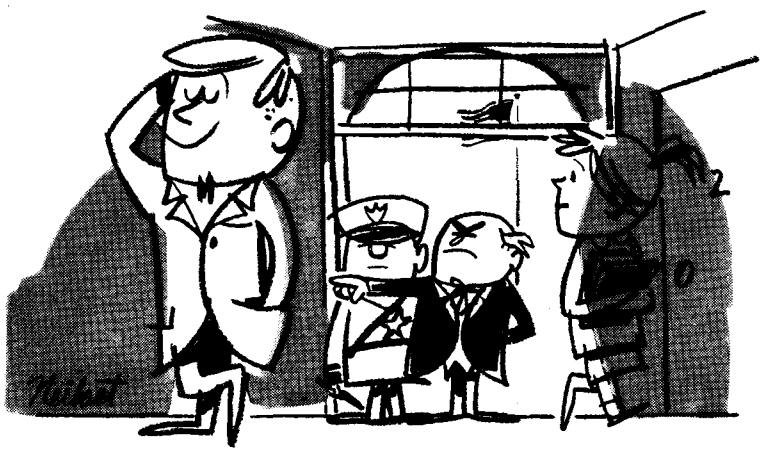
Chief Wollen knew less about the Bible than about the essays of Montaigne; but as a practical man and experienced officer, he didn't care to rouse the district attorney over in Bay City, and he could see that waiting seldom did anyone any harm. So he went away, but before he went he acceded to Old George's request that he establish a police line to keep back the sight-seers at the end of the road.

In the days that followed, the select class in East Baddow was made up of those few old people who could remember Thamosin Eldridge. Their reminiscences were in demand anywhere and everywhere, and the fact that they appeared to be in wide disagreement simply added to the general interest. Mrs. Asa Wollen, a great-aunt of the police chief, rose from an ailing decade of confinement to attend a church supper and provide her authoritative word portrait of Thamosin, who, she said, was a dark girl whose hair was always worn in braids. Dr. Eben Hatch had already said that Tammy's hair resembled salt-water taffy of a vanilla flavor. But it was agreed that Tammy was mysterious and beautiful.

"We'll see who's right about the hair," said Mrs. Wollen, but when her auditors exclaimed in shocked propriety that they didn't see how she could bear such a gruesome, unnatural idea, she agreed that she really couldn't. The grave was the grave, and its secrets were its own.

Out on his sunny hillside Old George remarked to himself, *I judge we're getting back to the early twenties now. Quite good years, those were.*

And he had all work stopped for a day so that he could attend to a few matters in town. He visited the barbershop and emerged neatly shorn and extravagantly perfumed. He (*Continued on Page 90*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Although the school system prohibited loitering, Gentleman Johnny was sure it did not mean him. He waited daily in a school corridor for a student friend. After objecting, the principal had him arrested as a loiterer.

"All I was doing was waiting, not loitering," Gentleman Johnny argued. "Loitering in the common sense implies more than lingering or tarrying. It suggests something dirty or besotted. Laws against it are aimed at objectionable individuals who might harm society, not at the public itself."

"Waiting is just another form of loitering, especially when carried to a persistent extreme," the prosecutor countered. "The law does not differentiate between various forms of loitering."

If you were the judge, would you pronounce Gentleman Johnny guilty?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Guilty, said the court, because "the animating purpose of the law was not to preserve in our schools a high respectability of visitors, but those minimum conditions of tranquillity and academic repose so necessary to scholastic enterprise. It is not too difficult to imagine the disorder that would result if the public, no matter how innocent their purpose, infested the school halls."

Based upon a 1958 New York decision.

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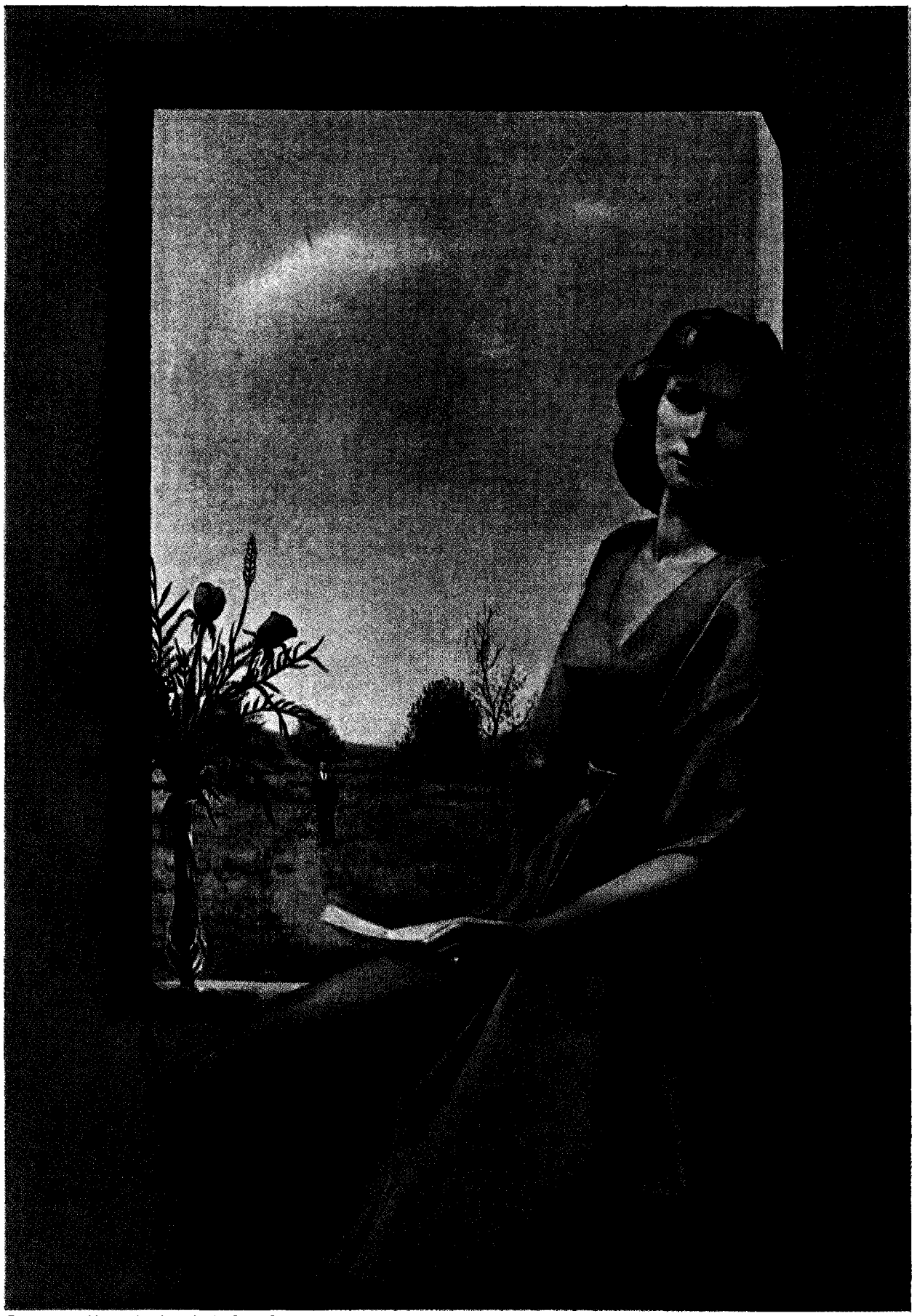

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(*Continued from Page 88*) went to Hesselton's department store and bought himself a completely new outfit on credit, although normally Hesselton wouldn't have trusted him. All logic aside, there is nothing like being an important figure. He had asked for a blue serge suit, but Hesselton explained in a kindly way that blue serge had not been in demand for forty years or so, and went on to sell him a pinky-brown herringbone with a two-button, nip-waisted jacket that had been out of style for perhaps only a third of that time.

It was all the same to Old George. What mattered was the transformation of himself within the new clothes. He walked with springy step; he glowed like the season of the year. He remembered and relived the time in a man's life when he is in love with all the beauty of the world and feels it and tastes it. He went back to his hillside and watched the ice cakes of 1918, that coldest winter of all, go skidding out into the great pond—at least, he estimated they were the cakes of 1918 and, thinking about it, he fell asleep for a while in the warm sun.

And back in town the people used more and more adjectives—such as "ghoulish," "gruesome," "unnatural" and so on.

Nathan Sprowell capped it all, as it was appropriate to his station in town to do, "A love affair with a corpse—no good can come of it."

But many people were still unwilling to think of Tammy Eldridge as a corpse; they preferred to think of her as Old George's Tammy and to wonder about her beauty and how she must look, the way he had described her—lovely bosom bared as if she were to pose for a sculptor.

Old George calculated that the layers of ice must be down to about 1910, when a female figure pressured her way through the police line and climbed to his observation post and sat down beside him. He had to look at her repeatedly before he could be sure who she was.

"Amy Wendell," he said. "Well! It's been years and years. What brings you over from Baddow Center?"

Some would have said that Amy was a sparse, dried old woman with a yellow cast in her gray hair and a scant clothes rack of a body, but Old George did not look at her so. She fitted into his memories, and his memories were taking on more grace, color and vibrant life by the hour.

"You know what brings me," Amy said, and her voice was the only thing about her that wasn't wizened or cracked.

"Amy Wendell!" he said.

"Is it true?" she asked. "Is Tammy in there? Are you really going to get her out?"

"How do I know whether she's in there or not?" said Old George. "Whoever really knows anything? I recall that there's one school of philosophy that says nothing exists except what is in the mind."

"You ought to know whether you put her in, the way they say you say you did."

"I ought to, oughtn't I? But things become uncertain when you think of them a long time. Did I really do it, or was it just something I thought of doing? Did I really sit beside her on the beach that morning at daybreak, or did I create her out of grief and longing and imagination? What do you think, Amy? You were always a sensible girl."

"You were always a funny boy," said Amy, staring at him. "No wonder you grew up to be a town character. I must say you're changed, compared to what I expected. You're all cleaned up."

"You know why," said Old George. "A man likes to prepare himself for an engagement with the girl he loves."

Amy laughed softly like a breeze from long ago. "I'm going to stay," she said. "I'm going to see the end of this."

"I hope you will," said Old George. "I was just beginning to have doubts. I was beginning to be afraid."

"It don't pay to doubt," said Amy and extended one of her hands and put it over his.

"We must be back around 1908 now," said Old George, skipping a year or so with magnificent disregard for time. "It's getting harder and harder to fleet that ice out."

"What fools they are!" said Amy, glancing at the crowd of onlookers, larger than ever, within the line established by the chief of police.

"All fools," said Old George, nodding. "As if any of them could see anything, or find anything, or know anything about this!"

"Exactly," said Old George.

"If you'd been nearer my age, you might have run after me," said Amy.

• •

The Definite Trail of a Mythical Animal

By Virginia Brasier

We'll never be without the realist
Who can prove unicorns do not exist.
For unicorns are rare as violet eyes
And certain equatorial butterflies.
However, I know one who is employed
At work he has apparently enjoyed.
It's on the merry-go-round deep in the park
(Which leaves him unattended after dark).
Being in the middle row, he doesn't slide,
So he's the one the little children ride.
They pat his glass-gemmed bridle with delight,
And dream-ride after, many a lovely night.

• •

"I was wondering about that," said Old George, "but at times I try to be a tactful man. How old are you, anyway? You must be about as ancient as the one-hoss shay."

"Never mind," said Amy. "How do you expect to pay back that money I hear you borrowed from the bank?"

"Mr. Sprowell is going to take it out of my dividends."

"You know very well he had no right to lend money to anyone as loony as you. No court would make you pay."

"Then I'll give him back the ice."

"It's all being melted."

"He can freeze it again if he wants to."

"That's what I thought," said Amy.

She didn't go back to Baddow Center that night, or the next night, or the next, but stayed right in East Baddow and walked out to the great pond with Old George each sunny morning. Whenever it rained, which wasn't often, he called off operations for the day.

And East Baddow was drawn as taut as a bowstring. All those who were subject to nervous stomachs—like Mr. Sprowell—were busy calling Doctor Bayes and getting prescriptions at the drugstore. So many fresh complaints were made to Chief Wollen that he began to think maybe he ought to call the district attorney at Bay City. Those with morbid curiosities could hardly wait to satisfy them, and those with religious scruples kept nagging the ministers.

"We're getting close," said Old George on his hillside. "I should say we're back to 1905 or thereabouts—maybe 1904."

"How many more tons, do you suppose?" asked Amy.

"It don't matter about tons. I'm only interested in time."

"How do you feel?" asked Amy.

"I feel prepared. I think I'm going to see Tammy again." As a matter of fact, he had been eating so lightly and sleeping so fitfully that his head floated a little. The devil of the modern world had been exorcised, which was well enough, but he did not want to feel so young that he would turn giddy like the horizon in a heat wave.

On the afternoon of this conversation, Nathan Sprowell drove out for the first time and lost his breath twice over with the effort of climbing the hillside.

"The purchasers of the property asked me to take this matter up with you, Mr. Sarson," said Mr. Sprowell. "They want to begin dismantling the old building. Would you have any objection to the removal of some of the roof even before all the ice is discharged?"

"Not so long as they begin at the back end," said Old George. "I'd like a good shaft of sunlight so's I can see Tammy clear and sharp."

"Very well," said Mr. Sprowell.

"I may have to close out my account pretty soon," said Old George.

"May I ask why?"

"I don't like your last financial statement and I hear you've invested too heavily in utilities."

Mr. Sprowell did not reply. He inched his way back to the parking place and did not appear at the pond again until the great day. Almost everyone from East Baddow was on hand then. The post office was tended by a single junior clerk, all the stores were closed, and the adding machines in the bank were silent. Those who couldn't get a lift to the icehouse were glad to hoof it.

The sun blazed high, the country sounds whispered, and the gentle wash of the tamed ocean said hush, hush, over and over again. At the end of the road the crowd waited. Pretty soon Old George's workmen emerged from the icehouse—he had cut the force to two—and passed along the word that only three more cakes of ice were left. They wouldn't say what they had seen. They were too important.

Old George and Amy had come down from the hillside, and Chief Wollen had joined them at the entrance of the icehouse, a great slit, at the bottom of which the ground had turned into mire. Nathan Sprowell had joined them too, for the most important man of East Baddow could not be left out.

Old George took Amy's arm, but it was really she who supported him as they walked through the mixture of mud, old hay and sawdust, into the dank vault of Swain's icehouse. Or perhaps the two supported each other. Through a grid of bared rafters where part of the roof had been taken off at the rear, the new sunlight streamed down with an effect reminding Old George of fantastic, imaginative prints illustrating old editions of *Paradise Lost*.

Mr. Sprowell, unwillingly, picked his way after Old George and Amy, and Chief Wollen strode along behind.

For a few moments Old George resented the loud, spirited beating of his heart, then it became like a flight of angels carrying him to his tryst; and when he saw Tammy again, the longing of the years of his life was answered, and all was at last fulfilled.

The first thing the waiting crowd knew, Nathan Sprowell burst out of the icehouse in full flight, almost losing a shoe in the mud, weaving from side to side.

"Horrible, horrible!" he managed to say. He reached the end of the road and allowed himself to be assisted to his car, where he collapsed in the front seat, sobbing from the shocking extremity of his experience.

Old George and Amy came out next, arm in arm, as they had entered. It was generally agreed afterward that no one would have recognized him, so spiritual and gentle had become the look in his glowing features.

"Beautiful, beautiful," he was heard to say over and over again. "My Tammy—beautiful!"

But as they made their way through the crowd, Amy looked first at one person, then at another, and whispered with severe and knowing authority, "It wasn't Tammy Eldridge at all—Old George don't know it, but he got the wrong girl. Can't say who, but I'll take my oath it's not Tammy. Just like Old George—he never did anything in his life that wasn't hindside to."

The way she spoke, anyone could tell that her story never would be shaken.

Chief Wollen, last out as he was last in, pushed his way through the crowd to meet Doctor Bayes who, as medical examiner, would have authority. Doctor Bayes, detained by the necessity of delivering a baby, had just arrived. He was a tall, awkward, whistling man with an odd gait and observant blue eyes. He might be late, but he always showed up where he was needed.

"It's the damnedest thing," said Chief Wollen. "There's no girl in there at all, Doc; there's nothing but ice and mud and hay and the gosh-awfulest chill you ever felt."

"Let me take your pulse," Doctor Bayes told him. "Stand still a minute. Stick out your tongue."

The chief complied. A lot of people could see the sweat begin to run in drops down his forehead. "Gosh, I feel all right, Doc," he said.

"I'm going to give you a prescription," said Doctor Bayes, taking out his pad.

"You think I'm off my rocker?"

"When you've lived in a place like East Baddow as long as I have," said Doctor Bayes, "you'll know it's not the crazy people that need treatment, it's the sane ones. . . . Here. I've written you a prescription for a quart of bourbon. Get up to town as fast as you can and take two ounces now, two ounces before dinner and two ounces at bedtime."

"But you and I have got to have a look at the premises—in there, I mean."

"I don't feel like wading through all that muck now," said Doctor Bayes. "Morning will be soon enough."

The chief guessed that would cover the law all right, and he posted a special officer to keep watch the rest of the day and through the night. The next forenoon he and Doctor Bayes made their official inspection; and there was no girl, no body, no memory, anywhere in the hulk of Swain's icehouse. But the population of East Baddow knew, of course, just as Doctor Bayes had realized they would, that Old George had managed to spirit Tammy away during the night while the watchman slept—always supposing the girl was Tammy.

And that is the story of the beautiful girl who was frozen in a block of ice, like a rose, or a nymph beyond the touch of earth, for almost sixty years—if she was.

THE END

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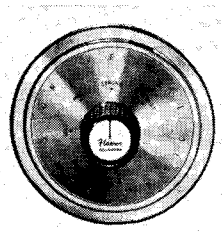

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America Must Grow (Continued from Page 36)

date when President Truman announced that the Soviet Union had achieved a nuclear explosion. Our monopoly of nuclear weapons had been broken.

The explosion of 1949 announced two interrelated developments which have loomed bigger and bigger through the 'Fifties and now constitute the core of the challenge which confronts us. The explosion of 1949 served notice upon us that in a few years the Soviet Union could become a military power at least our equal and perhaps, if we relaxed, our superior. The explosion put us on notice, too, that the prevailing picture of the Soviet economy as primitive and grossly inefficient was false. It indicated that, just as our nuclear monopoly was broken, so might in the course of time be our pre-eminency in economic power.

If the nuclear explosion of 1949 was the warning that our primacy among the great powers was going to be challenged, the sputnik of 1957 was the alarm bell which should have aroused all Americans out of their habitual sense of security. It did arouse some Americans. It is no accident that the celebrated report on economic growth, which was financed by the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, is called *The Challenge to America* and was published a year or so after sputnik. It is not surprising that the report is dominated by the Soviet military challenge—by the fact that the Soviets appeared to be well on their way to acquiring enough nuclear weapons and missiles seriously to threaten our dangerously vulnerable retaliatory forces.

The Rockefeller report by no means deals only with the military aspects of the challenge. But its central recommendations are strongly colored by the size of the military problem, for armaments are much the biggest burden which the taxpayer has to carry. Spending for national security takes more than half of the Federal budget and, more significantly, accounts for something like 85 per cent of total Federal purchases of goods and services—that is, of Federal spending which makes a claim on scarce goods and labor and other services.

If it were not for this military expenditure, the other interests that we have to support would prove to be no problem at all. We could reduce taxes and yet spend the money required for schools, public health and the other civil needs of our people, without stinting private consumption and without incurring the danger of inflation. Even then, we would have to make sure that total demand—private plus public spending—grew fast enough to provide jobs for our ever-growing labor force. But the problem of getting more and more output would not be so urgent. It is because of the size of the military burden that we are compelled to think so hard about the problem of economic growth.

At the Twenty-first Communist Party Congress in 1959, Mr. Khrushchev declared that "the Soviet Union intends to outstrip the United States economically."

The military challenge of the Soviet Union is supported by an industrial economy which is growing rapidly in productive capacity and in its ability to perform sophisticated technological operations—such as, for example, shooting a satellite around the moon.

In our government the responsibility for keeping track of the Soviet economy lies in the Central Intelligence Agency. On the basis of this agency's studies, the director, Mr. Allen W. Dulles, has testified that the total output of the Soviet economy is likely to continue to grow at a rate of about 6 per cent over the next decade, a rate more than twice the recent American rate. And Soviet industrial production, which is so important for military power, is likely to grow even faster. By holding down the private standard of life, the Soviet Government has at least matched us in the amount of resources devoted to military power, to pure and applied science and to the training of engineers and technicians of all kinds.

This places us under a very severe competitive challenge. How are we to meet it? We can do so, it would appear, in one of two ways. We can arrest the rise in our private and our public standard of living. Or we must produce more wealth by raising the rate of growth of our economy.

The economists tell us that if, instead of the recent 2.5 per cent, we can maintain an average rate of growth for the next ten years of about 4 per cent, or a little better, we shall be able to support our vital interests and still maintain a rising standard of private life. If we do not succeed in doing this, then we shall have to choose between failure to meet the Soviet challenge—which is unthinkable and would be intolerable—or we shall have to accept a much bleaker, a much less open and hopeful way of life in America.

The discussion of our public needs raises the question of public spending. At bottom, the great argument that rages between the "spenders" and the "savers" concerns primarily nondefense public spending.

The argument, it seems to me, has produced more heat than light. Too many people have not paid enough attention to the hard facts about where the money is going. After examining the figures with some care—and that is not an uncomplicated task—it seems clear to me that the bulk of the civilian activities paid for by public money are not luxuries that we can enjoy or go without. They are vital necessities, and to skimp on them would do great damage to our private standard of life as well as to the nation's future.

It is, of course, quite true that there is a lot of bureaucratic inefficiency and waste associated with these civilian public services, and that the subsidies to agriculture and some, at least, of the spending on veterans cannot be justified in terms of the national interest. But there is enormous waste in the military establishment as well—and, indeed, in private business. While we should work hard to improve the efficiency of public activities and to hold down the special interests, the government has to go on even if it is far from perfect. The bulk of civilian public spending—on education, health, transportation, natural resources and the like—is not reckless spending. It is required to take care of vital needs of our people, needs which we shall neglect only at our peril.

What are the facts? In 1959 total spending by all governments taken together—Federal, state and local—came to $132,000,000,000. More than a third of this, 37 per cent, went for "national security." If we subtract defense, we are left with about $83,000,000,000 for civilian purposes. But here we must be very careful. Of this $83,000,000,000, 38 per cent consisted of what we call "transfer payments"—expenditures which do not make a claim on production. These transfer payments—interest on the public debt, social-security payments to the retired, the sick, the unemployed and the very old—redistribute purchasing power from taxpayers in general to various beneficiaries. But they do not reduce the amount of money that is available for spending by private individuals, or the amount of goods and services that is available for personal consumption or private investment. Good or bad, they are not relevant to the issue we are concerned with. For our purposes, it is the other 62 per cent of government civilian spending, some $51,000,000,000 of public civilian purchases of goods and services that we must examine. On what did the government spend this money?

It turns out that the biggest item by far was education. In 1959 education accounted for almost a third of public civilian purchases, that is, $16,500,000,000. No one, I think, would seriously contend that we should give up public schools and public universities. And if public education is not very good, if classrooms are crowded, if there are not enough teachers and if they are poorly paid, the generation of children involved can never make up what it has lost.

The second-largest item is transportation. In 1959 transportation took about 19 per cent of civilian public purchases, that is $9,700,000,000. Most of this went to the highway program; the rest to finance airports, city streets, ports and the like. Now I, for one, think that we are spending relatively too much on highways and not doing enough to salvage our railroads, especially the commuter service, and to improve public transportation in our cities. But there is no doubt that people cannot be left to take care individually of their needs for highways, streets, airports, seaports and canals.

Education and the highway program together absorbed over half of civilian public purchases in 1959. The four next-largest items were general government—the government's overhead, one may say: public health and sanitation, police, fire protection and prisons and natural resources. All these activities cost the nation's taxpayers about $18,000,000,000. Together with education and transportation they accounted for 87 per cent of civilian public purchases. The other 13 per cent was divided among public utilities, the administration of social security, housing and community redevelopment and spending on veterans and agriculture.

Obviously there is room for argument about the size of all these expenditures. I certainly do not wish to suggest that all the spending on agriculture or the veterans, or even on education, was sensible. But we cannot do without the police and fire departments and, sad as it is, the jails. I do not suppose that anyone would argue that conservation of our natural resources is not essential public business. And if we did not have public medical facilities, public sewage and garbage disposal, the great mass of our people would be in a bad way. By and large, 90 per cent of the activities which are paid for by civilian government spending are appropriately and necessarily public functions which we must support publicly.

The conclusion from what has gone before is obvious. Although waste and nonessential spending exist in the civilian sector of the government, we cannot,

You be the Judge

By GERALD I. RALYA

In 1911 John sold some land to a chicory company. The deed provided that the land be used as a site for a kiln for drying chicory roots and, if not so used, that it would revert to John. The company built a kiln and operated it until 1945, when fire destroyed it. The property was then sold to others. Annabelle, John's sole heir, thereupon sued to get the land back.

"The property was sold on condition that a kiln be built and operated," Annabelle's attorney stressed. "As none is operated now, the ownership of the land reverts to John's heir, Annabelle."

"Wrong," countered the lawyer for the new owners. "The company complied with the deed by building and operating a kiln. But the deed didn't require them to operate it forever. So when the kiln burned, the company was free to sell the land."

If you were the judge, would you give the land to Annabelle?

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Annabelle lost. The court said that the company could not be required to operate a kiln on the land forever, especially as the law in general favors freedom from restrictions in buying and selling land.

Based upon a 1958 Michigan case.

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alas, meet the Soviet challenge simply by cutting out this waste and nonessential spending. For one thing, even with the best will in the world, it is quite impossible to cut out all of it, as the Eisenhower Administration has amply demonstrated. For another thing, there is not so much of it.

I have already described, without going into detail, the things we must do in order to meet the Soviet challenge. We must have a military establishment which can secure the balance of power. We must play a leading part in helping the rise of the underdeveloped nations. We must meet the needs of our growing population for schools, hospitals and other essential public facilities. And we must, if possible, do all these things while maintaining a rising standard of private consumption. We must try to maintain that rising standard both for the comfort and welfare of our own people, and also as a demonstration to the world of the quality and vitality of our social order.

Let us be clear about it. We have the labor, the capital and the know-how to do all that is demanded of us. If we fail, it will be for lack of brains and of determination. For that which is required is nothing revolutionary or unprecedented. It is to raise the average rate of our economic growth from less than 3 per cent, as it has been since the end of the Korean War, to an average of 4 per cent or a little better. If we succeed in doing that, we shall have the means to do what we have to do.

To reach such an average, the rate of growth would have to be more than 4 per cent in very good years to make up for the losses in the slumps. But no one is suggesting that we try to adhere to a rigid, fixed target year by year.

Would a 4 per cent average during the next decade be adequate? It is a much higher rate than the 2.5 per cent we have achieved since the end of the Korean War. But it is less than the 5 per cent which the Democratic Party platform calls for. It is less, also, than the 5 to 6 per cent which Governor Rockefeller has been advocating. It is substantially less than the growth rate of the Russian economy and it is less also than the recent growth rate of such capitalist nations as West Germany (8 per cent) and France, Italy, Holland, Canada and Mexico—all of which have grown at rates ranging from 4.5 to 5.5 per cent.

Nonetheless, while it would be agreeable to exceed 4 per cent, if one looks at the figures—at the size of the problem—it would appear that 4 per cent will do. With 4 per cent we can meet our needs for defense and for civilian public services as estimated, for instance, by the Rockefeller Brothers Fund Report and still count on an appreciable improvement in the standard of private life.

Let us look only at the totals. As noted previously, if you exclude the transfer payments and include defense, public purchases of goods and services in 1959 came to about $98,000,000,000. Now consider the Rockefeller report's two estimates of the public purchase which is required if we are to meet the Soviet challenge and the demands of our vital civilian interests. Minus transfer payments, the low estimate calls for an increase in the total to $134,000,000,000 in 1967, in terms of 1959 prices. The high estimate calls for $161,000,000,000.

These figures show why so many who study the problem are so concerned, indeed excited, about the rate of growth. For suppose we continue to grow at our present slow rate of 2.5 per cent in gross national product per year. Then even the *low* Rockefeller estimate of spending for essential public needs will squeeze our standard of living. We are used to an average increase in private consumption per head of about 1.5 per cent to 2 per cent a year. But if we continue to grow at our present rate and if we are to reach the minimum target set in the Rockefeller report by 1967, then our consumption per head—our private standard of living—would barely grow at all.

Now consider the contrast. Suppose our gross national product grows at a rate of 4 per cent a year. Then we can reach the low Rockefeller target while at the same time our private consumption per person would increase by better than 2 per cent a year—a rate substantially faster than during the recent past. By 1967 real consumption per household could rise from its 1959 level of $6100 to about $7200.

With 4 per cent and the low target, we would have a rich private society. But we might be taking risks with defense, education and our cities. Could we manage the Rockefeller high target for government? With gross national product growing at 4 per cent we could certainly do so—and without much strain. Personal consumption per person would grow at 1.25 per cent a year—not so fast as during the first postwar decade, but only a little more slowly. Personal consumption per household could increase from $6100 to better than $6600.

Is there reason to think that a target rate of 4 per cent is dangerously high? I think it fair to say that the most serious professional students of the matter agree that it is not. True, it is a faster rate than our long-term average of 3.5 per cent. But the period since 1839—from which year the 3.5 per cent is measured—has included a number of deep and prolonged depressions. Also, during most of this period, large-scale research to speed technological advance played a much smaller role than it does today. Moreover, we have in fact enjoyed periods of nearly 4 per cent growth. Between 1889 and 1929 the real gross national product grew at an average rate of 3.7 per cent; and between 1947 and 1956 at 4 per cent.

Nor is there reason to think that 4 per cent growth is very difficult for a capitalistic economy. As we have seen, a number of the capitalist nations of Western Europe have done a great deal better than 4 per cent during the past decade.

There are some among us, of course, who think that while 4 per cent is not impossible, it is none of the government's business. Specifically, there are those who believe that the government cannot have a policy to promote growth. And there are those who believe that any policy to stimulate growth will undermine our system of private enterprise.

To those who say that the government cannot affect growth, the answer is that it can and that it does. Thus it can promote growth by varying taxes, the tightness of money and its spending so as to keep total private, plus public, spending in balance with capacity.

Sun Followers

Blindly worshiping sun they
go
South with the first frost,
never know
What radiance the north
will show
In her fresh heritage of
snow.

Marion Lineaweaver

Peanuts Characters © 1960 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

We hear you loud and clear, Linus! The '61 Falcon is here and it is great news! It's the Falcon's first birthday . . . but *you* get the presents. Up to 30 miles on a gallon. Room for six—luggage and all! Go 4,000 miles between oil changes. Now 2 engines to choose from. Excuse our shouting but—*only Falcon combines everything you want in a compact car!*

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It can promote growth by altering taxes to bear more on consumption and less on saving, by permitting rapid amortization and by making money cheaper, so as to shift the composition of spending in favor of private investment and against private consumption.

It can promote growth by using taxes to release resources for public investment. Spending on roads and laboratories, on airports and on urban transport all add to the productive capacity of the economy.

It can promote growth, at least in the longer run, by supporting research, improving the quality of education and promoting public health.

It can promote growth by a number of indirect measures. It can make it easier for people to change jobs and move from areas of labor surplus. It can disseminate information about high-productivity techniques. It can campaign against the more serious rigidities in big business and big labor. It can rationalize its own agricultural program. It can reduce tariffs and allow foreign competition to encourage greater efficiency.

The capacity of the government to promote growth cannot be disputed. The truth is that government cannot be neutral even if it wants to be. By the way it makes use of its traditional instruments of policy, it will inevitably affect growth. Those of us who believe that we must speed up growth are proposing that in making its decisions about taxes and spending, tariffs and interest rates, the government should take into account their effect on growth and exploit its own power for stimulating growth.

What, then, about those who charge that measures to promote growth are alien to the principles of a free economy—that such measures would require a dangerous degree of socialistic interference? Anyone who thinks about this in concrete terms, rather than in the abstract, is bound, I think, to conclude that these fears are unfounded and that there is nothing proposed by Governor Rockefeller and others who are concerned with growth which is not based on orthodox and indeed conservative practices.

The use of taxation to give an incentive to saving and to investment through, for example, liberal amortization allowances, is certainly an old story. The use of private money for public investment to add to our public capital has not been radical since the government used tax money to promote public schools and post offices, roads, harbors and giant dams. The management of taxes and of credit to deflate booms and to reflate slumps has been required by the law of the land for many years. There is nothing about any of this which involves regimentation.

Nor is there any basis to the charge that a policy of deliberate growth is socialism. Socialism involves the public ownership and operation of the means of production, of the mines, the factories and of all public utilities. What we are talking about is the rate of growth of private production in order to support a steady rise in personal consumption and an unavoidable and desirable increase in the amount of goods purchased from private industry by all levels of government.

We are talking about how to pay private contractors to build missiles and aircraft carriers, schools, hospitals and parks—not about how the government can build them. The program we have in mind calls for government purchases from private firms and the hiring of civil servants in a free labor market. Only by an unscrupulous use of language can this be called socialism.

What about the concern of many people that the increase in government spending which lies ahead of us will make the government too big a customer in the market place?

Here again we have to look at some figures. In 1959 the share of our gross national product taken by all levels of government was 20.3 per cent. If between now and 1967 the economy grows at an average annual rate of 4 per cent and if government purchases increase to reach the low Rockefeller estimates by 1967, the government share in total output will remain at 20.3 per cent. There would be no change.

On the other hand, if we try for the Rockefeller high estimates, the public share in total output would rise to 24.6 per cent by 1967. Thus, if we decide on the high target, it is true that government purchases which now absorb about one fifth of total output would rise to a little less than one quarter.

A rise from 20.3 per cent to 24.6 per cent is considerable and would have to be watched. But if anyone thinks that this would involve us in a really serious effort, he would do well to look at the World War II figures. In 1943 government purchases absorbed a full 46 per cent of the gross national product.

What is important to remember is that even if we try for the Rockefeller high target, as I think we should, and even if we do not succeed in accelerating growth beyond 4 per cent, more than three quarters of all final purchases will still be made by private individuals and private businesses. An economy which is more than 90 per cent in private hands for production and which is more than 75 per cent in private hands for consumption, is overwhelmingly a private economy.

This is all well and good, some will say, but what about spending by the Federal Government and the increasing encroachment by Washington on state and local functions?

Once again it is a good idea to look at the figures. In 1959 total Federal spending came to over $91,000,000,000, of which about $6,000,000,000 went to finance state-local spending; the state-local total was over $47,000,000,000. However, well over half of the Federal total went for national security, which is obviously the Federal Government's business. Federal civilian spending amounted to less than the state-local total. Moreover, most of the money did not divert goods and services from state or local or private use. It consisted instead of grants-in-aid or interest on the debt or social security and veterans' cash benefits. Federal civilian purchases of goods and services, in fact, amounted to only $7,200,000,000, less than 15 per cent of all public nondefense purchases. This is a much smaller share than in 1939–40 (32 per cent) or in 1949 (28 per cent) or even in 1954 (23 per cent). The fact is that in 1959 the Federal Government absorbed less than 1.5 per cent of the total nondefense output of the economy, in contrast to about 4 per cent in 1939 and 2.5 per cent in 1954.

Nor is there cause for alarm as regards the future. While the Rockefeller estimates are not broken down as between Federal and state-local spending, from other comparable estimates it is clear that even if we meet the Rockefeller high targets, no more than the current 15 per cent of public civilian purchases would be Federal. We can meet our public needs without the state and local governments surrendering to Washington.

We come now to inflation and we may say that if it were not for the fear of inflation, there would be almost no controversy about economic growth. Everybody is in favor of growth. But it is demonstrably harder to hold down inflation in a booming economy than in a sluggish one. With full employment, with demand pressing against capacity, there is always a danger of sellers' markets and of rising wages and prices.

On the other hand, if demand is throttled down to avoid the risk of inflation, it is all too easy to bring about a recession and to halt growth. This poses a perpetual choice for governments and central banks: How to have enough demand to stimulate growth without inflation, and how to stop inflation without bringing on a slump.

The controversy between the Eisenhower Administration on the one side, Governor Rockefeller and the Democrats on the other, turns at bottom on the fact that maintaining the high demand needed to assure growth runs the risk of inflation. It is not oversimplifying the matter too much to say, we think, that as the President became convinced that if he had a boom he was likely to invite inflation, he decided to damp down on the booms in order to avoid inflation. His Administration made money hard and it cut back government spending.

Substantially, it did succeed in arresting inflation. But to do this it produced a large number of unemployed, about 5 per cent instead of a more humane and desirable 3½ per cent, a considerable underutilization of plant capacity and an annual rate of growth of only 2.5 per cent. The result has been a sluggish economy which can only maintain improvement in the private standard of life by skimping on defense, education and other public needs.

Governor Rockefeller and the Democrats, though they differ in details about what should be done, agree in believing that we must have a higher rate of growth and that by taking suitable measures we can avoid inflation.

Our own view is that we have an excellent chance to achieve an average rate of growth of 4 per cent—which is more than the Eisenhower rate of 2.5 per cent but less than the Rockefeller-Democratic rate of 5 per cent plus—without anything like a dangerous increase in the tempo of inflation.

On the other hand, we are under no illusions that even this comparatively moderate 4 per cent rate, which is just sufficient to support our vital interests, will not generate inflationary pressures. Unless the government takes resolute measures to check these pressures, they will cause trouble.

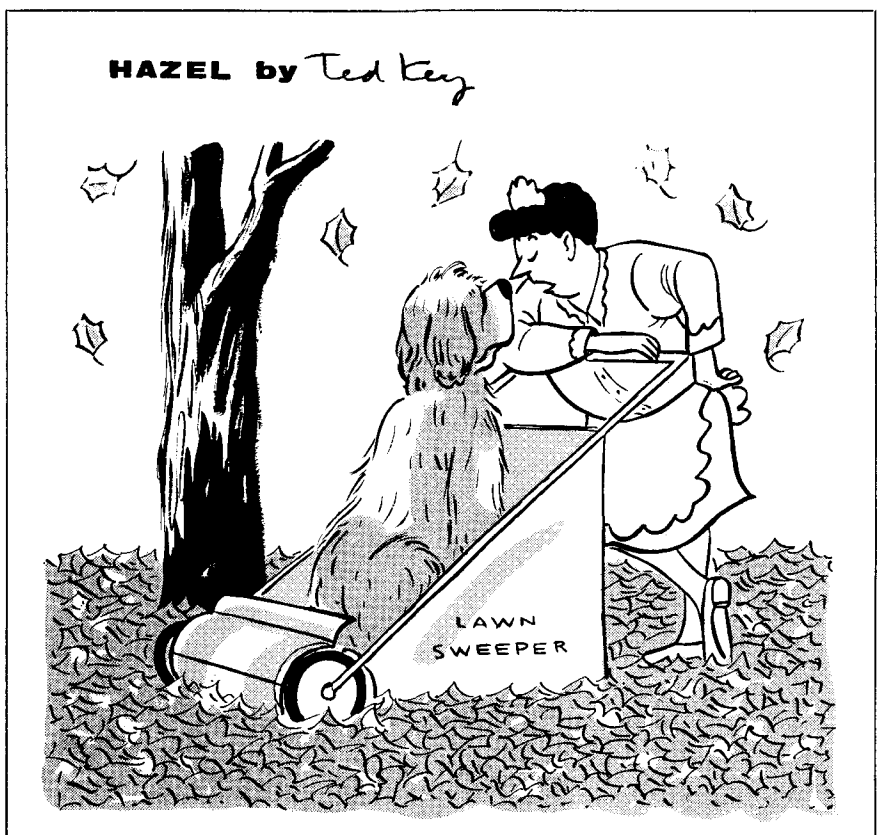
There are in theory measures which could contain inflation, to break up the big business monopolies which set prices, to break up the big labor monopolies which force wages higher than the increase in productivity warrants, and to bring about a drastic reduction of the tariff. But we do not expect to see either party take such measures; and we assume, therefore, that we must face the problem of agreements made by big business and by big labor, which raise wages and prices and produce what economists call a cost-push inflation.

The nation will have to work out a policy for dealing with inflationary wage bargains. We ourselves think it unnecessary and, except in wartime, we think it highly undesirable to combat such bargains by fixing wages and prices. But we see no reason why, when big business and big labor are bargaining, the public through the government should not be represented in the negotiations. The government should certainly insist on a judicial finding on the facts in the dispute, it should insist on making public the results of the fact finding and it should generate public opposition against any increase greater than the average rise in labor productivity in the economy as a whole.

No one need pretend that these things are easy to do or that any of us have a simple cure to solve our problems. A higher rate of growth will, it is obvious, not solve all our problems. But the paramount fact is that a great many of our greatest problems cannot be solved without a higher rate of growth.

In truth, this is the central and happy fact of our situation, one which calls for emphasis after these years of defeatist anxiety: We can meet the Soviet challenge, hold our place in the world and take care of our civilian public needs without having to change the fundamental structure of our economy.

THE END



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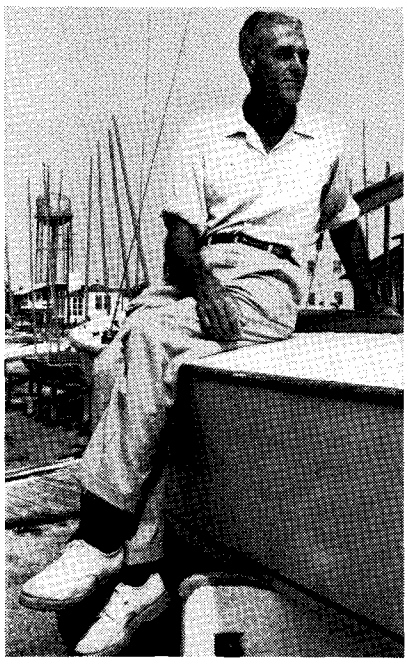
Keeping Posted

We Visit Richard Powell

Novelist **Richard Powell** seems not at all unhappy with the rut he's in. "My present life," says this contented man, "involves eight months a year in Fort Myers, Florida, where I race sailboats, fish and write, and four summer months in Brant Beach, New Jersey, where I race sailboats, fish and write. I have so much fun that it almost seems illegal."

KEEPING POSTED looked in on the fun at Brant Beach this summer, not long after we decided to excerpt Powell's new novel, *The Soldier* (Charles Scribner's Sons), for serialization in *The Post* (page 22). There we met his wife, Marian, and his Lightning-class sailboat, *Barracuda*, named after his 1947 *Post* serial by that title.

This rangy, amiable writer likes to reminisce about his years as a neighbor of *The Post*'s. He was on the staff of the now-defunct Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* for ten years before the war. He finished his Army hitch as General MacArthur's chief news censor and was with the N.W. Ayer & Son advertising agency, our neighbor across Washington Square, when he wrote



Novelist Powell and boat.

his immensely successful 1957 novel, *The Philadelphian*. Thereupon he moved to Florida and produced another best-selling novel, *Pioneer, Go Home*. Of his ties to Philadelphia, Powell told us, "On my father's side I am a seventh-generation Philadelphian. I went to the Episcopal Academy and then to Princeton, which is almost an adjunct to Philadelphia in some ways. Nevertheless, I would never have been able to write a book like *The Philadelphian* if I hadn't married a girl from Shaker Heights, Ohio. I brought her to Philadelphia and she was shocked, appalled, horrified and confused. I began to see that there is drama in the customs and traditions I had accepted as the normal thing." These thoughts had percolated in a corner of Powell's mind for so long that the actual plotting of the novel required only two weeks.

Powell spent a year plotting *The Soldier*, and five months writing it. "I didn't want to produce another story of a sensitive civilian who is caught up in the swirl of war and has his psyche badly bruised. This is the story of a professional soldier who looks upon war as his job." The name of his central character, Lt. Col. Bill Farralon, derives from California's Farallon Islands. "They're remote, lonely and rocky," says Powell. "I thought they described the position of my guy."

New Englander

Novelist Hough and newspaper.

Henry Beetle Hough was named after his maternal grandfather, Massachusetts whaling captain Henry W. Beetle. But he declares, "Even if times had not changed, I could never have followed the sea, for I am seasick in the slightest swell." Hough pursued instead the profession of his father, who was for many years the editor of the New Bedford *Standard*. Since 1920 Hough has been copublisher and coeditor of the *Vineyard Gazette*, on the island of Martha's Vineyard. His partner is his wife, Elizabeth, whom he met at the Columbia School of Journalism during World War I. "She has borne the burden and responsibility of editorship," says he, "while I have written stories and books." Book number fourteen, a novel titled *Lament for a City*, was published by Atheneum last summer and received high critical acclaim. *The Post* published nine of his stories in the years 1941–6, and offers No. 10, THE LEGEND OF THE ROSE, on page 26.

The Post at Work

Seldom does an article bear such good fruit, so promptly, as did a recent **John Bartlow Martin** article. Martin (whose latest article, CRIME WITHOUT REASON, is on page 19) discussed in our August thirteenth issue the case of John Simon, a Pittsburgh man who was convicted without being apprised of his right to have a lawyer. Two weeks after we published that article (THE QUESTION OF IDENTITY), the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette and Sun-Telegraph* reported that "a new rule of court" had been established in their city by which every defendant is "to be apprised of his constitutional rights upon his arraignment prior to trial and a written record kept of this proceeding." The newspaper stated that the establishment of the new rule was "a direct result of the case of John Simon published in *The Saturday Evening Post*."

Reporter Martin investigated the Simon case at the request of the defendant's mother, after Simon saw one of Martin's *Post* articles. Martin is still working in Simon's behalf. He helped Simon get a lawyer and, as a result, Simon's case is going through the courts again. "We plan to take it to the U.S. Supreme Court, if necessary," says Martin.

Editor **Ben Hibbs** was honored in New York recently by The Laymen's Movement, an international, nonsectarian association whose members seek to apply their religion in daily affairs. The citation notes the editor's "continuing influence and leadership in presenting religious editorial material to the millions of influential readers of his magazine. As a result, the moral and spiritual life of our nation has been strengthened."

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